DECEMBER, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Mr. Gillette's Return.

Mr. Gillette is once more with us, and admirers of *Sherlock Holmes* are again crowding the theatre. We go every night when we can get away from other engagements; and we shall continue going as long as the play holds the stage. It is really the most perfectly stage-managed performance that we have ever seen, without a single defect even in the most minute detail. Mr. Gillette is Sherlock Holmes himself, and there is not an incompetent actor in the cast. Just one bit of business, however, has always struck us as un-Sherlockian. When Professor Moriarty visits Holmes in Baker Street and Holmes at the right moment levels a pistol at his head and causes Willie to remove the revolver from the Professor's pocket, Sherlock suddenly becomes careless and turns his back, knowing that the cartridges have been removed from the weapon that lies on the table. But if the Professor was really as great as the book describes him, he would have had other pistols in other pockets and the real Sherlock would have had Willie go through these other pockets before he himself turned his back. We beg the consideration of Mr. Gillette to this point, as it hurts us to see Holmes represented as capable of such a lack of thoroughness.

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We wish we knew just how great a share Sir Conan Doyle really had in the construction of the play. The invention of the gas-chamber seems like his work, because it is so unusual and creepy. On the other hand, all the love-part must have been Mr. Gillette's invention, for it is at variance with the character of Sherlock in the book. Still, it is very unobtrusively introduced and is a mere thread of sentiment running through the play, for Mr. Gillette has the unusual instinct which tells him just where to stop. And, after all, it is the girl who proposes to Sherlock, and not Sherlock to the girl.

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An Editorial Crisis.

We don't mind admitting to our readers that there is trouble in the office of THE BOOKMAN. In fact, the relations between the Junior Editor and the Senior Editor are seriously strained. It all came from a

AUSTIN DOBSON IN HIS LIBRARY. FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

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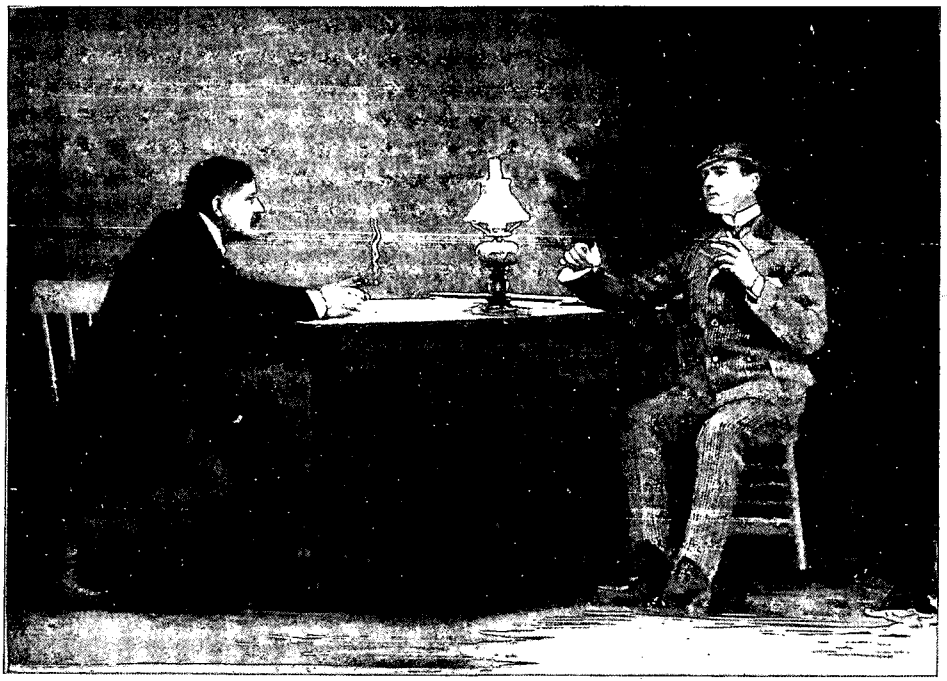
remark of the Senior Editor, who happened one day after some hours of reverie to ask, à propos of nothing: "I wonder what Sherlock Holmes gave Watson for a wedding present?" Now that is an interesting question. You see, when Watson announced that he was going to marry Miss Morstan, Holmes expressed his regret, because on general principles he didn't believe in marriage. Still, Watson was his one intimate friend, and indeed had met Miss Morstan through Holmes, as is written in *The Sign of the Four*. So it is not to be supposed that Holmes gave him no wedding present at all. Yet what sort of wedding present would a man like Sherlock Holmes hit upon? It is a very subtle question and needs much thought. But the Junior Editor answered it right off, as though it were quite simple. He said that weddings and such things being wholly out of Holmes's line, he probably went to some big shop in Bond Street and handed out a ten-pound note to the first clerk he met, and said: "Please choose a wedding present for me to give to a friend." The Senior Editor had to admit that this theory has the merit of definiteness; yet somehow or other it doesn't seem satisfactory nor quite like Sherlock Holmes. Still, he hadn't any explanation of his own to offer, and so he goes around in a most dispirited way, while the Junior Editor moves briskly about the office with an air of conscious superiority, rattling his golf-sticks and grinning in the most exasperating fashion whenever he catches the Senior Editor's eye. This cannot go on forever, and something is going to happen. Why should he bring his confounded golf-sticks into the office, anyway? Of course, *he* says—but what he says is utterly irrelevant. We have an idea that Miss Carolyn Wells might find a way out for us. We are not exactly fishing for a contribution from her—so far as that goes, we are always fishing for contributions from her—but we do think that if she would let her ingenious mind flicker around the subject for a little while she would probably hit upon the real answer to the question. If she doesn't, we are pretty sure that the January number of this magazine is not going to come out on time.



SHERLOCK HOLMES AND LARRABEE IN THE GAS-CHAMBER.

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Our Latest Rival.

We have before us the first number of *The Reader,* described upon its cover as a monthly magazine of literature. We have looked through it with some special interest, because we have been told that it is going to cut THE BOOKMAN out. Naturally, therefore, it deserves attention. It certainly is a good deal better than the first number of THE BOOKMAN was when we began work in February, 1895. Looking back at that production after this length of time, we are free to say that it was really about the deadliest, dullest thing that we can remember. It makes us turn hot and cold all over whenever we see it now, which isn't often; for it has become scarce and sells for a fancy price to collectors. For our part, we wish it was still scarcer.

However, to come back to *The Reader.* It is pretty good in spite of its having to use so many of its contributors twice in the one number. Thus, Mr. Henry Tyrrell has two shots at the mark (he doesn't hit it either time), and there are two courses of Bliss Carman and of Mr. R. V. Risley (the Mr. Risley who settled the sex questions some time ago, as you will remember), and of J. Stewart Doubleday. There is a London Letter and a Paris Letter—two features that we dropped some time ago—and a department of the Drama. The best thing in the whole 112 pages is a paper by Mr. Bernard G. Richards, which we wish that he had sent to THE BOOKMAN. It is on "The Attitude of Jews Toward Jewish Fiction," and it is full of very interesting facts and comments. Also we wish that we had secured the curious portrait of Henry James, who has grown quite old since he was last photographed, and who no longer resembles King Edward VII. as he used to and as he was very proud of doing. The poetry is pretty bad, but not worse than some of ours; though Bliss Carman's improvements on Sappho rather got on our nerves. The worst thing of all is "The Literary Guillotine," which we should discuss if it were not too amateurish a piece of work to make it worth our while. Unfortunately, this is only the first of a series under that title, so *The Reader* starts out with a considerable handicap. On the whole, though, we have occupied an hour very agreeably in studying the make-up of our esteemed contemporary and rival; and we honestly hope that if it shall turn out in the end to be better than our own magazine, it may get all our readers away from us. But we are not exactly in a blue funk just yet.

MR. GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES.

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Mr. James Creelman.

Mr. James Creelman is one of the latest representatives of journalism to enter the already crowded ranks of fiction writers. Concerning his novel, *Eagle Blood,* we have nothing to say here; but we are quite sure that Mr. Creelman's fiction will never prove so thrilling as the facts which he told of in his book of last year entitled *On the Great Highway*—a collection of his reminiscences as a correspondent. We ought to have reviewed this most fascinating volume long ago; but we didn't, perhaps being unconsciously influenced by a grudge which we bear toward the author on account of that same book. It came about in this way: Last year, soon after *On the Great Highway* appeared, Mr. Creelman very courteously sent us a copy of it with his autograph. It reached us on an evening when we had a most important piece of work to do and not much time to do it in. Just before sitting down to our task we picked up Mr. Creelman's book and started in to read a few pages just to clear our mind. Presently midnight came and the work had not been done, but *On the Great Highway* had been read from cover to

JAMES CREELMAN.

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cover. Thereby we incurred much censure the next day, so that, having become wary, we shall not open *Eagle Blood* until we have cleared the docket, so to speak, and can take half a day off for pleasure.

On the Great Highway gives one a partial revelation of the extraordinary life that is led by the special correspondent of a great newspaper. Mr. Creelman has been everywhere and has seen everything. He was at Port Arthur when the Japanese troops took the place and butchered the inhabitants. He was in Cuba when the struggle for independence was drawing to its fateful close. He saw the battle of El Caney. He accompanied Funston and his Kansans in their dare-devil charges near Manila. He has witnessed the wild orgies of the Haytian serpent-

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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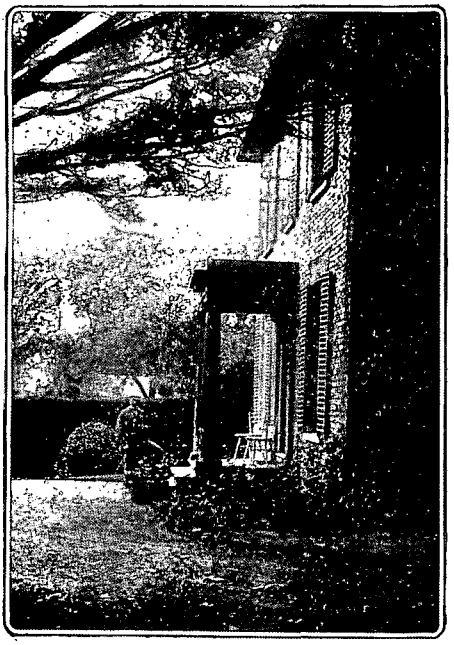

MR. JEROME K. JEROME, WHOSE NOVEL "PAUL KELVER" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER, IN AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH "THE SKETCH."

I. "I AM VERY FOND OF HORSES. SO IS TOMMY." II. "I ALSO PLAY CROQUET. SO DOES MY DAUGHTER ROWENA."

III. "ZANGWILL OFTEN STAYS WITH ME. THIS IS HIS STUDY." IV. "COME TO TOWN WITH YOU? NO, THANKS. I'VE BEEN THERE."

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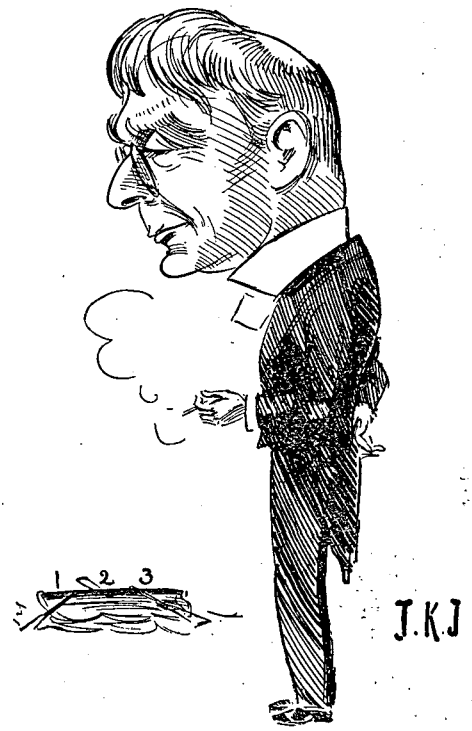
dancers. He has interviewed the King of Corea, the Pope, General Weyler, King George of Greece, Count Tolstoy, Kossuth and Sitting Bull. When Admiral Camara set sail with his squadron for the Philippines, and it was known that Dewey's force was inadequate to meet this new enemy if he arrived before our two big monitors should reach Manila Bay, Mr. Creelman was commissioned by Mr. Hearst of the New York *Journal* to charter a British steamer and sink it in the Suez Canal, so as to block Camara's way until Dewey was reinforced. All these things and more are in this book, and it is just as good reading now as it was a year ago when it upset our evening's work and got us into trouble.

Arthur Morrison and Stephen Crane.

It was the late Mr. H. D. Traill who was first guilty of coupling together the names of Stephen Crane and Arthur Morrison in an article which afterward gave the title to his volume of essays, *The New Fiction.* Notwithstanding the general similarity of subject in *A Child of the Jago* and *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets,* no better proof is needed of Mr. Traill's incapacity to pass judgment on these two authors than the bare fact that he classed them in the same category. Whatever were the limitations of the author of *The Red Badge of Courage,* he was not restricted territorially, nor confined to just a few isolated types of humanity. Mr. Crane had the born journalist's instinct for news. In whatever corner of the world he happened to be, he lost no time in seizing upon the salient facts—those essential little details which help to make one see. But what would be more incongruous than to fancy Mr. Morrison as a reporter, dashing off snapshot impressions and driving his pencil ahead in a mad race with the linotype compositor before the forms are closed for the last edition? Every page that he writes bears the imprint of careful deliberation, long self-communion, absolute knowledge of the narrow circle within which he moves.

Mr. Morrison's books are, in the best sense of a much-abused phrase, human documents. They embody the accumulated knowledge of a man who for upward of a decade has identified himself with the life of the people he undertook to study—the men and women and children of Whitechapel and the Jago and Ratcliff Highway. No missionary ever got quite so close to the hearts of the people whose souls he was striving to save as Mr. Morrison gets to the thieves and outcasts of London, because, to begin with, no missionary could afford to



MR. JEROME K. JEROME CARICATURED.

make their ways his ways, or even if he could, would be willing to recognise so frankly and impartially how large a part of his efforts for their redemption is labour thrown away.

Mr. Morrison's work in the London slums dates back to the early nineties, when, as secretary of a charitable organisation, he began a systematic investigation of the deserving poor. The difficulty of winning the confidence of these suspicious and clannish outcasts led him to make his home among them, adopting a trade, that of match-box making, and actually supporting himself by it, toiling over his bench until his nails were

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cracked and his fingers bled. His special prowess as a boxer gained him a certain local celebrity, and opened the doors to him one after another of the principal thieves' clubs; and many a dark crime he heard plotted in husky whispers, without knowing or wishing to know the specific details. His first volume, *Tales of Mean Streets,* was the outcome of five years' experience. Those which have since followed at regular intervals, *A Child of the Jago, To London Town, The Hole in the Wall,* while showing riper knowledge, are conceived in essentially the same spirit. The striking keynote of them all is his frank recognition of the fruitlessness of trying to effect any permanent reform. Missions and Sunday-schools they will tolerate for what material advantage they can get out of them, but beyond this, he recognises that any definite improvement is hopeless. His latest volume, *The Hole in the Wall,* is in a measure a more symmetrical piece of fiction than anything that he has previously done. The plot is more definite, more dramatic, more fully rounded out. His earlier volumes have something of the effect of being chopped off short, like a yard of cloth; but this one has a logical beginning and end. It is the history of a stolen pocket-book containing a bundle of £800 in notes, first embezzled from an insolvent firm, then stolen from the body of the murdered thief, and afterward passing from hand to hand, leaving behind it a wide wake of blood and crime. There are many pages that bear a second reading; there are at least two scenes that need to be read but once; they possess that quality of grim horror which, no matter how hard one tries, refuses to be forgotten.

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Huret on Zola.

In view of all that has been said and written during the past month regarding Émile Zola's permanent position in French letters, it seems worth while to call to mind a curious and half-forgotten little volume which appeared about a decade ago, Jules Huret's *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire.* It was based upon a series of interviews which an enterprising journalist secured on behalf of the *Écho de Paris.* The list of names is representative of what is best in contemporary French literature, and the purpose of the inquiry was to cover the whole field of letters as thoroughly as possible. As it happened, however, the burning question of the moment was the fate of Naturalism. *L'Argent* had just appeared and was already in its seventieth thousand. *La Débâcle,* the real keystone of Zola's literary Arc de Triomphe, was already roughhewn, and some plodding mathematician had just discovered that the united editions of the author's works, placed in a single pile, would overtop the Eiffel Tower. Consequently, Rougon-Macquart, Naturalism, Zola—Zola, Naturalism, Rougon-Macquart—run like a sort of Wagnerian *motiv* through every page of M. Huret's diligent *Enquête.* Zola himself stood as a sort of godfather to the book. "Above all," he said, "gather these interviews into a volume. I have set my heart upon having it in my library, if only as a souvenir of this set of sharks who, because they are unable to eat me, spend their time in eating each other."

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The resulting volume is really intensely amusing, it is so full of naïve blunders, pompous forecasts that have come to nothing, petty spleen and misplaced admiration. As for Naturalism, a large majority, from Anatole France downward, settle the question offhand: "Le naturalisme, c'est Zola, Zola tout seul," to borrow Lemaitre's phrase—and Naturalism was dead—everybody knew that; *ergo,* Zola himself was already as good as buried. It is interesting, however, to note, back of these flippant, inadequate, often contemptuous opinions, a veiled anxiety, an uncomfortable consciousness that they were not taking at his true worth this big talent that dared to turn out a colossal piece of work which happened to be incommensurate with accepted standards. Even those who gave him the frankest recognition were out of sympathy with him. "His work," declared Maurice Barrès, "is a powerful and enduring monument, in which, nevertheless, I have never been able to become interested;" and Mallarmé, while cordially recognising Zola's "admirable qualities, his unparalleled sense of life and the movements of crowds," voiced the verdict of the majority when he added, "but the tendency to-day is to revert to the good old French taste of the eighteenth cen-

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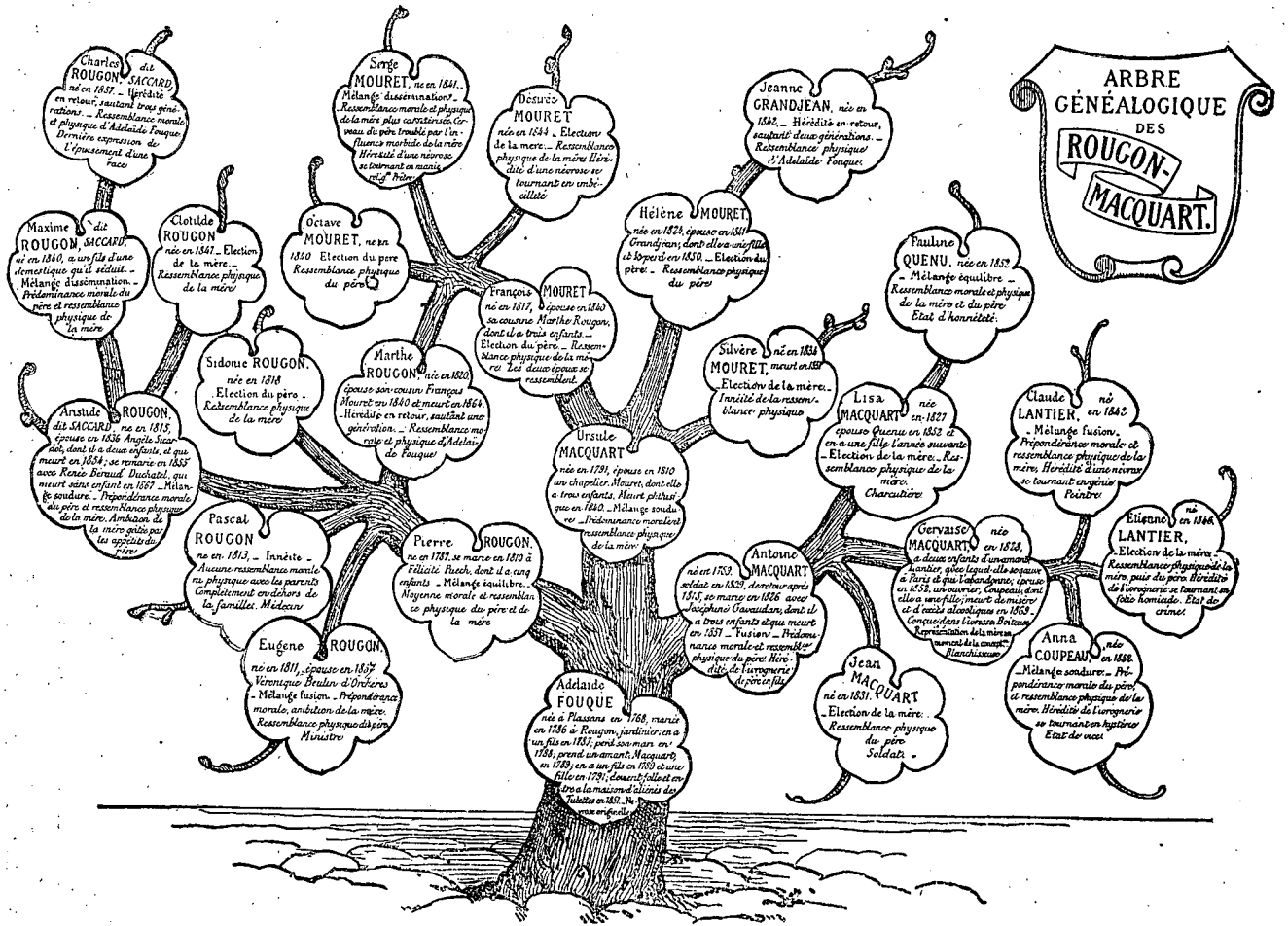

THE GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE ROUGON-MACQUART.

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tury, which was much more humble and modist." Verlaine summarises in epigrammatic fashion the gulf which separates him from the author of *La Terre:* "I am a song-bird—Zola is an ox." In short, the whole volume is full of comments, amusing, suggestive and often valuable. It would be worth preserving if only because it records that Ernest Renan declared after reading *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret* that, although it was "too long, a great deal too long," "the author was a man of worth, of incontestable worth."

It was in his own interview with Huret that Zola himself first admitted that the public was tiring of Realism and demanding something different. "If I have the time, I will give them what they want," he added, probably with the scheme of *Les Trois Villes* already in mind. The phrase attracted some little attention at the moment. Huysmans, especially, was struck by it. "Do you know," said he, "Zola could do it? He is young yet, and with one effort of his athletic powers he could break through the blind alley into which Naturalism has been driven." As it turned out, M. J. H. Rosny proved a truer prophet: "Zola told you he might do something different to replace Naturalism? Well, so much the worse, for he will do it badly." Had Zola never written a line after *La Débâcle*, his literary reputation would have suffered no loss. To the historian of literature the huge scheme of Les Quatre Évangiles offers certain points of interest; but the general verdict is likely to be: "Zola was a Naturalist; he once tried to do something different, and he did it badly."

What has not been sufficiently emphasised is the fact that symptoms of the coming change are to be already detected in *Le Docteur Pascal,* the closing volume of the Rougon-Macquart. As a part of the general scheme, it was written in a half-hearted manner. The author was palpably writing it simply from a dogged determination to round out a self-appointed task. Its one feature of general interest, curiously enough omitted from the English translation published a few years ago, was the elaborate genealogical tree of the Rougon-Macquart family, giving at one glance a comprehensive view of the plan and correlation of the entire series. When the ninth volume, *Un Page d'Amour,* appeared in 1878, Zola published with it his first draft of this family tree, together with the statement that he left it just as it was drawn up before a line of *La Fortune des Rougon* had been written. The enlarged and amplified tree which appears in *Le Docteur Pascal* is interesting primarily as a proof that the original scheme was adhered to throughout the series. Of course, when Zola undertook his task there was nothing to warn him of the imminence of the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune, which afterward afforded him the dramatic climax for *La Débâcle.* But he himself felt that these incidents cost him mort than he gained, by disarranging his plans and hastening the denouement of certain novels, notably that of *Nana,* whom he was forced to kill off at least ten years earlier than he had intended. It would make an interesting article, if some one would take the trouble to collect the various petty anachronisms and inconsistencies into which the events of 1870-71 betrayed Zola. But a comparison of the two genealogical trees, above mentioned, prove that only in one essential point was the general scheme of the family changed. This change was in regard to the children of Gervaise, the heroine of *L'Assommoir.* In the earlier scheme she was accredited with three children only, a daughter, Nana, and two sons, Claude, the hero of *L'Œuvre,* and Étienne, who later reappears in *Germinal.* It is evident that the unprecedented success of the novels dealing with this branch of the family tempted Zola for once to modify his plan and invent one more son, Jacques, who forms the hero of *La Bête Humaine* and appears between the other two sons in the second family tree.

In his recent article upon Zola, contributed to the *North American Review,* Mr. Howells starts an interesting line of thought when he suggests that no one has ever given sufficient weight to the fact that the author of *Rome* is by birth almost as much an Italian as he is a Frenchman. The suggestion is worth considering, for it not only helps to explain the lack of sympathetic appreciation among his confrères in Paris, but it also

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throws light upon the fact that no other Frenchman and no Anglo-Saxon, for that matter, has come so near to imitating Zola's methods, the minute observation of his theory, the panoramic movement and epic sweep of his practice, as have a small group of Italian writers, and chief among them Signora Matilde Serao. The debt which this versatile Neapolitan novelist owes to the Rougon-Macquart series could scarcely be summed up in a couple of paragraphs; it is not merely a matter of a borrowed title, that *Il Ventre di Napoli* is an echo of *Le Ventre de Paris,* and *La Conquista di Roma* an echo of *La Conquête de Plassans.* The debt is far more fundamental; it extends to the whole method of treatment, the central motives of her stories, the panoramic effects of jostling crowds and the rush of traffic. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how one writer may owe so much to another and yet retain so marked an individuality as that of Matilde Serao. Any one who wishes to study for himself the extent of her indebtedness has an excellent opportunity in *The Conquest of Rome,* a comparatively early novel, which has only just been issued in translation. There is a good deal of *Pot-Bouille* in *The Conquest of Rome,* a good deal, too, of *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon,* with fugitive suggestions here and there of half a dozen others of the series. Yet the real bone and sinew of the plot is essentially original. It is the story of a young lawyer, Sangiorgio, from an obscure provincial town in Southern Italy, whose highest goal is reached when he is elected to the national Chamber of Deputies. Full of dreams of conquest, ambitious plans for taking Rome by storm with the fervour of his eloquence, Sangiorgio—now the Honourable Sangiorgio—arrives in the capital one cheerless winter night; but even while crossing the Campagna a premonitory chill, like the shadow of defeat, dampens his ardour and "makes him feel cold in his heart." Hitherto Sangiorgio's life has been too full of earnest effort to leave time for self-indulgence and social relaxation. The feminine element especially has been a missing factor from his life. Now, for the first time, in Rome he becomes conscious of the all-pervading presence of woman. The very corridors of the apartment house where he lodges are laden with an atmosphere of delicate, yet tenacious, perfumes, and haunted by the presence of closely veiled women slipping silently through half-open doorways; while the public staircase lies eternally open, a willing and discreet accomplice—as in *Pot-Bouille,* the symbol of furtive rendezvous and all the vicious luxury of a nation's capital. His inexperience and newly awakened susceptibility form the weak point in the Honourable Sangiorgio's moral armour, and it is through this point that Rome effects her conquest.

The Author and the Day's Work.

In almost all the newspaper notices following the death of Émile Zola, especial emphasis was made of the motto which spurred him to his prodigious labour, and the method by which he filled so many pages of a certain size every working day. The subject is one which will always have interest to people who write and to people who do not. Here are some other examples of literary activity, gathered from many sources. There is no attempt at logical continuity, and no significance need be attached to the fact that the name of a poet whose work shall live probably as long as the language in which he wrote it is followed by that of the author of the latest "good seller." For no significance is intended. Also, it will be readily understood that we are not able to vouch editorially for the accuracy of every case. We don't think there is anybody who could.

Successful novels have been written in four days' time; others, quite as successful, have been the work of a lifetime. The temperament of the writer has much to do with this matter of time, for some of the brotherhood believe in revision, while some others—perhaps unfortunately—do not. Henry James, for instance, writes everything with his own hand, and rewrites every sentence many times before it is sent to his publisher. Howells—James, of course, naturally suggests Howells — revises indefatigably. Although Mrs. Wharton, who is readily suggested by the foregoing two, writes every morning for six days a week, she limits herself to five hundred words daily, re-writing each page many times. Zang-

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will, perhaps, deserves to head the list of rapid writers. He was seventeen when he wrote his first book in only four evenings. It was published anonymously. Although Crawford now produces on an average two novels a year, *Mario's Crucifix* was written in ten days, and his *The Tale of a Lonely Parish,* a one-hundred-and-twenty-thousand-word novel, was completed in twenty-four days. It took him, however, eight months to write *Via Crucis,* not including the time spent in gathering the material for it. The story of George Eliot's reading for *Daniel Deronda* is too old to repeat, but it shows that the actual writing of a book is a small affair compared with the task of getting ready to write one. Harris Dickson's *The Black Wolf's Breed* was written in a little over two months' time. Another piece of quick work was Julia Magruder's *Princess Sonia,* completed in eighteen days. Miss Magruder, it is said, does not revise, nor does she make a duplicate copy of her work; she writes a clear, beautiful hand, and sends her manuscript, just as it is first written, to her publishers.

The late Frank Norris wrote *McTeague,* a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-word novel, in eighty-nine days. Mrs. Oliphant always wrote at night, and more than once completed a three-volume novel in six weeks' time. Johnson's *Rasselas,* the much-rejected, was written in one week. Byron, who, it is said, revised nothing, wrote *The Bride of Abydos* in four days; and Browning finished *Pippa Passes* in three days. On the other hand, Riley, the poet, often spends weeks upon one brief poem —and, let us hope, lives for more weeks upon the proceeds. Beatrice Harraden writes slowly and revises carefully. Both Dickens and Wilkie Collins were painstaking, and both revised their work. Perhaps no work was ever written in less time than was Onota Watanna's sixty-thousand-word novel, *Miss Numé of Japan.* It is said that it took her only seven days to write it. Thomas Nelson Page is not a rapid writer; he not only revises, but makes a great many corrections in his proof. Robert Chambers prunes his work remorselessly, often reducing a novel from eighty thousand to sixty thousand words. Tolstoy's manuscripts are rewritten five or six times, and the author plays solitaire during the process. Russia naturally suggests Poland and Sienkiewicz; the author of *Quo Vadis* never rewrites anything, but furnishes daily instalments of his serial stories to his Warsaw publisher, a page or two at a time. Neither the author nor the publisher, a man of sublime faith, knows how the story is to end. He can write best while travelling, finding inspiration in new scenes. Among those who are neither phenomenally rapid nor exceedingly slow are Max Pemberton, who usually completes two novels a year; James Lane Allen, who devoted just six months to writing *The Choir Invisible;* and Weyman, who writes one novel a year and cannot be persuaded to attempt more. Methodical, hard-working Zola wrote just so many words each day, and required exactly ten months in which to complete a book. It took Hall Caine three years to write *The Manxman,* Barrie four to write *Sentimental Tommy,* and four more to produce its somewhat disappointing sequel, *Tommy and Grizel.* Maurice Hewlett rewrote *The Forest Lovers* four times before he was willing to let it go from his hands, and the late Bret Harte tore up a dozen pages of manuscript for every one that he completed. Harold Frederic was five years writing *The Damnation of Theron Ware.* Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire* was not offered to a publisher

MISS CLARA E. LAUGHLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE STORIES OF AUTHORS' LOVES."

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until two years after the story was completed; neither did Edwin Markham rush into print with "The Man with the Hoe," for it was fourteen years from the day when he thought of writing it to the date of its completion.

A bit of English literary sarcasm. It is from the London *Outlook:*

We honour ourselves by reprinting the following exceedingly important literary paragraph:

In the new illustrated edition of Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin,* which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have ready for publication, the author deals in a preface with certain points raised recently by *Notes and Queries* concerning the inner meaning of the book, and some topographical matters relating to the Snowdon district. The pictures will include a coloured reproduction of a new oil portrait of the author.

We have also the honour to state that there is absolutely no truth in the report that, in addition to these inestimable novelties, the new *Aylwin* will contain a photographic facsimile of a 'bus ticket to Putney and a chromo-lithograph of Bacon.

A few months ago, when the dramatisation of *Soldiers of Fortune* gave Mr. Davis's clever story a new timeliness, several men connected with a publishing house in New York City sat down to a discussion of the exploits of Robert Clay. The passage in which Clay, returning to the Palms to sit with Hope while the great ball is being held in the palace, tells her of the exploits of his earlier life soon started a serious computation. Careful estimates disclosed the fact that, conceding Clay to have begun his career of adventure at the tender age of three, he must have been at the very least one hundred and eight years of age when he took charge of the Olancho mines.

Sir Harry Johnson.

By his book on the Uganda Protectorate, one of the few works of recent years which may unhesitatingly be called a great work, Sir Harry Johnson stepped forward into wide political prominence. *The Uganda Protectorate* is likely to be far-reaching in its effects, and materially to influence the future British colonial policy. The author himself has long been recognised for his diplomatic ability and administrative capacity. Although only forty-three years of age, the part that he has played in English history has been an important one. It was in 1879 that he paid his first visit to Africa. He was Commissioner and Consul-General for British Central Africa from 1891 to 1897, Consul-General in the regency of Tunis from 1897 to 1899, and Special Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief and Consul-General for the Uganda Protectorate from 1899 until the end of last year. His camera, his paint brush and pencils have accompanied him on all his travels.

Born in London, his desire for travel and adventure manifested itself at an early age. When he was eighteen years old he made a very extended journey through the Balearic Islands, Spain and Portugal. Although still a schoolboy, he travelled alone. He was studying then at King's College, London, and some time before this journey had been working at Spanish, Portuguese and Italian. His reason for selecting the Balearic Islands was that they appealed to him as the most out-of-the-way part of Europe that could be reached at a moderate expenditure of money and time. A year or two later he passed a winter in Tunis, and became so interested in African questions that he decided to devote his energies to exploring and political work in Africa. In company with the present Lord Mayo, he went out to Portuguese Southwest Africa, and later on by himself explored the heart of Congoland. For this journey he was furnished the assistance of Sir Henry Stanley. On his return he was selected, with the approval of the Foreign Office, to conduct a scientific expedition which proved the preliminary step toward the creation of the Eastern African Protectorates. Then followed an appointment as Vice-Consul on the Lower Niger, and since 1885 his life has been spent doing work for the Foreign Office in many parts of Africa, but more especially in the regions of Central Africa. From 1889 to 1895 he was associated with the late Cecil Rhodes in the creation and administration of British Central Africa, and has always been

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in sympathy with Mr. Rhodes's great schemes of empire.

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Justus Miles Forman.

Justus Miles Forman, the author of *The Garden of Lies,* is painter as well as novelist. Mr. Forman at one time studied for two years under Bouguereau at the Julien atelier in Paris. "I shall never forget," says the writer, "my first criticism from the great Bouguereau, or the horrible fright I went through before it. The semi-weekly visit of the *maitre* to one of the big Parisian studios, such as Julien's, is an extremely solemn affair. The room will be, as usual, a veritable stock exchange of howls and so-called song when the attendant comes in with uplifted hands and a blood-curdling 'ssh!' Then there will be a sudden and holy calm, which may last five or ten minutes —five or ten years to the shivering *nouveau*—and the master will come briskly in—Constant, or Jean Paul Laurens, or whoever it may be—bowing with great ceremony and making at once for the nearest easel. Now it chanced that my familiar devil had prompted me to set the easel for my first drawing near the door, and when the grey, stout little gentleman with the black cigar-end (that black cigar-end! I don't believe he ever had but one, and I know he slept with it. It was always going out and having to be relighted, and it never seemed either longer or shorter. He gesticulated beautifully with it) came in he made directly for me. I knew my drawing was awful, and I think I had a touch of heart failure; but it did not last, for the greatest draughtsman in Europe put a hand on my shoulder—quite as if I had been an old and favourite student—and waved the cigar-end at my study. *'A-ah, mon vieux!'* said he in that husky voice that so many hundreds of students know so well, and love so well, too, *'A-ah, mon vieux!* (*mon vieux* to me!) *Ca c'est pas mal, pas mal!'* Now I knew the thing was very *mal,* indeed, quite hopelessly so, but the greatest draughtsman in Europe said it wasn't. However, he went on to take it to pieces in his gentle, kindly way, and by the time he had finished, it had little to recommend it. Still, for some reason, I was in a beautiful pink glow of pride, and went home stepping very high. That is Bouguereau."

A Modern Rhapsode.

We have always held that the finest forms of purely imaginative literature which exist to-day are to be found in the productions of the gentlemen who write the publishers' announcements of new books. These persons are, indeed, the lineal descendants of the rhapsodes of Homeric times. We always read their writings with the most vivid interest; for nowhere else, unless perhaps in a circus poster, can you find so much tumultuous enthusiasm, so many adjectives in the superlative degree, so much *élan* and so much *verve.* As a result, moreover, of the most careful study and comparison we have been able to single out the foremost representative, in fact, the supreme master, of this School. We do not know his name, which is still hidden in modest obscurity, doubtless by his own desire; yet there is no mistaking the magic of his touch and the glow and fire of his diction. He is a young man —we are very certain that he must be young—whose work is sometimes to be found in the announcements of new books that are published by the Messrs. Harper. He does not write too often. Like every genius of the highest order, he waits until the rush of inspiration comes upon him; and that, no doubt, is why he is forever at his best. A year ago he wrote a brief, but most impassioned notice of Mr. Howells's account of *Heroines in Fiction.* "This book," he said, "is the greatest book in all literature." We cut that out and kept it. Now he has been pouring forth his soul on the subject of President Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People.* "President Wilson," says the rhapsode of Franklin Square, "is the greatest historical thinker of modern times."

❦

We do not wish to subject the inspirations of poetry to an unkind comparison with cold facts. But just consider for a moment what this young man has said. Mr. Howells's *Heroines in Fiction* is the greatest book in all literature! Not Homer, not Æschylus, or Sophocles, or Plato, or Vergil, ever produced anything fit to be compared with Mr. Howells's *Heroines in Fiction.* Dante came nowhere near it. Shakespeare is overshadowed by it. Cervantes and Milton and Goethe are not in the running; and as for President Wilson, neither Gibbon, nor

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DR. HENRY VAN DYKE IN HIS STUDY.

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SIR HARRY JOHNSON.

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

Niebuhr, nor Grote, nor Thirlwall, nor Ranke, nor Freeman, nor Mommsen is worthy to be named as an "historical thinker" with President Wilson and his popular subscription book. Not being ourselves a "thinker," we do not think anything at all about this rhapsode and his rhapsody. We just wonder what that portion of the public which would naturally read a work by Mr. Howells and a history by President Wilson must feel when their attention is called to these two books in such a way as this. And, most of all, we wonder what emotions Mr. Howells and President Wilson themselves must inwardly experience when they have the attention of cultivated men and women attracted to them by this rhapsode with his megaphone, after the fashion of the barker for a snake-show.

THE SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

Whatever one may think of the contents of the books of nowadays, their outward and visible appearance in almost all cases commands nothing but frank and hearty admiration. This especially is true of the illustrated books of this season of the year. Last Yuletide the first comment provoked by the illustrated books was that an immense advance had been made from the standards of 1900. Now, the books which seemed so admirable then are suffering from a similar comparison, and no doubt twelve months hence the editions of to-day will have been left far behind. But that is only conjecture, and one cannot see very well how it is to be done. On the pages which follow we have endeavoured to give briefly an idea of what these books are in an illustrative way.

The "Star of Bethlehem" reproduction is from a painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is one of the illustrations which go to make up the Sir Edward Burne-Jones book, *Pictures of Romance and Wonder,* which has just been published by R. H. Russell. To *The Bible for Children,* the very admirable expression of an old idea, Bishop Potter has written an introduction. The book is published by the Century Company, and the illustration which we use is Rubens's

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I. "THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM." BY BURNE-JONES.
II. RUBENS'S "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."
III. CHARTRES CATHEDRAL SUNDIAL.
IV. MADAME DUSE.
V. THE SUN WORSHIPPERS.
VI. NATIVE CHURCH, UGANDA.

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I. THE PRINCESS KALISTO.

II. DU BARRY.

III. A NATIVE TYPE.

IV. TWO CITIES IN A THOUSAND BOATS.

V. WILLIAM MORRIS.

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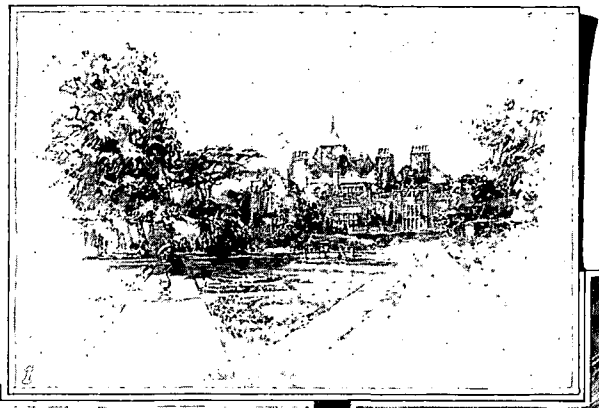

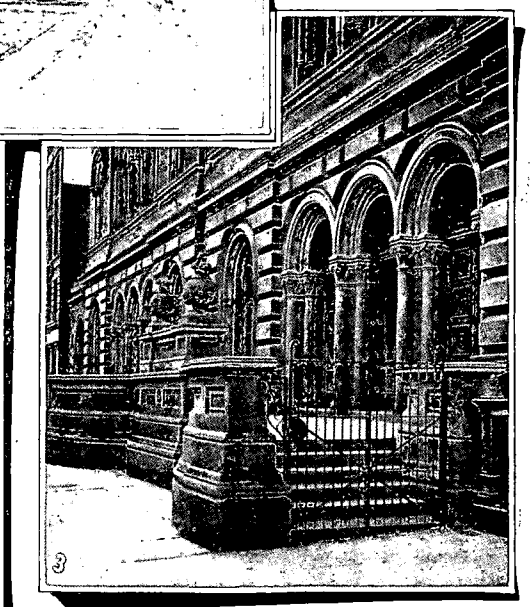

I. THE OLD COURT SUBURB.
II. WANTED: A CHAPERON.
III. THE ASTOR LIBRARY.
IV. THE KIMBERLEY MINE.
V. "THE MUSICIAN." BY REMINGTON.

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I. "A SUNDAY MORNING AT BACH'S." PAINTING BY T. E. ROSENTHAL.

II. GOLDSMITH'S "THE DESERTED VILLAGE." BY ABBEY.

III. IN THE BAMBOO ORANGE GROVES.

IV. FROM A PAINTING BY PINTURICCHIO.

V. "THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE." BY TURNER.

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"The Descent from the Cross," the original of which is in Antwerp Cathedral. "The Sundial on the Cathedral at Chartres" is from *Sun Dials and Roses of Yesterday,* by Alice Morse Earle, published by the Macmillan Company. Other illustrations on the same page are Duse as Francesca da Rimini, from Ashton Rollins Willard's *The Land of the Latins* (Longmans, Green and Company); "The Sun Worshippers," by Homer D. Martin, from *Masters of American Painting,* by Charles E. Coffin (Doubleday, Page and Company); and "A Native Church in Uganda," from Sir Harry Johnson's *The Uganda Protectorate,* which has been causing such a stir in England. The last-named book bears the imprint of Dodd, Mead and Company.

William Dana Orcutt has written a charming book about *The Princess Kalisto.* The volume contains also some other tales of the fairies, and is illustrated by Harriette Amsden and published by Little, Brown and Company. *The Story of Du Barry,* which the F. A. Stokes Company publish, is from the pen of the irrepressible and always entertaining James L. Ford. The veteran of Mexico, Carl Lumholst, is the author of *Unknown Mexico,* which Charles Scribner's Sons present in an unusually attractive form. Two of the handsomest books which G. P. Putnam's Sons publish are Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* and *William Morris, Poet, Craftsman, Socialist,* by Elizabeth Luther Cary. The illustrations of the former are from designs drawn originally by Gustave Doré. The one which we present conveys the meaning of the lines:

> He saw two cities in a thousand boats,
> All fighting for a woman of the sea.

The tragic death of Paul Leicester Ford last May lends a peculiar and pathetic interest to the posthumous novel *Wanted: A Chaperon.* The illustrations are in Howard Chandler Christy's usual style, and the publishers are Dodd, Mead and Company. The author of *Indian Boyhood* is Charles A. Eastman, and the artist E. L. Blumenschein. It comes from the press of McClure, Phillips and Company. Leigh Hunt's *The Old Court Suburb. Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical and Anecdotal,* is published by Lippincott. The introduction is by Austin Dobson, and the announcement reads that the book is "newly embellished by Herbert Railton, Claude Shepperdon and E. J. Sullivan." Gardner F. Williams, the author of *The Diamond Mines of South Africa,* which the Macmillan Company publishes, is the General Manager of the DeBeers Consolidated Mines. The picture of the entrance to the Astor Library is from Margherita Arlina Hamm's *Famous Families of New York,* published by Putnam.

The illustration "Sunday Morning with Bach" is from Nathan Haskell Dole's *Famous Composers,* which the T. Y. Crowell Company publish. The original painting is by T. E. Rosenthal. The Abbey drawings which have been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine* are now issued in book form. The one reproduced illustrates the line from Goldsmith,

> Hung round the bowers and fondly looked
> their last.

"In the Bamboo Groves" is from *Japanese Girls and Women,* by Alice M. Brown. It is published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company. Number four on the page in question is from a painting by Pinturicchio, about whose work there has come a book from the Lippincott Company. The last picture is Turner's famous "Fighting Téméraire," from *Old English Masters,* published by the Century Company. The engravings for the book are by Timothy Cole, and the historical notes by John C. Van Dyke. Ruskin thought "The Fighting Téméraire" Turner's last effort of perfect power.

D. R. Gaunt.

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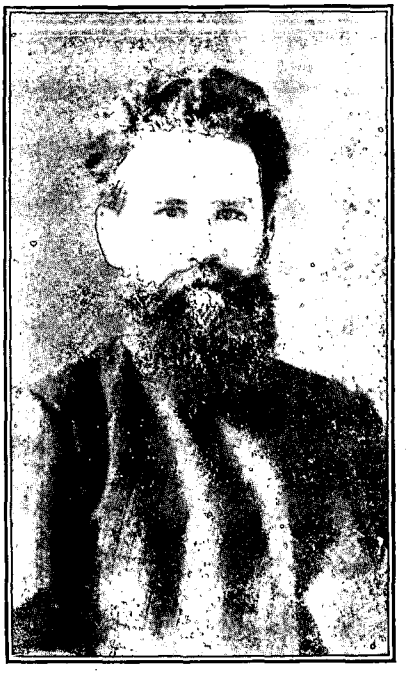
THE MANTLE OF TOLSTOY

The reading public does not content itself with selecting its several favourites among the representatives of literature. It does not rest satisfied until it has chosen some one novelist or poet upon whom to confer the rank of the greatest

POTAPENKO.

GORKI.

CHEKHOFF.



KOROLENKO.

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living writer. It is as though each country had a literary throne which could be occupied by only one man in a generation, and which the reading public could not bear to see vacant for any length of time. Critics may agree upon two or three contemporary story-tellers as coördinately the foremost masters of their art, each taking precedence in some special field or quality; the public, however, seems to be loath to be dominated by any such oligarchy. While writers are fond of referring to the world of letters as a commonwealth or republic, their readers, much like the Jews of the time of Saul, hate to be left without a king. And if this is apparently the case with Anglo-Saxons, is there anything astonishing in the fact that in a country like Russia the highly centralised political *régime* under which the people live should find its reflection in the domain of art?

During the sixties and seventies of the last century it was Ivan Turgéneff who filled the office of the greatest Russian novelist. Although the chief works by which Tolstoy is best known to the civilised world were published during the the same period, it was not until the death of the author of *Rudin* that "the sage of Yasnaya Poliana" came to be rated not only as the leading novelist of his own time, but as the most important writer in the entire range of Russian fiction. And now that Count Tolstoy is an aged and sick man, the question is often asked, Who of the younger representatives of Russian literature is to be regarded as heir-apparent to the throne which he has filled so grandly during the last two decades?

The question is one not easily answered, and the facts with which it is connected disclose a situation unparalleled in the history of Russian literature since the days of Gogol and Pushkin.

Maxim Gorki occupies a position analogous to the one enjoyed by Kipling in English-speaking countries. Every new story from his pen is hailed as an event of prime importance, and his appearance in public is greeted with the most exuberant ovations. This noisy success of his would certainly seem to point him out as the unanimous popular choice for the place of the supreme story-teller of the present generation. Certain elements in the character of his work, however, when viewed in the light of deep-rooted Russian conditions and tastes, prevent one from taking his clamorous vogue seriously. One well-known critic speaks of him as a writer who was "quick to reach the pinnacle of his reputation, but who has already set out on his downward journey"; another writer describes Gorki's stories as the over-seasoned, but ephemeral dish served to a dyspeptic public"; while almost all of his most enthusiastic admirers among book reviewers of note concede certain faults in his art which in a country like Russia must be regarded as fatal to lasting preëminence.

That Gorki is gifted with an active imagination, and that his stories possess originality and unusual vigour, no one disputes. These virtues alone are not enough, however, to make literature of the kind which the educated Russian has been accustomed to exact from his leading writers. It should be borne in mind that popular recognition in the country under consideration is not synonymous with a large circulation among the typical novel-devouring part of the population. To be sure, Russia has her George Ohnets and Marion Crawfords, whose stories keep the wife of many a provincial officeholder awake nights; but even this class of readers know that the novels in which they are absorbed are not considered literature, while those who follow the book reviews in the magazines or newspapers scarcely ever come across the names of these authors at all. As to that peculiar species of dime novel which is well written and well printed and sells for $1.50, it never sails under false colours. It is frankly a "dime novel," and one would no more think of calling it literature than one would a popular soda cracker that sold at the rate of so many hundred thousands a day.

Now Gorki's stories are certainly literature, but his talent is not made of the stuff that characterises the genius of men like Tolstoy, Turgén ff, Dostoyevsky, Goncharoff or Pisemsky. Gorki is a child of the slums, and of these slums he writes in a novel and forcible way. He is a clever story-teller, and running through all his tales is a clear-cut message, a well-defined central idea, that has never been promulgated through the medium of Russian fiction before. Such

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a writer, amid the conditions which surround Gorki and his constituency, could not fail to seize the public eye.

The prevailing order of things, added to the psychological peculiarities of the Slavic reader, have worked out literary ideals which in the United States or England would scarcely meet with acceptance at the hands of an appreciable minority. The cultured Russian yearns for political freedom. Living as he does the life of the enlightened Frenchman or Englishman, he naturally misses those liberties the enjoyment of which has so long since come to be looked upon as part and parcel of civilisation. The university-bred subject of the Czar casts upon the parliaments of Western Europe furtive glances full of envy. By rendering politics forbidden fruit his government makes it the dream and passion of nearly every one who can read and think. Words like "party," "political programme," "constitution," or "free speech" are invested with a charm which the Anglo-Saxon of modern times could scarcely realise. In other words, the Russian reader of good literature considers himself a member of a downtrodden, languishing nation. As a consequence, every victim of oppression or poverty—of misery in any form—appeals to him as a fellow sufferer. On the other hand, a senseless censor system lends to every book championing the cause of "the degraded and the insulted," the relish of forbidden fruit. To elude the vigilance of the censor, therefore; to make literary images say things which in the form of an essay or editorial would be likely to bring publisher and writer under the ban, is the kind of art which is sure to attract attention in the land of the Czars.

The upshot has been an ironclad æsthetic theory, under which the talented artist who does not lay bare some form of human misery is looked upon as something like a public officer who neglects his duty. A tax-gatherer seizing the famished cow of a famished peasant family is the sort of pastoral that makes the surest appeal to the imagination of the educated Russian reader.

The salient feature of the best Russian literature, the one directly traceable to the movement which resulted in the abolition of serfdom, is the sympathetic attention paid to the tillers of the soil and the poor, ignorant, weak and defenceless common people generally. "The idealisation of the peasant" is one of the staple phrases in essays and editorials of that period.

The novelist, then, is expected to have something to say, and his theme must have some social iniquity to accentuate, or at least be taken from the life of the disinherited and of the "poor in spirit." Now the peculiarity of Gorki's position in the literature of his country lies in this, that while his art has a moral lesson to inculcate and seeks its images in the lower strata of society, preferably among those who have altogether been dislodged from the regular current of life, his message is a persistent panegyric of strength and backbone, of the master-spirits of the human race, not of its victims, nor of those who are poor in spirit. He advocates the basic ideas of Nietzsche through the medium of "overmen" in the form of drunken peasants or social waifs.

"A fellow must be sized up, to begin with," says the hero's father in his *Foma Gordéyeff*, "you must find out the kind of stuff he is made of, find out whether there is anything in him. If he is a smart chap with some backbone to him and a mind for business, then you might as well give him a lift. But if you run up against a weak-kneed fellow without a bit of ambition, and that sort of thing, then spit at him and pass on. This is what I want you to bear in mind: When a fellow is always complaining and sighing and wailing, he is not worth a rap, is not worth your pity. Help only those who won't back down even when they are in trouble. Suppose a rotten plank and a sound one dropped into the mud. What would you do? Why, of what earthly use is a decayed piece of wood? So you had better let it stay where it is, down in the mud, so that people may tread upon it and keep the dirt off their shoes. As to the sound plank, pick it up, put in the sunlight, let it dry up, for, indeed, it may be of some use, if not to yourself, to somebody else."

Such is the ethical doctrine which Gorki preaches in almost every one of his numerous stories and sketches, in season and out of season. It is quite a novel doctrine in Russian literature. As a *leit-motif* it has never been utilised in Russian fiction before; but if it is only

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too natural that this motive, coupled with Gorki's resourcefulness and vigour, should have brought him into instant vogue, it is equally inevitable that a philosophy of this sort, as a basis of a literary message, shall sooner or later pall upon the Russian reader and gradually arouse opposition.

The average Russian bookman looks upon his government as the embodiment of undue strength and upon himself as an underdog, as one of the weak. The theory of the survival of the fittest applied to human beings in the crude, brutal form in which Gorki applies it through his Napoleons of the gutter is scarcely calculated to meet with lasting favour among a people who are always "complaining and sighing and wailing," always complaining of their own "Hamletism" (as Turgéneff calls it) and of being ruled by a bureaucracy of misfits. The typical Russian does not regard those who whine and have no turn for business as so many decayed planks for the stronger citizen to trample under foot. He pities these weaklings, and, indeed, himself for victims of an effeminating, enervating social system. It is to depict this very shiftlessness that Turgéneff wrote his *Rudin,* that "epic of Russian phrasemongery." But, then, *Rudin* is instinct with human pity, and this all-forgiving pity is what makes it one of the most characteristically Russian novels ever written. The modern Hamlet, the man of great words and small deeds, is quite a common type in Russian literature, and in every case he has been treated with the same human sympathy and philosophical leniency as that which pervades Turgéneff's masterpiece, and which is in keeping with the popular character. It is a noteworthy fact that Russia sees a greater relative number of acquittals in criminal cases than any other civilised country in the world. Tolstoy portrays this inclination of the common people in his *Resurrection,* where the tradesman in the jury box readily votes in favour of the defendant. Not that he thinks Maslova innocent of the charge, but because "Who is free from wrong-doing?" Indeed, so characteristic is this tendency in the average Russian that it has been accentuated as the keynote to the whole psychology of this curious people in whom the world is so keenly interested these days, but whom it seems at a loss to make out.

Rudin, then, is a distinctly Russian novel, and if it is, Gorki's stories are decidedly un-Russian, all his "atmosphere" and the vividness of his characters notwithstanding.

A still graver drawback is Gorki's lack of artistic sincerity. The point is that with all his undeniable skill as a character painter, his tales do not ring true. They are not marked by that freedom from consciousness which another trait of the national character, as well as the best traditions of the country's literature, make a necessary condition to enduring fame. The average Russian has been correctly described by foreign observers as a naïve, unsophisticated creature with a profound sense of human motive; as one in whom the simple-minded sincerity of the child is combined with the intuitive human wisdom of the prophet. Born to be sad, mere cleverness for its own sake would be lost upon him, and a work of art, which is straining for effect, be it ever so lofty or subtle, is sure to weary him. This is as true of music and painting as it is of literature. The overwhelming seriousness and melancholy of Tolstoy is paralleled in the canvases of Verestchagin and in the symphonies of Tchaikovsky. When we pass to Gorki, in the same connection, we find once more that, although a child of the very heart of his people, he is essentially the least Russian of all writers of note in the history of the modern Russian novel.

Scarcely an image in all his works but is marred by artifice, by an effect of cunning and of premeditation. His illiterate, semi-savage, yet strangely intellectual and heroic tramps are quite an up-to-date set of philosophers of the decadent school; and, while they may be found interesting one cannot resist a feeling that the ideas they embody are not theirs, but have been crammed into their heads in order that their author may parade his own paradoxes. Try as Gorki will to translate the piquant views which he professes into the logic and speech of peasant or vagabond, his characters and the high sentiments they are made to utter will blend no more than the sandwich man will blend with the signboards he is made to carry around.

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With all his apparent earnestness, Gorki is a good deal of a sensationalist. He is not interested in life in the way which is characteristic of a Tolstoy or a Turgéneff. He does not listen to its undertones with the rapt attention of the man with whom artistic study is its own reward; he is not searching for the fundamental meaning of things, for the hidden importance of seeming trifles. What he really does is to hunt for effects of the kind which are apt to catch the eye of the cultured, and these he finds by the score.

The greatest truly Russian writer among the younger story-tellers of to-day is Anton Chekhoff, the man to whom Gorki dedicates *Foma Gordéyeff,* his most ambitious novel. Judged from a purely artistic point of view, Chekhoff is the Tolstoy of the Russian short story. Of all the other representatives of the recent fiction of his country (leaving out the author of *Anna Karénina* as belonging to a former generation) he alone has the art of making his characters and their surroundings strikingly, irresistibly real. His unfailing grasp of the evanescent detail of life and his incisive sense of motive, added to the tremendous earnestness and maturity of his humour, compel the admiration even of those critics who impeach him for what they call his lack of any definite moral purpose. Having no "unifying idea" to convey, but painting life's bitter comedies and tragedies wherever he finds them, his triumph is of a purely literary character, without any admixture of that educational element which in a country like Russia takes the place of politics.

Keen as the general appreciation of Gorki's talents is, the most enthusiastic praise of his stories is not altogether free from a certain patronising note. His most ardent friends among critics do not seem to applaud him except with a condescending smile on their lips; and, upon the whole, one seems to admire him as a writer who is not to be taken seriously, but whose work is entitled to special recognition because he is an under-educated, crude son of the masses.

To be more explicit, the hysterical popularity of the "peasant-litterateur" is the outcome of that peasant-worship which has grown out of the humanitarian movements of his country. It is true that the agricultural population has since been supplanted in the sympathies of Young Russia by the factory proletariat of the cities; but then, this proletariat is largely made up of former peasants, and besides, Gorki's parents stand in closer relationship toward this element of the population than they do toward the peasantry. The element in question, the wage-workers, have especially endeared themselves to the hearts of the magazine-reading public by their participation in the political demonstrations of the university students, by having become the mainstay and the chief hope of the radical movement; and Gorki, who belongs to them by birth and early breeding, is known, in addition, as an outspoken radical and reformer. In other words, his overwhelming vogue is largely due to the fact that he is of the common people, and to the open secret that he is a bitter enemy of the present *régime.*

The case is altogether different with Chekhoff. He is neither a revolutionist nor any other sort of "ist"; as to his antecedents, he is a nobleman by birth and education. He owes his success to his talent and to nothing else, and his stories are received with that mixed feeling of admiration and reverence which is the share of the truly great. Nor is his success restricted to a comparatively small number of devotees, as is the case with a writer like George Meredith. His several volumes have had enormous sales, and library statistics show them to be among the most popular books in almost every section of the empire.

Chekhoff began his literary career as a writer of *feuilletons* for newspapers. These were, for the most part, burlesque sketches, full of the irrelevancies of life, but displaying a depth of insight into reality which attracted immediate attention. There was an echo of sadness to his fun, and an intensity of human interest of the kind which leaves the reader's consciousness divided between a hearty laugh and a subtle sense of pity. He gradually lapsed into more serious moods and began to write longer stories, every one of which has been hailed unanimously as art of the highest order and at the same time condemned as barren of any "social idea." He has been known to fame some twelve years, yet he has never felt tempted to leave the short story

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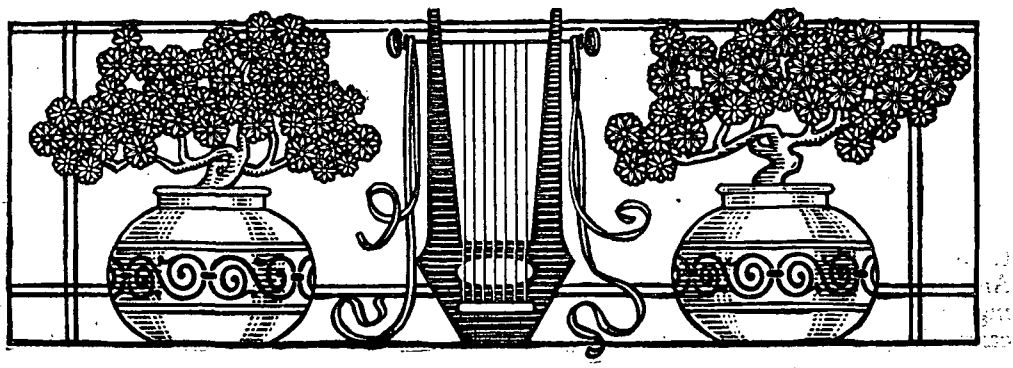
tor the full-fledged novel. He is particularly interested in the Russian capacity for being bored and melancholy, a propensity which seems to be growing on him as the years pass.

Mikhailovski, the leading Russian critic of to-day, omits no opportunity to assail Chekhoff's lack of any moral message, but even he does not dispute his genius as a portrayer of the kaleidoscopic, capricious trifles in our everyday experience. Nor does he deny his supreme position as a knower of men. He simply begrudges him his talent as something "worthy of a better cause"; as a great literary gift in the possession of a man who fails to put it to the use which the æsthetic theory of his country proclaims the only justifiable goal of artistic effort.

This violation of the traditional maxim which condemns art for art's sake, and perhaps also his being confined to the short story, may stand between Chekhoff and the mantle of Tolstoy.

Vladimir Korolenko, known to Anglo-Saxon readers as the author of *The Blind Musician,* is an artist of high merit. For several years he held the palm of precedence uncontested. He is still a great favourite by virtue of his charming personality and the ardent human sympathy which animates his stories, as well as on account of the years of suffering he passed in exile. His style has been likened to Turgéneff's and the high artistic finish of his tales once gave him the foremost place among the younger generation of writers. If one had asked ten years ago upon whom the mantle of Tolstoy was destined to fall, Korolenko would have been named as a matter of course. Since then he has been gradually eclipsed by Chekhoff. He may safely be called the best living writer of fiction after Chekhoff, although the sensational vogue of Maxim Gorki has had the temporary effect of diverting some attention from both.

Russia has quite an array of other young writers of recognised force, all of them realists in the inoffensive Russian sense of the term. Of these Veresayeff, whose *Memories of a Physician* is "all the rage" just now, and Andréyeff, who was "discovered" only about a year ago, are still mere apprentices in the art of story-telling. The critics are forever bewailing the absence of talents like those of the middle part of the last century. This decline in the quality of the literary output is often ascribed to a lack of anything like the moral ideals which vitalised Russian letters about the time of the emancipation of the serfs. But then Russia is living a rather rapid life these days. The completion of the great Siberian railway and the general stimulus given to Russian industries, on the one hand, and the frequency and boldness of political demonstrations in which college students make common cause with the masses, on the other—all this is looked upon as something pointing in the direction of a new moral uplifting. And if the crusade against serfdom produced a Turgéneff, a Tolstoy and a Dostoyevsky, the present struggle for popular institutions will give birth, so it is prophesied by the enthusiasts, to a new great literature, one which will mirror the new era even as the splendid fiction of the sixties mirrored the public-spirited ideas of those days. *Abraham Cahan.*



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SONNET

O Stranger, from the cup my spirit brewed
I gave thee drink! And the blue joyous fume
From my red fire I let thy sense consume.
Through my soul's vital ether thou hast viewed,
Across the purpling earth, the real, the crude
Drifting to images. Thou didst assume
Royal delight of colour and perfume,
And hold as thine the beauty thus renewed.
O Stranger, by thy hands, thine ears, thine eyes,
I was thy love! I, thou hast dreamed and felt
In sovereignty, with thy sweet vision melt,
One with the tangible in fervid guise.
Behold! The world's farewell, the heaven's call
Sounds in my soul unbounden from thy thrall!

Florence Brooks.

FRANK NORRIS

It is a sad coincidence that Zola's death should have been followed so soon by that of his most earnest disciple in this country, Mr. Frank Norris. When he left New York recently, after revising the last proofs of his forthcoming novel, *The Pit,* Mr. Norris intended to start with his wife on a journey around the world, sailing from California in one of the many tramp steamers that carry wheat to the Mediterranean. Incidentally, he expected to collect material for the third volume of his trilogy, *The Wolf.* Mrs. Norris's health, however, necessitated a change of plans, and he settled down for the winter on a ranch, where, as he recently wrote to an Eastern friend, he "could shoot bears from his front door." Here he was suddenly stricken down with appendicitis, dying in a San Francisco hospital on October 25.

There is no danger of making an overstatement in saying that Mr. Norris is a serious loss to American letters. Although barely thirty-two years old, he had achieved enough to show that his talent was not of the meteor order, no mere flash in the pan, burning out with his first book. On the contrary, he has left at least two volumes which are likely to endure, and which gave promise for the future unsurpassed in brilliance by any American writer of his years. In looking back over Mr. Norris's career, one cannot help being struck with the almost feverish impatience that he showed to reach his highest goal, to do his biggest, most ambitious work without delay. It seems now almost as though some premonition reached him of the exceeding brevity of time allotted him. Yet with this impatience was coupled an admirable restraint, an indefatigable industry. Having once determined that Realism was the true creed, he adhered to it in the face of strong temptations. It is not generally known that the nucleus of *McTeague* was written as part of the university work during Mr. Norris's term of post-graduate study at Harvard, and that it was conscientiously elaborated and polished for four years before the public were allowed to see it. *Moran of the Lady Letty,* the author's one bit of almost pure romanticism, was dashed off in an interval of relaxation, and became his first published book. Its popular success suggested that an easy avenue to fortune lay open along that line, for Norris had a lively gift for inventing stories of the blood-and-thunder order, and often amused his friends by reeling off sword-and-buckler plots by the yard. In his published work, however, he conscientiously adhered to his creed, and only occasionally made concession to his inborn love of romanticism—a weakness that he frankly admitted. When a friend once expostulated with him for the gross improbability of the closing chapter of *Mc-*

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Teague, where the murderer, fleeing from justice into the b rning heat of an alkali desert, carries with him a canary, that continues to sing after thirty-six hours without food or water, Mr. Norris frankly admitted the absurdity, but said that he could not resist the temptation, for the scene made such a dramatic contrast. "Besides," he added whimsically, "I compromised by saying that the canary was half-dead, anyhow."

As already stated, Mr. Norris was an avowed disciple of Zola, and there can be no doubt that the influence of *Rome* and *Paris* and *Fécondité* did him serious harm. Even the fully ripened power that produced *Les Quatre Évangiles* could not make the principal characters anything more than lay figures, animated pawns with which to work out certain specified sociological problems on a vast human chess-board. The same defect, in magnified proportions, was responsible for the failure of Norris's *Octopus*. Certainly the fault did not lie with the underlying scheme of his Trilogy of the Wheat, unless the inherent bigness of the scheme was in itself a mistake. A characteristic of Norris was his love of big ideas, his insistence upon some great central symbol that would bind a novel together into one firmly knit whole. In *McTeague* the symbol is gold; the whole book is filled with a flood of yellow light—the floating golden discs that the sunlight through the trees casts upon the ground; the huge golden tooth that swings before McTeague's dental parlor; the golden dreams of the crazed Mexican girl; the hoarded gold that finally causes Trina's death. But probably not one reader out of a hundred grasps the idea that lurked somewhere in Mr. Norris's brain, that *McTeague* was a California novel, and gold the most fitting symbol he could devise for that State.

Later on he grew more ambitious. A single State no longer satisfied him. What he wanted was a symbol which should sum up at once American life and American prosperity. His friends are still fond of telling of the day when he came to his office trembling with excitement, incapacitated for work, his brain concentrated on a single thought, his Trilogy of the Wheat. "I have got a big idea, the biggest I ever had," was the burden of all he had to say for many a day after.

It would be an unkindness to dwell upon the brilliant promise of this Trilogy, and the undisguised disappointment felt by those who had the most confidence in Norris when *The Octopus* appeared, if it were not for the fact that what he failed to do then he has done, and done brilliantly, in his second volume, *The Pit*. In it Mr. Norris has remained true to his scheme; wheat, the central symbol, chief source of the nation's growth and wealth, is visible on every page, but subordinated and in the background. The interest of the story is concentrated not upon symbols, but on the central characters—flesh-and-blood characters such as Mr. Norris never before succeeded in drawing. In all his earlier books there is something unpleasantly primordial, Titanic, monstrous about his heroes and heroines. In *The Pit* he gives evidence that somehow and somewhere he had lately been gaining a truer insight into the hearts of his fellow-men, and especially his fellow-women. And this insight he has used in his new book without in any way detracting from the central plot—a gigantic attempt to corner the world's supply of wheat, to force it up, up, up, and hold the price through April and May and June, until finally the new crop comes pouring in and the daring speculator is overwhelmed under the rising tide, "a human insect, impotently striving to hold back with his puny hands the output of the whole world's granaries." There can be little question that, as a drama of mad speculation, *The Pit* is the nearest approach to Zola's *Argent* that has yet been made in English.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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THE POE CULT *

One of the most astonishing facts in the literary annals of America, if not of the world, is the amazing rise of what may be called the Poe cult. The unhappy master of "The Raven" was the victim of a fate more strange, more romantic, more tragical than poet ever imagined or novelist ever penned. His life was one of suffering, sorrow and song; he died a wretched death in the charity ward of a public hospital,

Unwept, unhonoured, unsung.

His funeral was pathetic in its meagre attendance, its scant ceremony and absence of mourning. Only eight persons were present at the funeral of one of the immortals of earth.

At the time of this humble funeral, on October 8, 1849, no one could have dreamed that within twenty-five years Edgar Poe would be regarded by the cultured people of all lands as the most unique and remarkable genius in American literature. Equally astonishing is the fact that many persons who were old enough to remember Poe are still alive, when his letters possess a market value five times as great as that of Byron's, twice as great as Shelley's, a hundred times as great as Bryant's, Longfellow's, Lowell's and other contemporaneous American authors. Still more remarkable is the fact that the manuscripts of those poems, for which he received trifling sums, have become as precious as the Sibylline leaves, and are worth their weight in gold. If the original manuscript of "The Raven" were still in existence, American millionaires would contend for its possession, and $10,000 would be gladly paid for the inestimable treasure. Yet for this poem, which has brought more honour upon American literature than any other single American poem and established Poe's fame as the most original of American poets—a poem which stands alone in poetry as the "Venus" in sculpture and "The Transfiguration" in painting—for this wonderful poem whose weird and mysterious fascination has thrilled the world, Poe was paid only ten dollars, a sum which is now paid for an ordinary love story in a weekly newspaper.

Upon the rare occasions when the first editions of Poe's poems have been offered for sale at auction the excitement has run high, the bidding has been spirited and the prices have broken the record. The first edition of *Tamerlane and Other Poems* (Boston, 1827) was never offered at public auction until the spring of 1892. In fact, for sixty years one copy only, and that an imperfect one, was known to exist, and that was in the locked room of the British Museum, there to stay "for evermore." So when it was announced that a second copy of the precious volume was to be sold at auction the excitement among wealthy collectors was great. As no copy had ever been sold, there was no record price. The bidding was high and rapid—$500, $750, $1000, $1500, $1750; finally the tiny paper volume of forty pages, whose intrinsic value was about ten cents, was knocked down for the enormous sum of $1875. The purchaser, proud of his prize, sent it to Paris and had it bound in mosaic at a cost of $300. In the spring of 1894 another copy of the first edition of *Tamerlane* was discovered by an obscure young lawyer in an obscure town in Vermont. The finding of a third copy naturally lessened the value of the work as a unique or rare book, and when it was offered to several persons who are interested in literary curios no offer above $1200 could be secured for it. What became of that copy

*The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe. In Seventeen Volumes. Virginia Edition. Edited by James A. Harrison. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

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of *Tamerlane* I have no means of knowing. In the autumn of 1900, a copy was sold at auction, bringing the record price of $2050.

The immense price paid for an exemplar of the first edition of *Tamerlane* shows the remarkable advance that has taken place in the value of Poeana during the last ten years. But all records were broken in this respect at the sale of Mr. Frederick William French's library on the 23d, 24th and 25th of April, 1901. The second edition of *Tamerlane,* Baltimore, 1829, a beautiful copy in the original boards, uncut, was sold to a dealer for $1300, an advance of $200 on the price of the McKee copy sold in November, 1900. No. 1 of the *Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe,* containing "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man that Was Used Up" in the original brown paper wrappers, brought an even $1000; an enormous price, but only two copies are known to be in existence. Two autograph letters of Poe's at the same sale fetched, respectively, $250 and $210.

In mentioning these fabulous prices paid for Poe rarities I cannot help thinking that the pity of it is that the unhappy master of "The Raven" should have lived in poverty, often in absolute want, when the price of one of his rare editions would have made him comfortable for years; when the price of one of his autograph letters would have provided heat to warm the benumbed limbs of his dying wife, wine to stimulate her physical weakness and delicate food to nourish her body, exhausted by consumption.

Mr. William Nelson of Paterson, New Jersey, a few years ago was fortunate enough to secure the original manuscript of "The Bells" for $275. He is an enthusiastic Poe man, and his collection contains several first editions; also, *The Southern Literary Messenger* and *Graham's Magazine,* of both of which Poe was the editor. He has also a large and interesting collection of newspaper clippings relating to Poe, running from a single paragraph to long editorials. Mr. Nelson has spent much time and money in forming his collection, but when the Poe mania takes possession of a man time counts for nothing, and money is thrown away with reckless prodigality.

The Poe cult is progressive: beginning with admiration of his melodious poems and extraordinary prose tales, the admiration of the poetry leads to an enthusiasm for the poet and an interest in everything relating to him. The shabby little homes in which he lived and loved and worked become pilgrims' shrines. The few books which he owned become precious relics. When the old Allan mansion in Richmond, Virginia, was pulled down a few years ago there was a pretty scramble for Poe relics, for in that house Poe's happy childhood and youth were passed. Thirty dollars was asked for the mantlepiece of the poet's room, thirty-five for the bureau, five for the lock, etc. The cane with which old Mr. Allan, Poe's adopted father, threatened to strike the wayward poet if he did not leave the house after their irreconcilable quarrel should have brought a fabulous price could it have been found among the curios collected there. Had any of Poe's juvenile verses been discovered they would have brought hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars. What became of those precious manuscripts containing poems to his boyish sweethearts will never be known.

It is strange there are so few of Poe's letters in existence, for he was a voluminous letter-writer and had many correspondents among the literary men and women of his time. The late Judge Neilson Poe of Baltimore, who was a cousin of the poet, had several very interesting letters from Edgar Poe, which I have seen. These disappeared soon after the Judge's death, and have never been traced. Their publication would throw much light on certain periods of Poe's life. Mrs. Clemm was in possession of some valuable Poe letters and other things at the time of her death in Baltimore on February 16, 1871. These also disappeared, no one knows whither.

The present Poe cult commenced at the time of the unveiling of the monument to the poet in Baltimore on the 17th of November, 1875. It was a memorable occasion, not only for American literature but for the literature of the world. It was the first public recognition of the extraordinary genius of the author of "The Raven." It drew together a notable assemblage, including several who had been associated with Poe in his youth and early manhood. Among these were

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Professor Joseph H. Clarke, Poe's first teacher in Richmond, who died in Baltimore in 1886, in the ninety-second year of his age; John H. B. Latrobe, the distinguished Southern lawyer, the last survivor of the three gentlemen who, by awarding to Poe the prize for the best prose tale, gave him the first lift up the literary ladder; John H. Hewitt, the editor of the *Saturday Visitor,* in which the prize story, "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," was published; Dr. John E. Snodgrass, the last editor of the *Saturday Visitor* and associate editor of the *American Museum,* in which several of Poe's early poems and tales were published; Dr. Nathan Covington Brooks, editor of the *American Museum;* Doctor John G. Morris, president of the Maryland Historical Society; Nathaniel H. Morison, provost of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; Judge Neilson Poe, the nearest surviving relative of the poet; and Walt Whitman, the last in name, but first in fame.

Many of the then living poets of America were invited to the unveiling of the Baltimore monument, but all with the exception of Walt Whitman sent their "regrets," most of which expressed the highest admiration of Poe's genius. Longfellow, who was asked to suggest an appropriate inscription for the monument, wrote that "the only lines of Mr. Poe that I recall as in any way appropriate to the purpose are from a poem entitled "For Annie." They are:

> The fever called living
> Is conquered at last.

From across the sea came tributes from Tennyson, Swinburne, Richard H. Horne, and Mallarmé, the French poet. Swinburne, full of the glowing enthusiasm of youth, paid a noble tribute to Poe:

> The genius of Edgar Poe has won, on this side of the Atlantic, such wide and warm recognition that the sympathy, which I cannot hope fitly or fully to express in adequate words, is undoubtedly shared at this moment, not in England only, but in France, as well. . . . It is not for me to offer any tribute here to the fame of your great countryman, or dilate with superfluous and intrusive admiration, on the special quality of his strong and delicate genius, so sure of aim, and faultless of touch in all the finer and better part of the work he has left us. Widely as the fame of Poe has already spread and deeply as it is already rooted in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances, the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove, in this case, also, the constant and truest friend and keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame.

Of all the tributes to Poe inspired by the unveiling of the monument the poem "At Poe's Grave," by William Winter, was by far the most beautiful. I have room for only two or three verses:

> Through many a year his fame has grown,
> Like midnight, vast; like starlight sweet,
> Till now his genius fills a throne,
> And nations marvel at his feet.
>
> One meed of justice long delayed,
> One crowning grace his virtues crave:
> Ah, take thou great and injured shade,
> The love that sanctifies the grave!
>
> God's mercy guard in peaceful sleep,
> The sacred dust that slumbers here:
> And, while round this tomb we weep,
> God bless, for us, the mourner's tear!

Dr. Johnson said that Oliver Goldsmith touched nothing which he did not ornament. It can be as truly said of Poe that he touched nothing which he did not immortalise. The room at the University of Virginia where he spent a few months of his early manhood is more frequently visited than are the dormitories of the long line of orators, statesmen and scholars who were educated at that celebrated seat of learning. Every magazine with which he was associated, either as editor or contributor—*Graham's, Godey's,* the *Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals—has been remembered simply because Poe's name was connected with it. The little cottage at Fordham, where the saddest years of his life were spent—those lonesome latter years after the death of his wife—is visited by strangers from distant lands because it was the home of the poet, where, wifeless, moneyless, hopeless, he made his last desperate, despairing struggle with pitiless fortune. His tomb in Westminster churchyard, Baltimore, where the poet's "tantalised spirit blandly reposes," has made the spot the "Poets' Corner" of the Westminster

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of the Monumental City. Men and women's names have been saved from oblivion because they were in some way or other associated with Poe, either as friends or enemies. The gentle Mrs. Osgood, the malignant Griswold, the devoted Mrs. Whitman, the ferocious Briggs, the genial General Wetmore, the accomplished John R. Thompson and many others will occur to all students of the life and works of the author of "The Raven."

Carlyle regarded it as a remarkable fact that six lives of Burns had been published within a generation after his death. Within the same space of time, nine lives of Poe were published, while several others have been issued during the last decade. These numerous biographies show that the Poe cult is ever on the increase, and that the reading public welcomes every addition to its knowledge of the most interesting and picturesque figure in American literature.

The Poe cult is not confined to any one, two or three countries. It has spread through the civilised world. It includes the cultured people of Europe, America, and in the lands beyond the sea. It has made Edgar A. Poe a classic. Numerous editions of his works have been published in London and Edinburgh. In France he is as much admired as many French authors. A dozen editions of his poems and tales have appeared in Germany; his tales have been published in Spain and Italy; his poetical works in Australia; and one of his stories, "The Oval Portrait," has been translated into modern Greek and published at Athens. The end of the Poe cult cannot be foretold. It has not reached its height. Even while I write, a new edition of his works in seventeen volumes has been published.

It should always be remembered that the Poe cult owes its origin and stimulus to the gifted and fearless Sarah Helen Whitman. When malice had exhausted itself in heaping insult upon the name of the dead poet, it was the delicate affection of Mrs. Whitman—who loved him and whom he loved—that dared to penetrate the "mournful corridors" of that sad, desolate heart, with its "halls of tragedy and chambers of retribution," and tell the true, but melancholy, story of the author of "The Raven." It was she who generously came forward as "One of the Friends" of him who was said to have no friends. She was his steady champion from first to last. Whether it was some crack-brain scribbler who tried to prove Poe "mad," or some accomplished scholar who endeavoured to disparage him in order to magnify some other writer, or some silly woman who attempted to foist herself into a little brief notice by relating "imaginary facts" about the poet's hidden life, Mrs. Whitman was always ready to defend her dead friend. It was beautifully said of this accomplished lady: "She was ever sensitive to the slightest criticism of Poe's faults, walking softly backward and throwing over them the shielding mantle of her love. Heedless of the world's cold sneer, she seized her pen whenever she thought him treated with injustice and defended his memory with the warmth of a woman and a poet." Some of her most beautiful poems were inspired by her tender recollection of her poet-lover. One of these, "Poe's Portrait," is not so well known as it should be. I quote the first and last of the ten verses.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam;
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing
Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

* * * * *

Though cloud and shadow rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore thy glory
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

After a long and exhaustive study of the life of Edgar A. Poe during a quarter of a century, I have come to the conclusion that he was neither the demon painted by some of his early, nor the angel described by some of his later, biographers. He mingled among men neither as a "prying fiend" nor as a "bewildered angel." He was a man of rare and remarkable genius, with the infirmities that often accompany it. While endowed with extraordinary intellectual gifts, he was a most unfortunate victim of circumstances. Left an orphan in his infancy, he was adopted by a man who reared him in luxury as the heir to a splendid fortune, when suddenly, in his twentieth year, he was thrown upon the

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world without a dollar. Then began that long, desperate, never-ending struggle for bread. The pen was his weapon, literature his pursuit, poverty his fate, fame his reward.

Eugene L. Didier.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN

REMINISCENCES OF A FRIENDSHIP, AND A NOTABLE NOVEL.

I have no means of fixing definitely the date of my first meeting with George Douglas Brown. Probably it was in the late summer of 1898. Although I do not remember the date of our first meeting, I have very vivid recollection of the meeting itself, brought about by my friend, Howard Spicer. Mr. Spicer, who was at the time editing *Sandow's Magazine,* said that he wanted me to meet a new man he had got hold of, who was, he thought, worth knowing. And it was at the office of *Sandow's Magazine,* in Arundel Street, that I first met Brown. What impressed me most about him was his intense seriousness, and a certain deprecatory manner in giving his opinions on literary matters. I never knew Brown as anything else but a serious man, although we had many happy days and royal nights together; but I speedily got to know that he did not hold his opinions in a deprecatory fashion. The manner I have indicated sprang from a kind of shyness, a reluctance to make himself fully known until he was sure of perfect sympathy. Once assured of this, and no man could lay down the law with more royal arrogance. It was one of the delights of our subsequent relations that we both exercised the right of stating our opinions as if they were ultimate; and it was all the better fun when it happened, as it often did, that we took, or pretended to take, diametrically opposite views. I had a feeling in those days that Brown was a lonely man. In the course of conversation the names of various men, journalists and others, cropped up, as indicating that he had a fair number of friends. Only one man, however, did he speak of with the kind of familiarity which indicates intimacy. With Mr. Montagu Emanuel, an old Baliol chum, and at his home, he was on this footing of familiar friendship. I always thought of Brown as a man who had many friends, but no real intimates, and he was the kind of man for whose true development an intimate is essential. The view I have stated was confirmed by his remarking not once, but many times, in the course of our friendship that he had revealed himself to me more than to any other man he had ever known.

It was not his modesty, however, although that was delightful, nor his seriousness, which was unusual, that drew me to him. It was his intense interest in literature. One meets with many men engaged in journalism, and respectable enough as authors, who are conventionally interested in literature as "shop;" but, so far as my own experience goes, it is a rare thing to meet a man who translates all life into literature, and who can, therefore, talk of the subject at all times with freshness and without repeating

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himself, and with the enthusiasm which indicates a man possessed by his subject. Such a man was G. D. Brown, and therefore the days and nights which we spent together are among the most vivid of my recollections, as they were among the most enjoyable experiences of my life. The biggest bout of talking we ever had was three years ago, when we spent a fortnight's holiday together, and talked literature practically all the time every day and half of every night. I hardly need to explain that our conversation was not mainly, or in any great part, of published books, new or old, but was chiefly concerned with potential literature; the kind of books that should be written; the fundamental principles which must underlie all worthy books; the pure aim and unworldly purpose which should inform them. As a matter of fact, although Brown, as a reviewer of books and a publisher's reader, read as much, and probably more, modern literature that I, he had very little to say at any time about new writers; and his reading of the older authors had by no means been extensive. It was amazing, for instance, to find that Carlyle was practically unknown to him. Emerson he had never read until we read a volume of the essays together on a holiday; he declared that he had never realised the beauty of Tennyson until I read *Maud* to him, and only the day before he died he was looking for the first time at *Mosses From an Old Manse,* and saying he must read Hawthorne. He said, and I have no doubt it was true, that the majority of books had so little to give him that he did not find it worth his while to read them. If a man can write essential stuff himself, why should he put off his time reading the platitudes of the average book? was a favourite question with him. And no man ever felt surer that he had something essential to say in books than George Douglas Brown. "The damning fault in most of the books I read," he once wrote to me, "is that nothing in them seems to leap at you from out the pages. They are talky-talky-vapid. There is an article in —— in which a man has talked round about his subject for nine aimless pages. Now, easy and sleepy writing may have a charm in a very few places, but most books; and certainly all books of the kind we want, should be pregnant and packed." This gives the key to his own position as a novelist. He was a realist not because he loved sordid details and the limning of ugly subjects, but because he would have his characters so true to life that they would "leap at you from out the page." And he sacrificed the pleasure of indulging in descriptive writing, for which he had unusual qualification, because he wanted to have every phrase essential to the story, to make every word bite in its meaning. Although he did not seek for the significant among modern books, he was tremendously pleased when he came across them, and occasionally when he came to my home he made a find which rejoiced him. Two books which I introduced to his notice he thought tremendously good, Miss Guiney's *Patrins* and Professor Raleigh's *Style.* He made the acquaintance of these books on two separate occasions. On each occasion he took a volume to read after we had parted in the small hours of the morning, and next morning at breakfast he was full of the subject. When he left my home he carried off the books, and absolutely refused to give them back!

How well Brown lived up to his ideals, and with what tremendous force he could actualise them, I realised for the first time when I heard him read the original manuscript of the first and last work associated with his name. *The House with the Green Shutters* was at that time a finished story of 20,000 words, so packed that it gave the feeling of excessive strain. The memory of that reading comes vividly back to my mind. In a half furnished cottage down in Surrey, belonging to Mr. Howard Spicer, three of us were squatting on the floor on rugs, for lack of chairs. For a whole afternoon two of us smoked in silence while Brown read his famous story. He knew us fairly well by this time, but not familiarly enough to enable him to read his own work without diffidence; and I remember what a great nervous strain it was upon him. The interest of the story was so painfully absorbing that even in the intervals when the reader paused to rest we had no mind to criticise, but in the grip of its impending tragedy smoked vigorously in silence. When it was finished, the cumulative effect was tremendous. The story had many and obvious defects, and

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these were noted by us with frank criticism; but from that time I never doubted that if Brown got his chance he would make a distinctive place for himself in literature. As a result of our criticism he agreed not to place it as a short story, but to extend it to a full-length novel. He was pleased by our appreciation, which was, he said, the first he had received, and he made me promise to read the extended manuscript and make suggestions. Later on he was not so humble about his book, and a year later, when I made some criticism upon it, I saw that he had got the bit between his teeth, as it were, and was not disposed to take criticism readily. He professed to see its faults; he admitted that it went, in some particulars, right in the face of artistic principles which he was constantly laying down. I believe you are right, M——; but I have a feeling now that this book has got to go *as it is.*" Humorously threatening to have my revenge in a review, I accepted his mood, and at subsequent readings rarely offered any comment saving this: "If the book goes, and it cannot quite fail, it will be in spite of its defects." That it would have a literary success we never for a moment doubted; but I must frankly own that we were not prepared for the *popular* success which it achieved here and in America.

It has been stated in a Scottish weekly by a well-known novelist who met Brown once that he did not greatly value his book, and was a little surprised at its success. I have shown that the former statement is very far wide of the facts; that he valued it so highly that he would practically admit no criticism of it. A still more striking proof of his opinion of his work was his remark, "I know it sounds arrogant, but I have a feeling that it does not greatly matter who publishes my book, it is bound to go." When *The House with the Green Shutters* was accepted by an American house on the recommendation of a well-known critic he was, however, frankly pleased; and there was a sly dig at me in the letter which announced the news: "McClure told me his [the critic's] report was commendatory throughout," but he adds naïvely, "I tell you this because you will be even more pleased than I am." On its publication he sent me a copy, with this note:

> Herewith a copy of the immortal Work. Disembowel it, or laud it to the skies as seemeth good to thy soul. I enclose also half a dozen advertisement cards which you can forward to your friends, an' it please you. All you have to do is to write opposite the work, "A boned book, by a pal of mine. A.M."
>
> Thine,
>
> THE PADDY.

Yet the novelist aforementioned says he was annoyed at the efforts of one or two "ill-advised friends" to make it go.

As to its success, Brown's expectations were large. He believed it might run to 20,000 copies, and before he died there was a feeling with him that, given certain conditions, it ought to have done so. Surprised at the success which it had he certainly was not. It is a fact, though, that he spoke gratefully of the kind reception it got from the press. There were exceptions, however. "Rather idiotic review in the *Scotsman,* but they put it first in their list of fiction and rate it disagreeably powerful. Goodish review in *Glasgow Herald,* 'True to the verge of being merciless . . . if we smile, it is at the cruel point of some stinging just . . . shows with a vengeance, too, the reverse of the Drumtochty Shield . . . overdrawn but grimly true, and full of promise.'" These and other excerpts from reviews which he sent me from time to time showed how keenly he followed the progress of his book. "So far," he writes again, "nobody but the *Glasgow Herald* man has seen that I'm showing up the Scot malignant—which you and I thought in a way the *raison d'être* of the book. *Scotsman* fellow says 'it's brutally coarse.' Coarse!"

During the first few weeks of its publication Brown was indeed very anxious about its fate. Various circumstances had conspired to delay its appearance in England, and the fact that for a while it excited no particular attention made him fear it was going to be swamped in the flood of Christmas publications. During these weeks there were few days in which Brown did not come to see us. We knew what he came for, and gave him every comfort in the way of "signs" of success which we could gather. But we began to fear that we were going to be disappointed in our hopes. Several extended and good notices had appeared in

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England—notably one; I think in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* which greatly pleased Brown; but it was not until it was noticed by Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longman's Magazine* that the tide began to flow unmistakably in its favour. Equally favourable notices in the *Times,* in the *Morning Post* and in the *Monthly Review*—one of them at least, perhaps all, from the same hand—set the fashion; after this reviews were numerous, and each more favourable than the other. In a few weeks *The House with the Green Shutters* was in everybody's mouth, and its author was the most-talked-of man in literary circles in London. It is a grim commentary on the empty nature of fame, even in some modern cases, that while paragraphs about him were appearing in every paper, Brown was living from hand to mouth in London, sometimes, indeed, without a sixpence in his pocket, and depending entirely for his living upon the money which he got by reviewing for an illustrated weekly and the help of his friends. He found humour in the situation, however, and pretended occasionally even to enjoy it.

Of the book itself it is not necessary for me to speak critically. I had my chance of a review, and I did not "disembowel it," for it was in the early days when its fate seemed uncertain, and this was not the function of a friend. I did not ignore its defects, but found it on a final reading, as I had found it at the beginning, the most significant and powerful novel I had read for a decade at least.

As a talker Brown was the most vital of any man I ever met. He had great silences, but during these periods he remained by himself. He came to us when he wanted to talk, and he found us always ready. His conversation was like his writing, keen, incisive and significant. I never knew a man talk *better* in the sense that his sentences were perfectly formed, although there was not the slightest preparation. Like many another man, his best talk was after twelve o'clock at night. Probably we never went to bed before half-past one, and often it was two and three o'clock when we turned in. When all other subjects had been exhausted there still remained Shakespeare. And on Shakespeare my friend could talk without ceasing. He had a magnificent verbal memory, and was never at a loss to illustrate his conversations by long quotations from the author of whom he was speaking. In talking Shakespeare this faculty stood him in good stead. His exposition of *Hamlet,* which I hope will be given to the world soon, was in substance recited to me three years ago, in a fortnight's holiday which we spent at the seaside together. Yet he had not a sheet of manuscript before him. I believe this will be found to be one of the most strikingly original and profound expositions of Hamlet that has ever been written. It will make secure the position as a thinker which Brown, by his single work, might have held precariously. Another proof of how completely Shakespeare swept him away when he got on the subject was supplied by the fact that on one occasion during a three-weeks' visit to Howard Spicer's home, the one literary subject talked of the whole time was *Hamlet.* To Spicer, as to me, he practically recited the whole of what is now the complete exposition.

He was a student of Meredith, and more critically, perhaps, of Balzac. Burns he had—like the Ayrshire man he was—at his finger tips, and while he would, in the rushes of impetuous talk, suddenly dive into a bookshelf for the purpose of reading from an author a passage to point his meaning, he could repeat by heart all of Burns that he desired to familiarise me with.

Like all men with original and active intellectual power, Brown had a great capacity for being bored, and although he had a robustious side to him which made him appear a "right good chap" to men of a totally different cast, many instances come back to me of his arranging to meet one or other of "the Triumvirate" for the pure purpose of escaping from a company with which he had no real sympathy. On one occasion I remember he was living down the river, and after being bored to madness for a week, he wired to one of us begging us to send a telegram saying that urgent business called him to London. On the other hand, he would enter with sympathy and the keenest interest into the affairs of simple, unpretentious people; and because of this he was a hero to many a humble old person who never suspected his literary powers.

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Because there is a great deal of "damning" in his book and a kind of expletive that is not choice, it has in many quarters been supposed that Brown was without reverence and without religion. Nothing could be further from the truth. His reverence was instinctive and profound, and his nature was intensely religious. I had not known Brown long when he talked religion to me voluntarily: at first diffidently; then with a surge, and without restraint, he told me of his experience. I would like to tell it, but some things are too intimate to repeat, even after a man has gone, and my instinct is to let the details of that memorable confidence remain untold. Suffice it to say that Brown had had a marked religious turning-point, a new view of life which made existence a good thing and work a joyful duty at a juncture when, as he put it, "hell had filled his heart." When I heard this confidence I knew why Brown struck me at first chiefly by his seriousness. One of the ideas the Triumvirate held in common was that religion is at the back of all abiding literature, and that there can be no real literature that is wholly without essential religion. And he held, if possible, more firmly than I that only those who see the world on a background of eternity can write great literature.

A. Melrose.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

As the reviewer surveys the scores of juvenile books which the publishers send out at this season, until the desk is heaped high, extra tables are covered and the room is gay with bright bindings and lively colours, one cannot help wishing for every reader the privilege of buying at least one book for some child for Christmas. If this is not a duty entailed by relationship or friendship, it would be quite worth while to look up some young person for the occasion, and thereby give one's self the pleasure of lingering over the counters so attractively arranged in the shops, and by a careful selection to get in touch with the work that is being done in order to amuse, instruct and edify the young generation.

How they breathe the spirit of the holidays, these joyous books, and what variety is found in them! Nonsense, legend, story, history, poetry, adventure, each bearing its part bravely in a fresh, desirable form. What an evolution during scarcely more than a century and a half, from the doleful moral poems and accounts of early deaths, which were once all that was held suitable for children's special reading. They speak with manifold voices, this collection of books, of the happy normal influences of childhood, the study of its development, the accurate knowledge of its wants and the loving service which is rendered to its intelligence.

From season to season one notices certain distinctions of character, certain marked tendencies; just now there is a decided gain in the number of subjects of real importance, and these not bolstered up with ephemeral attractions, but treated with an estimable seriousness. There is no lack of nonsense and pure fun, but this note of a worthy subject worthily presented is the note of the year. It seems only fitting reverence to give the first mention to the *Bible for Children,* which is issued by the Century Company. Bishop Potter and the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D., furnish an Introduction and Preface, able pleas for the Bible's place in literature and in the child's religious life. In the compilation the intention has been to select such portions of Scripture as would naturally appeal to youthful readers and be within their comprehension, the purely historical, ceremonials, genealogies and much heavy matter being eliminated. The work has been carefully done, and the re-

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sult is remarkably simple and dignified. Reading of various chapters shows them to be very much what an experienced student, by piecing various narratives together, would compile at much pains. The volume is presented most worthily; the large leaves that lie very flatly open, the clear type, the red initials, the fine reproductions from paintings by the Old Masters, will help to make it one of those beloved books that are read and re-read in many a home, a familiar friend of which the children never tire. This is but one of quite a long list offered by this firm. The new *St. Nicholas* series includes two stories of knights and adventure: *Sir Marrok,* by Allen French, and *The Boy and the Baron,* by Adeline Knapp; *Tommy Remington's Battle,* by Burton E. Stevenson, in which the scene is laid in the mining district, and the hero's battle is with the development of his own character; *The Boys of the Rincon Ranch,* by H. S. Canfield, transporting two city boys to Texas, and showing much knowledge of the interesting flora and fauna of the region; *The Cruise of the Dazzler,* by Jack London, the adventures of a boy with the modern pirates of the Pacific coast; and *Eight Girls and a Dog,* by Carolyn Wells, the jolly doings of some congenial friends. Then, too, there is a long account of the brave struggles of *The Wyndham Girls,* by Marion Ames Taggart; *The Biography of a Prairie Girl,* by Eleanor Gates, quite a unique picture of Western life; and *Barnaby Lee,* by John Bennett, an unusually interesting tale of the surrender of New Amsterdam to the English.

Among the Boston firms, the Lothrop Publishing Company add to the popular stories of the Pepper family, by Margaret Sidney, *Five Little Peppers Abroad.* Little, Brown and Company bring out *Foxy, the Faithful,* by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, who has mingled with the bright narrative a beautiful lesson of kindness to dumb creatures. Houghton, Mifflin and Company offer *Under Colonial Colours,* a tale of Arnold's expedition in 1775, by Everett T. Tomlinson, a well-constructed story about a thrilling period; two pretty little white-bound books for girls: *Three Little Marys,* by Nora Archibald Smith, and *Jaconetta: Her Loves,* by M. E. M. Davis. The first of these contains three short stories, bits of sweet, natural life in an English, Scotch and Irish setting; one's heart is quite lost between Sheila of the Wall-house, Molly, who lived amid the Sussex downs, and Maureen Bawn of Killarney; the local colour is charming, but there is much more than local colour to be admired. There is also a volume of poems, *A Pocketful of Posies,* by Abbie Farwell Brown, collected from many magazines, in which they have already won favour.

Ginn and Company reprint *The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball That Floats in the Air,* by Jane Andrews, and Lee and Shepard announce a list of a score or so, out of which *Brave Heart Elizabeth,* by Adele E. Thompson, and *Madge: A Girl in Earnest,* by S. Jennie Smith, may be specially noticed.

Though *In the Morning Glow,* by Roy Rolfe Gilson, from Harper and Brothers, cannot be classed distinctly as a juvenile, yet many a child will love to read about the little brother and sister, father, mother, and the dear old grandparents. *Jacks of All Trades,* by Katherine N. Birdsall, D. Appleton and Company, is bright and healthy in tone. Among the dozen volumes of the Golden Hour Series, published by Thomas Y. Crowell, are *Molly,* by Barbara Yechton; *Daisies and Diggleses',* by Evelyn Raymond, and *Miss DePeyster's Boy,* by Etheldred B. Barry.

One is glad to see another book by Evelyn Sharp, and *The Other Boy* is very bright and amusing. It describes a rollicking family, whose ways were certainly trying to the aristocratic boy, who was quite misunderstood at first. The pranks and naughtiness of the very natural children make very humorous reading. Macmillan and Company publish this, and another delightful account of a large family, *Peterkin,* by Mrs. Molesworth, in which an imaginative little boy is led into mischief by a marvellous parrot.

Dodd, Mead and Company issue *Margarita,* by Elizabeth W. Champney, a romance of the French and Spanish intrigues for the possession of the Mississippi and the search after the great fire-opal, on which so much depended; *Tom Tad,* by William Henry Venable, the humorous record of a boy who lived in the Ohio Valley and of his friends and foes, a thrilling incident being made of the flood of 1884; and *Every Day in the*

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Year, by James L. Ford and M. K. Ford, this being a collection of poetry compiled on the idea that each day is the anniversary of some event important enough to inspire poetic expression. For lovers of poetry, for general historical information, for recitations, or as a birthday book, this will prove of great interest.

The Book of Joyous Children is the first volume of poems that has come from the pen of James Whitcomb Riley for several years; its pages are sweet with the humour, the pathos, the delicate touches and quaint expression for which the poet has so long been renowned. This comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, who also publish *What a Girl Can Make and Do,* by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard, a practical manual for work and play; and five books for boys. *Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut,* by Jessie Peabody Frothingham, is the noble record of the brave seamen of different nations who have held the ocean's supremacy. There is much humour and exciting interest in the adventures of the midshipman Mr. Boston, as told by Cyrus Townsend Brady in *In the Wasp's Nest: The Story of a Sea Waif in the War of 1812.* In *Jeb Hutton,* by James B. Connolly, the scene is laid along the Savannah River, and the hero, a Georgia boy working among the dredges, raises himself in the estimation of all who know him by his own exertions; *Rob and His Gun,* by William Alexander Linn, will be read with avidity by young sportsmen, as it records the shooting of much little and big game in many parts of the country; and *King Mombo,* by Paul du Chaillu, is the latest addition to the tales of adventures in the great African forest, with which the author's fame is connected.

Emmy Lou, who has been winning the regard of *McClure's Magazine* readers for months past, now appears in a volume, *Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart,* by George Madden Martin. To adult readers this is a most winsome study of a little girl; to many children will be introduced a dear friend and playmate. McClure, Phillips and Company also issue *Border Fights and Fighters,* by Cyrus Townsend Brady, a work that is full of historical pith and marrow; and *Golden Numbers,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, a poetical collection of distinguished literary merit, chosen from the finest examples of English literature. The interleaves scattered through the pages are notes of appreciation that rouse an enthusiasm for the subject. A. C. McClurg and Company publish *The Pete and Polly Stories,* by Carolyn Wells, who must indeed be an untiring worker to have accomplished all that has come from her pen this year. This is a long-continued nonsense story —not one page too long, however—that scintillates with extravagantly humorous situations and clever talk. Among other books from this firm is *Little Mistress Good Hope, and Other Fairy Tales,* by Mary Imlay Taylor.

Edna Lyall has written of child life in the sixties in *The Burges Letters,* published by Longmans, Green and Company, who also give us another volume edited by Andrew Lang. English-speaking children the world over are already so deeply indebted to Mr. Lang for many beautiful fairy books that it would seem as though he could not have had something better yet in store. Yet here it is, a joyful surprise, *The Book of Romance;* here are King Arthur, Launcelot, Queen Guinevere, the story of Robin Hood and of Grettir, the Strong, all the old, yet ever new, favourites clasped together between the blue-and-gold covers. There are many illustrations in pen and ink and colour, most lovely delineations by H. J. Ford.

Another book on which the publishers, J. M. Dent and Company, have lavished the skill of the bookmaker's art is *The Reign of King Oberon,* a collection of fairy tales edited by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by Charles Robinson. This important branch of juvenile literature is indeed not neglected; the Frederick A. Stokes Company add to it *Fairy Tales from the Swedish,* by G. Djurklo, translated by H. L. Brækstad, and the Fleming H. Revell Company *The Gift of the Magic Staff,* by Fannie E. Ostrander.

The latter firm also publishes *Rollicking Rhymes for Youngsters,* by Amos R. Wells, and *The Queer of Little Barrymore Street,* by Gertrude Smith, a cheerful, sunshiny story for girls, a description which applies as well to *Little Miss Sunshine,* by Gabrielle E. Jackson, from the J. F. Taylor Company. *When the Heart is Young,* poems by William Wallace Whitelock, is published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

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Specially Illustrated Books.

The specially illustrated book has now reached such a stage in its development, and is produced in such numbers, that the present collection is comparable to nothing so much as an extensive garden full of plants beautiful or odd, gay with colours and fragrant with sweet odours.

Most lovely of gift books is *The Princess Kalisto, and Other Tales of the Fairies,* by William Dana Orcutt, published by Little, Brown and Company. These are real fairy stories in their setting in the old world of fancy, where dwell princes and princesses, sea maidens and gnomes. Though under these forms lessons of goodness, happiness and virtue are being taught, yet this is done with such skill that the hidden thought will be unconsciously assimilated; and at first a child would only be attracted by the author's charming ideas and happy style. The coloured illustrations, both full page and marginal, designed by Harriette Amsden, are a worthy adornment of the text.

Harper and Brothers have been particularly mindful of this class of literature, with three important publications. The numerous young people who last year welcomed the edition of *Alice in Wonderland,* illustrated by Peter Newell, will rejoice that the artist has completed his task and that they can now have the companion volume, *Through the Looking-Glass.* While the form of both is the same and there are the same lavish number of pictures, it would seem as though Mr. Newell, warming to his work, has been even funnier, if that were possible, in the conceits with which he has embellished the sequel.

Outdoorland, by Robert W. Chambers, tells of a sympathetic acquaintance formed by a little brother and sister with a butterfly, frog, trout, etc., who relate their histories in a way that is very entertaining, while conveying much instruction. There are pen-and-ink and coloured pictures by Reginald B. Birch. Last of the trio comes *The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe,* by Gertrude Smith, and, according to the author, well indeed did the little brother and sisters uphold their title for lovableness. Those able illustrators E. Mars and H. M. Squire have furnished many full-page pictures, printed in colour.

The large edition of *The Adventures of Ulysses,* by Charles Lamb, which bears the imprint of R. H. Russell, sustains the reputation for fine bookmaking which this firm enjoys. The favourite text will gain fresh admirers from the new presentation, which is so excellent that even were there no illustrations, nothing but satisfaction could be expressed; but as the crowning touch, there are many classical scenes from the pens of M. H. Squire and E. Mars.

The versatility of these artists is shown by the contrast between the pictures in this book and those on every page of *The Children of Our Town,* with verses by Carolyn Wells. Here is Central Park, the goat carriages, the familiar city streets, the East-Side children dancing on the pavement to the music of the hand-organs—character, close observation and truth shown in every line; the colouring is particularly delicate and soft.

Mr. Russell's list also includes *A Phenomenal Fauna,* by Carolyn Wells, with pictures by Oliver Herford, over which those who love a good laugh will linger, for it is in the best vein of those well-known humourists; *The Animals at the Fair,* by E. Warde Blaisdell; and *The Adventures of Admiral Frog,* by John W. Harrington, illustrated by Willard Bertram Price.

Longmans, Green and Company issue another of the favourite Golliwogg Series. This time it is the Golliwogg's Air-Ship. The illustrator, Florence K. Upton, and the verse maker, Bertha Upton, have hit off the subject with their customary cleverness.

Two charming books of fairy tales are published by A. C. McClurg and Company, *Prince Silverwings, and Other Fairy Tales,* by Edith Ogden Harrison, very sweet stories, indeed, and *Coquo and the King's Children,* by Cornelia Baker. Both of them are embellished with delicately coloured drawings by Lucy Fitch Perkins. *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus,* by L. Frank Baum, with many pictures by Mary Cowles Clarke, is brought out by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

There can never be too many good Indian stories, just as there can never be too many fairy stories. The folklore legends of the red men and the wild creatures with which they are associated are the subject of *Red Folk and Wild Folk.*

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The illustrations, printed in colour, are by the well-known painter of Indian scenes, Edwin Willard Deming, the text by Thérese O. Deming. This is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, which also sends out *Young George: His Life,* told and drawn by Edith Farmiloe, being the tragic history of a London waif portrayed with a cleverness that brings out the pathos, the sadness and the humour of such a forlorn existence.

The Jackdaw of Rheims, with elaborate designs by Ernest Maurice Jessop, and *The Bogey Book,* written by E. S., pictured by R. J. S., are from the press of Eyre and Spottiswoode, London.

Mindful of the needs of very little folks, the Jamieson-Higgins Company publish two books with very large print and very gay pictures, *Moon Children,* by Laura Dayton Fessenden, illustrated by R. J. Campbell, and *Old Mother Hubbard,* illustrated by Harry Otis Kennedy.

Pauline King.

THE WALTZ

In the glimmer of satin and pearl
Over the floor the waltzers sway,
In the web of the music whirl,
While its gold on forehead and curl
Softly the low lights lay:

But I think of the rocks away, where the lone sea plunges grey,
And the waters that night and day are clashed and hurled around
With the self-same sound.

In the heart of the music abides
A languid avowal of love:
Lifting its wings, the rapt soul glides,
Forth it swings like the tides,
Back it returns like the dove:

But I think of the rocks away, where the lone sea plunges grey,
And the waters that night and day are clashed and hurled around
With the self-same sound.

The boy's blood sweetly seethes,
The girl's eyes swim with a mist,
A smile the pink mouth wreathes,
A promise the shy lip breathes
Of a kiss that never is kissed:

But I think of the rocks away, where the lone sea plunges grey,
Of the waters that night and day are clashed and hurled around
With the self-same sound.

The music has fallen asleep,
And the light of the lamps is shed,
The mirrors grow troubled and weep,
But the shadows their watches keep,
And the dancers are dust and dead:

And I think of the rocks away, where the lone sea plunges grey,
Of the waters that night and day are clashed and hurled around
With the self-same sound.

Paraphrased from "Les Solitudes" of Sully Prudhomme by Dabney Marshall.

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THE TWO GREAT VICTORIAN POETS

I.

TENNYSON.

It was merely the accident of his hour, the call of his age, which made Tennyson a philosophic poet. He was naturally not only a pure lover of beauty, but a pure lover of beauty in a much more peculiar and distinguished sense even than a man like Keats, or a man like Robert Bridges. He gave us scenes of Nature that cannot easily be surpassed, but he chose them like a landscape painter rather than like a religious poet. Above all, he exhibited his abstract love of the beautiful in one most personal and characteristic fact. He was never so successful or so triumphant as when he was describing not Nature, but art. He could describe a statue as Shelley could describe a cloud. He was at his very best in describing buildings, in their blending of aspiration and exactitude. He found to perfection the harmony between the rhythmic recurrences of poetry and the rhythmic recurrences of architecture. His description, for example, of the Palace of Art is a thing entirely victorious and unique. The whole edifice, as described, rises as lightly as a lyric, it is full of the surge of the hunger for beauty; and yet a man might almost build upon the description as upon the plans of an architect or the instructions of a speculative builder. Such a lover of beauty was Tennyson, a lover of beauty most especially where it is most to be found, in the works of man. He loved beauty in its completeness, as we find it in art, not in its more glorious incompleteness as we find it in Nature. There is, perhaps, more loveliness in Nature than in art, but there are not so many lovely things. The loveliness is broken to pieces and scattered; the almond tree in blossom will have a mob of nameless insects at its root, and the most perfect cell in the great forest-house is likely enough to smell like a sewer. Tennyson loved beauty more in its collected form in art, poetry and sculpture; like his own Lady of Shalott, it was his office to look rather at the mirror than at the object. He was an artist, as it were, at two removes: he was a splendid imitator of the splendid imitations. It is true that his natural history was exquisitely exact, but natural history and natural religion are things that can be, under certain circumstances, more unnatural than anything in the world. In reading Tennyson's natural descriptions we never seem to be in physical contact with the earth. We learn nothing of the coarse good-temper and rank energy of life. We see the whole scene accurately, but we see it through glass. In Tennyson's works we see Nature indeed, and hear Nature, but we do not smell it.

But this poet of beauty and a certain magnificent idleness lived at a time when all men had to wrestle and decide. It is not easy for any person who lives in our time, when the dust has settled and the spiritual perspective has been restored, to realise what the entrance of the idea of evolution meant for the men of those days. To us it is a discovery of another link in a chain which, however far we follow it, still stretches back into a divine mystery. To many of the men of that time it would appear from their writings that it was the heart-breaking and desolating discovery of the end and origin of the chain. To them had happened the most black and hopeless catastrophe conceivable to human nature; they had found a logical explanation of all things. To them it seemed that an ape had suddenly risen to gigantic stature and destroyed the seven heavens. It is difficult, no doubt, for us in somewhat subtler days to understand how anybody could suppose that the origin of species had anything to do with the origin of being. To us it appears that to tell a man who asks who made his mind that evolution made it, is like telling a man who asks who rolled a cab-wheel over his leg that revolution rolled it. To state the process is scarcely to state the agent. But the position of those who regarded the opening of the *Descent of Man* as the opening of one of the seals of the last days is a great deal sounder than people have generally allowed. It has been constantly supposed that they were angry with Darwinism because it appeared to do something or other to the Book of Genesis; but this was a pretext or a fancy. They fundamentally rebelled against Darwinism, not because they had a fear that it would affect Scripture, but because they

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had a fear, not altogether unreasonable or ill-founded, that it would affect morality. Man had been engaged, through innumerable ages, in a struggle with sin. The evil within him was as strong as he could cope with—it was as powerful as a cannonade and as enchanting as a song. But in this struggle he had always had Nature on his side. He might be polluted and agonised, but the flowers were innocent and the hills were strong. All the armoury of life, the spears of the pine wood and the batteries of the lightning went into battle beside him. Tennyson lived in the hour when, to all mortal appearance, the whole of the physical world deserted to the devil. The universe, governed by violence and death, left man to fight alone, with a handful of myths and memories. Men had now to wander in polluted fields and lift up their eyes to abominable hills. They had to arm themselves against the cruelty of flowers and the crimes of the grass. The first honour, surely, is to those who did not faint in the face of that confounding cosmic betrayal; to those who sought and found a new vantage ground for the army of Virtue. Of these was Tennyson, and it is surely the more to his honour, since he was the idle lover of beauty who has been portrayed. He felt that the time called him to be an interpreter. Perhaps he might even have been something more of a poet if he had not sought to be something more than a poet. He might have written a more perfect Arthurian epic if his heart had been as much buried in prehistoric sepulchres as the heart of Mr. W. B. Yeats. He might have made more of such poems as "The Golden Year" if his mind had been as clean of metaphysics and as full of a poetic rusticity as the mind of William Morris. He might have been a greater poet if he had been less a man of his dubious and rambling age. But there are some things that are greater than greatness; there are some things that no man with blood in his body would sell for the throne of Dante, and one of them is to fire the feeblest shot in a war that really awaits decision, or carry the meanest musket in an army that is really marching by. Tennyson may even have forfeited immortality; but he and the men of his age were more than immortal; they were alive.

Tennyson had not a special talent for being a philosophic poet, but he had a special vocation for being a philosophic poet. This may seem a contradiction, but it is only because all the Latin or Greek words we use tend endlessly to lose their meaning. A vocation is supposed to mean merely a taste or faculty, just as economy is held to mean merely the act of saving. Economy means the management of a house or community. If a man starves his best horse, or causes his best workman to strike for more pay, he is not merely unwise, he is uneconomical. So it is with a vocation. If this country were suddenly invaded by some huge alien and conquering population, we should all be called to become soldiers. We should not think in that time that we were sacrificing our unfinished work on Cattle-Feeding or our hobby of fretwork, our brilliant career at the bar, or our taste for painting in water-colours. We should all have a call to arms. We should, however, by no means agree that we all had a vocation for arms. Yet a vocation is only the Latin for a call.

In a celebrated passage in *Maud*, Tennyson praised the moral effects of war, and declared that some great conflict might call out the greatness even of the pacific swindlers and sweaters whom he saw around him in the commercial age. He dreamed, he said, that if

> . . . The battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out on the foam,
> Many a smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter or till,
> And strike, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.

Tennyson lived in the time of a conflict more crucial and frightful than any European struggle, the conflict between the apparent artificiality of morals and the apparent immorality of science. A ship more symbolic and menacing than any foreign three-decker hove in sight in that time—the great, gory pirate-ship of Nature, challenging all the civilisations of the world. And his supreme honour is this, that he behaved like his own imaginary snub-nosed rogue. His honour is that in that hour he despised the flowers and embroideries of Keats as the counter-jumper might despise his tapes and cottons. He was by nature a hedonistic and pastoral poet, but he leapt from

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his poetic counter and till and struck, were it but with his gimcrack mandolin, home.

Tennyson's influence on poetry may, for a time, be modified. This is the fate of every man who throws himself into his own age, catches the echo of its temporary phrases, is kept busy in battling with its temporary delusions. There are many men whom history has for a time forgotten to whom it owes more than it could count. But if Tennyson is extinguished, it will be with the most glorious extinction. There are two ways in which a man may vanish—through being thoroughly conquered or through being thoroughly the Conqueror. In the main the great Broad Church philosophy which Tennyson uttered has been adopted by every one. This will make against his fame. For a man may vanish as Chaos vanished in the face of creation, or he may vanish as God vanished in filling all things with that created life.

G. K. Chesterton.

II.

ROBERT BROWNING.*

A party of tourists cannot travel by a more comfortable funicular railway than this to the summit of Parnassus, there to enjoy liberal prospects while they picnic and the Muses attend. Genial, affluent, sensitive, discriminating, youthful and mature, sometimes eloquent, Mr. Stopford Brooke straightens out the tangles of Browning, and, what is better, does not find the chief joy of Browning's poetry in the tangles. The pleasure of reading such a volume lies largely in testing our own feeling for this and for that as we go along. Have we felt the meaning and the music as broadly or as finely as the critic? No? Then an upward stretch, a pull of his friendly hand, and we may see things from where he sees them. Or has he by misadventure failed to find the fortunate point of observation? Then it is exhilarating to assert our independence, and, like Bottom in the ass-head, walk up and down, singing to our own tune and showing that we are not afraid. Thus both ways we may get satisfaction—out of our acknowledged inferiority and out of some imagined superior insight.

Mr. Brooke begins by contrasting the genius of Browning with that of Tennyson, and setting forth the causes that delayed so long the popularity of the former. Browning was a psychological analyst before psychological analysis became the mode; in shorter poems he was an impressionist before impressionism was discovered; he felt more deeply than others the clash and complexity of modern life, and, by an original theory which the public could not at once accept, he resolved the dissonance into a harmony, while yet he saved himself from the monotony of a theorist by the vast variety of his subjects and by a certain youthful freshness of temper; he was a historical critic in verse, as in his poems which revive the Renaissance period before historical criticism was fully understood or appreciated; he broke away from conventions in a conventional age, thus anticipating a movement of the later years of his century; though English in certain qualities of his mind, he took little interest in English thought or English social questions; he was rather cosmopolitan than patriotic. Perhaps we may add that the poetry of a great poet being a discipline of the feelings and the imagination, and the public having, for sufficient reasons, accepted the tutelage of Tennyson, it was needful that the training of the accepted master should be complete before a second master could be widely received. We can hear many singers with pleasure if they do not dominate our senses and our fancy and our thought; but the service of a master is exacting, and for the time is exclusive of a different service.

Mr. Brooke passes to Browning's treatment of nature. Tennyson humanises nature; the natural world with Browning (speaking generally) is, like humanity, one manifestation of the creative joy of God, but it is a manifestation independent of man. Earth and sea are "giant creatures who are not ourselves; Titans who live with one another and not with us;" man is the culmination to which nature tends, "its seal, its close, but not it." Nature, in Browning's poetry, may, indeed, be "unsympathetic wholly, mocking and playing with us like a faun." Browning's method of presenting landscape is studied by the critic, his extraordinary

*The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford A. Brooke. Isbister and Company.

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love of colour is illustrated, and also his universal love of living creatures, not only beautiful creatures, but what we call grotesque. A chapter follows in which Browning's "theory of human life" is set forth with illustrations from "Pauline" and "Paracelsus," in which early poems the theory is formulated. Here Mr. Brooke cannot be novel, but he is clear and precise. Man's tendency toward God through the shows and similitudes of earth is the central idea of the poet; it is part of man's discipline to accept loyally the limitations of life, while pressing through them to something higher; and in all failures of earth lies the promise of his infinite success. This naturally leads to "Browning as the poet of art," for the strivings of the true artist form a conspicuous example of the applications of Browning's theory of life. Special chapters are devoted to "Sordello," in whom Mr. Brooke discovers a Sordello-Browning, and to "The Dramas," which the critic, while recognising much in them that we should unwillingly lose, regards as the obstinate errors of one who was not a dramatist born. In his study of the "Poems of the passion of love" Mr. Brooke's contention is that (speaking again in a general way) Browning's imagination "was more intellectual than passionate; that while he felt love, he also analysed, even dissected it, as he wrote about it." The wide range of passions "other than love" of which Browning treats, his exhibition of individual personages who are also general types—"imaginative representations," as Mr. Brooke styles them, for want of a better name—and womanhood in Browning are dealt with in successive chapters. And what reasonable bystander will censure Mr. Brooke for falling fathom-deep in love with Balanstion? His imagination is so youthful that there is no bar through disparity of years, and Mr. Brooke is much more an Athenian than a Spartan, moving more to the Ionian than to the Dorian mood. Finally, "The Ring and the Book" is taken as a turning-point in Browning's development—that at which intellect began to oust imagination; and as the volume is not on Browning, but on his poetry, and Mr. Brooke finds comparatively little poetry in the latest volumes, they are discussed with a few hasty words.

I do not think that Browning's imagination waned. But I think that he had again and again expressed his best thoughts and his best feelings in a direct, immediate way; and that in competition with his earlier self he was forced to new and less fortunate methods. The idea that truth is to be wrought out through falsehood grew upon him; and he more and more threw himself into a casuistic sympathy with characters alien to his instincts, his effort often being to use his opponents to demonstrate the truth of some portion of what we may term the Browning philosophy or doctrine of life—which term is not meant to describe it as purely intellectual, for this "philosophy" was a matter of feeling or of faith or of passion more, perhaps, than of the reason. He had said his say one way—and the best way; now he would wring some fragment of his own truth out of the lips of an unwilling witness. His effort was that of an athlete, and even where the result was not in itself beautiful, may there not be a certain æsthetic beauty in the spectacle of an old athlete's exercise?

On the whole, when we close this volume, our feeling is the satisfactory feeling of Tennyson's Northern Farmer:

> "I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy."

But in speaking of "Fifine at the Fair," Mr. Brooke seems to have missed the mark. He is prepared for opposition from those who mistake cleverness for poetry and find "Fifine" delightful; but in the future, he is assured, this piece of ingenuity will be the study only of pedants. Mr. Brooke has misread this admirable poem, which for vigour of thought, noble play of imagination and brilliance of expression is hardly surpassed by any work of its author. Its subject, Mr. Brooke tells us, is an everyday occurrence; a husband grows a little weary of his married life and indulges a passing desire for novelty and change. Is this very ordinary affair worth two thousand lines of verse?

Is not Mr. Brooke's sight somehow holden that he cannot see Browning's poem? A husband's desire for a new experience is as much the subject of "Fifine" as tar-water is the subject of Berke-

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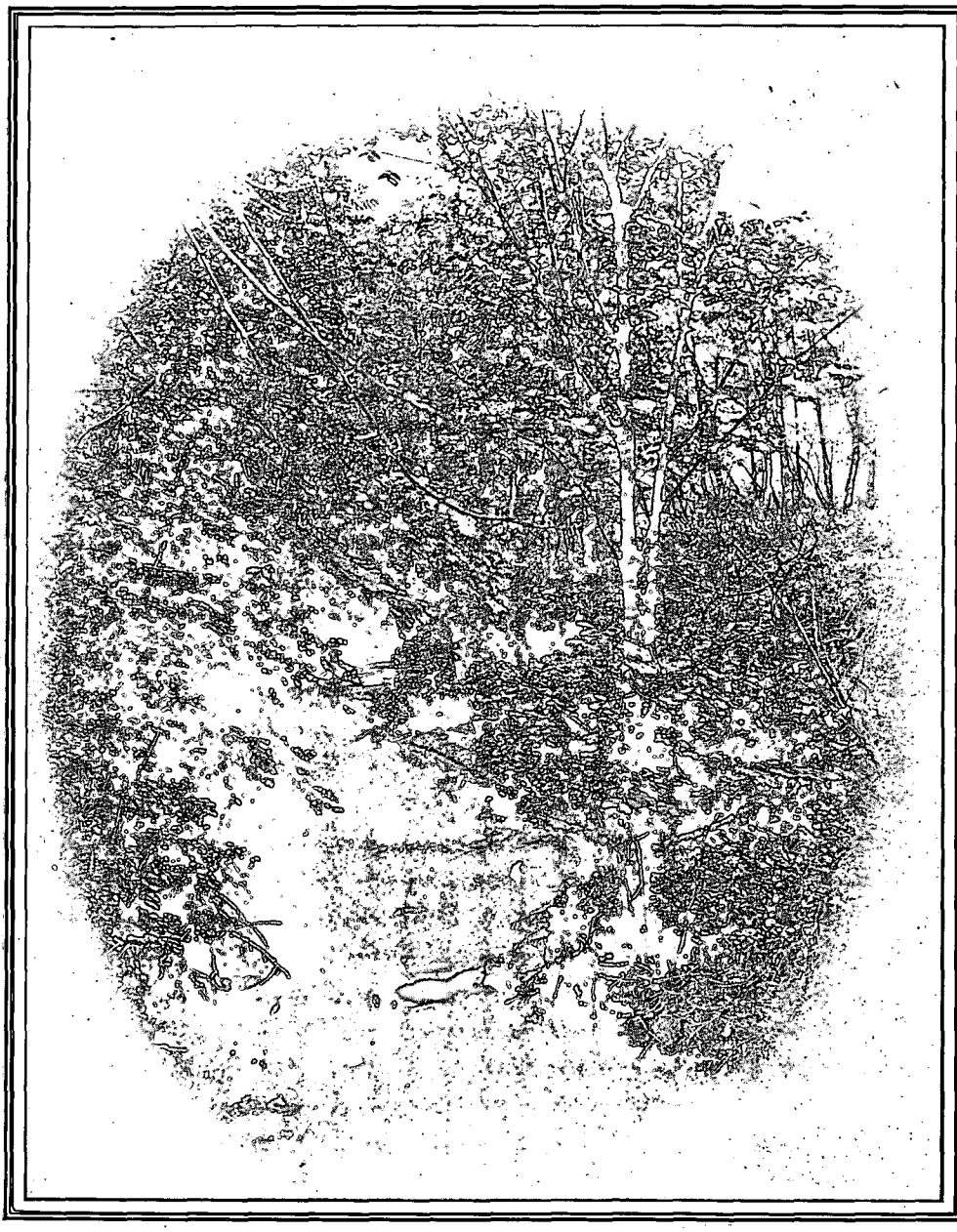

"THE BROOK." SOMERSBY.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

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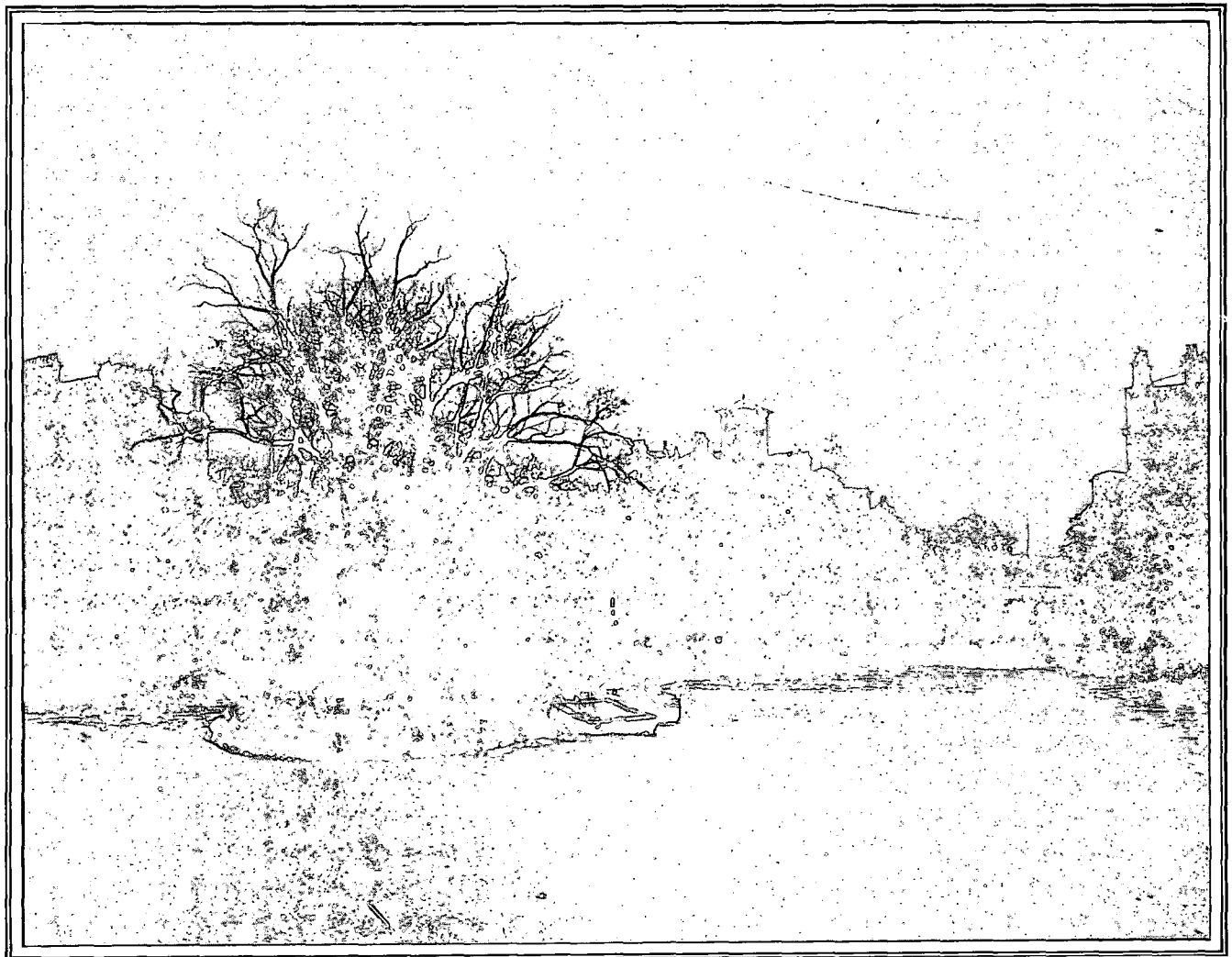

THE VIEW THAT BROWNING LOVED BEST.

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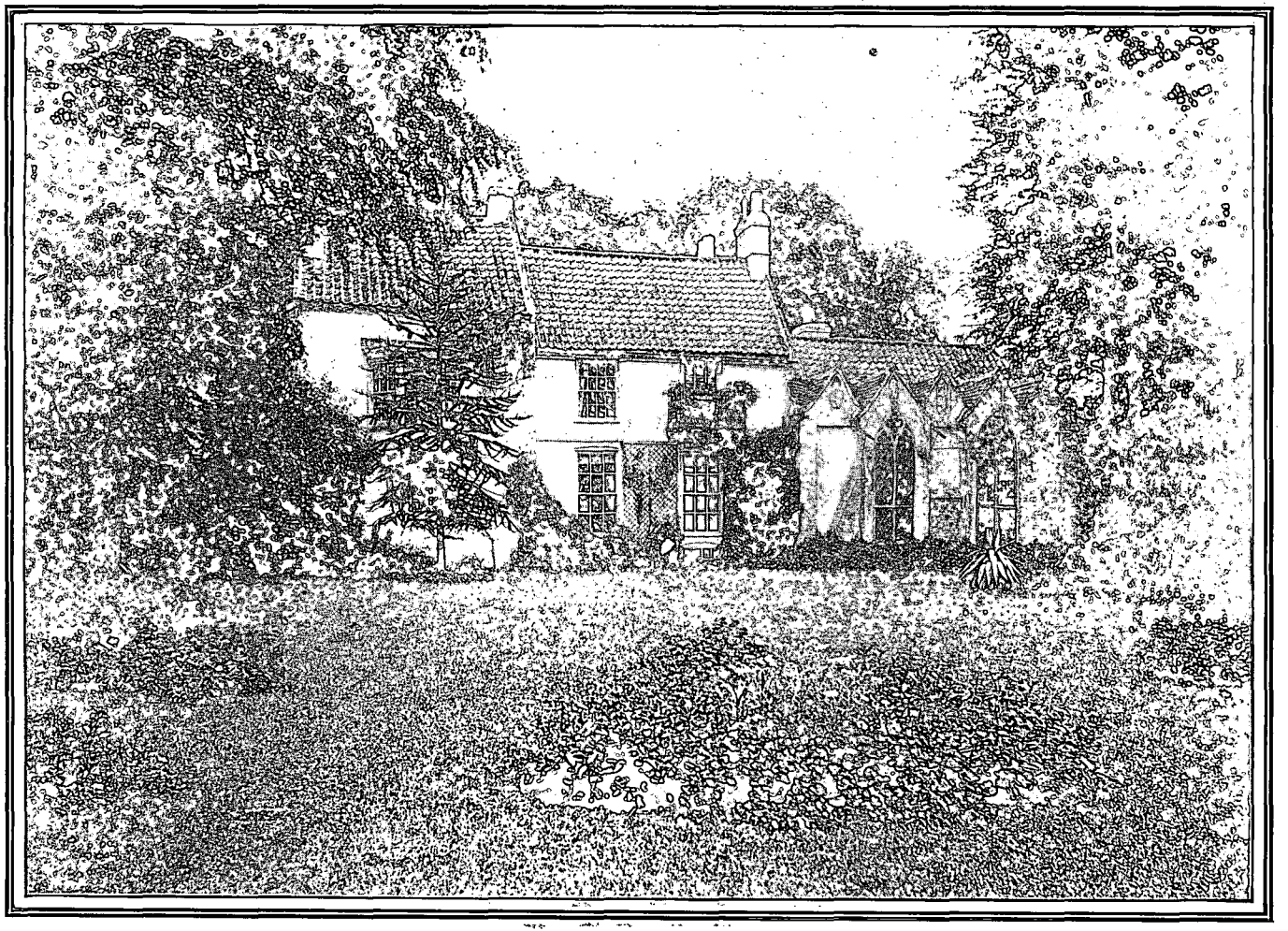

TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

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TENNYSON'S LANE, HASLEMERE.

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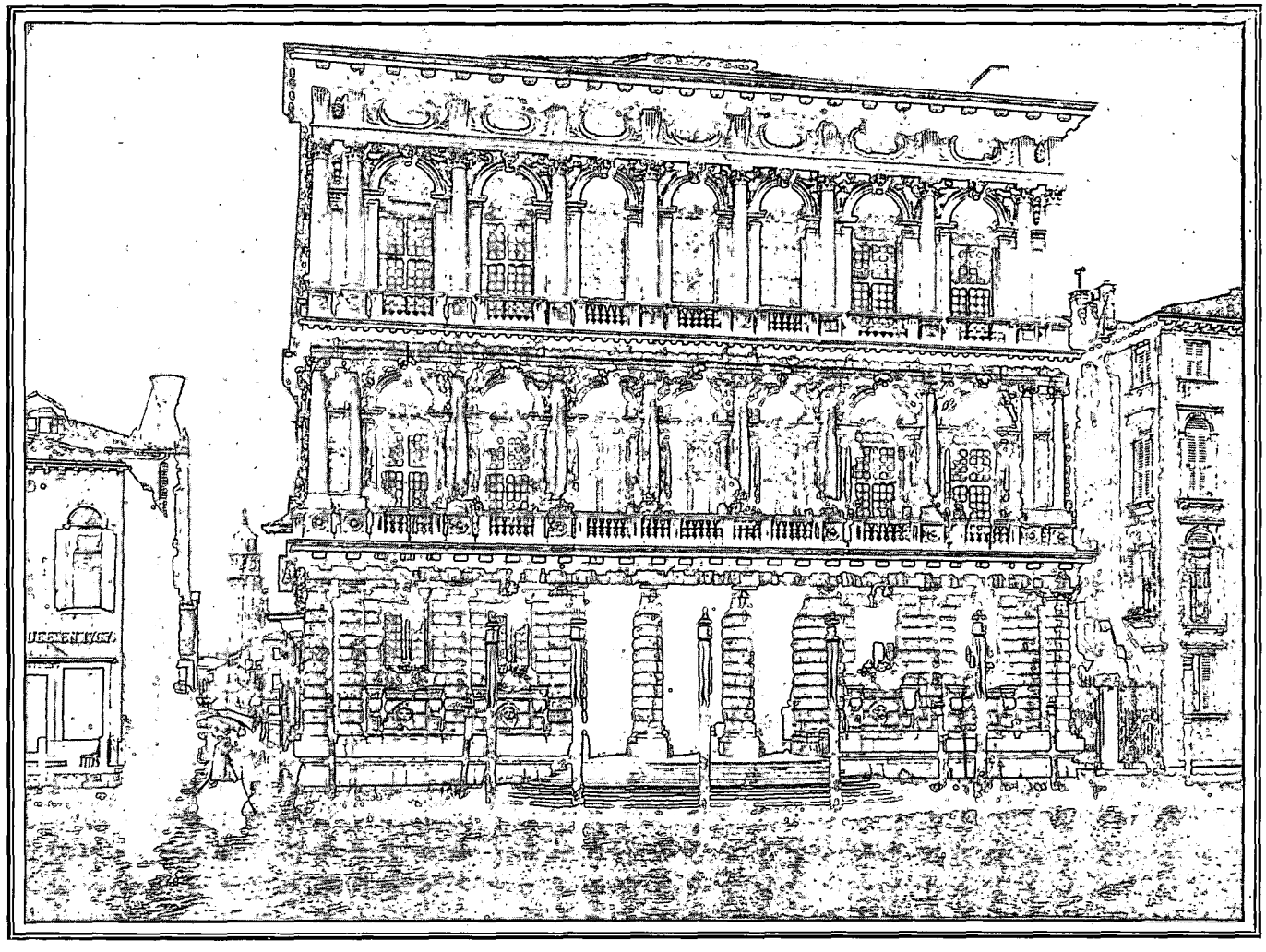

THE PALAZZO REZZONICO, VENICE, WHERE BROWNING DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

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FRESHWATER BAY. ARCHED ROCK. ONE OF TENNYSON'S FAVOURITE HAUNTS.

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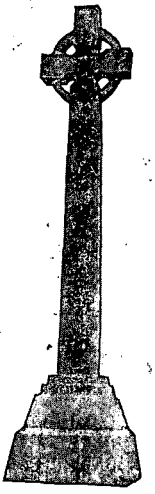
ley's "Siris." The theme is actually one of the highest that can occupy a poet; it is a study—passionate, imaginative, spiritual—of the relation in human life of illusion to reality, of the transitory to the permanent, of falsehood to truth. The speaker, perhaps, is one who follows *deteriora,* but, if so, he compensates himself by a desperate intellectual sincerity in seeing and approving the *meliora.* He is a many-sided explorer and experimenter in life, imaginative as well as intellectual, witty and wise. Browning detaches himself, and especially by the ambiguous closing incident, from this keen-witted critic of life; the poet desires, as Butler in his "Analogy" desired, to take lower ground than his own; but the curious student of man and woman, of love and knowledge—imagination aiding his reason—is compelled by the very truth of things, as he perceives it, to work out his problems upon Browning's own lines, and he becomes a witness to the truth of Browning's own conclusions. Saul, before the poem closes, is also among the prophets. For him, as for Browning, "God and the soul stand sure." He sees, as Browning sees, man reaching upward through illusions—religious, philosophic, scholarly, artistic—to the Divine. The Pornic fair has become the Venice carnival, and this has grown into the vision of man's life, in which the fizgig of a philosophy or of a religion has replaced the fizgig of the gipsy in tricot. And in the matter of the love of man and woman, Browning's experimenter in life perceives in the end that the permanent —which is the Divine—can be reached through a single, central point of human love, but not through any vain attempt to manufacture an infinite by piecing together a multitude of points. I imagine that such a misnamed Don Juan as this, if he really intends to meet Fifine again, will be well able to hold her at arm's length, and win from her the truth of her gipsyhood and the heart of her poor mystery, which he certainly desires to understand. In the manner of Jaques he may say:

"To her will I: out of these baladines
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

Edward Dowden.



TENNYSON'S CROSS. HIGH DOWN.

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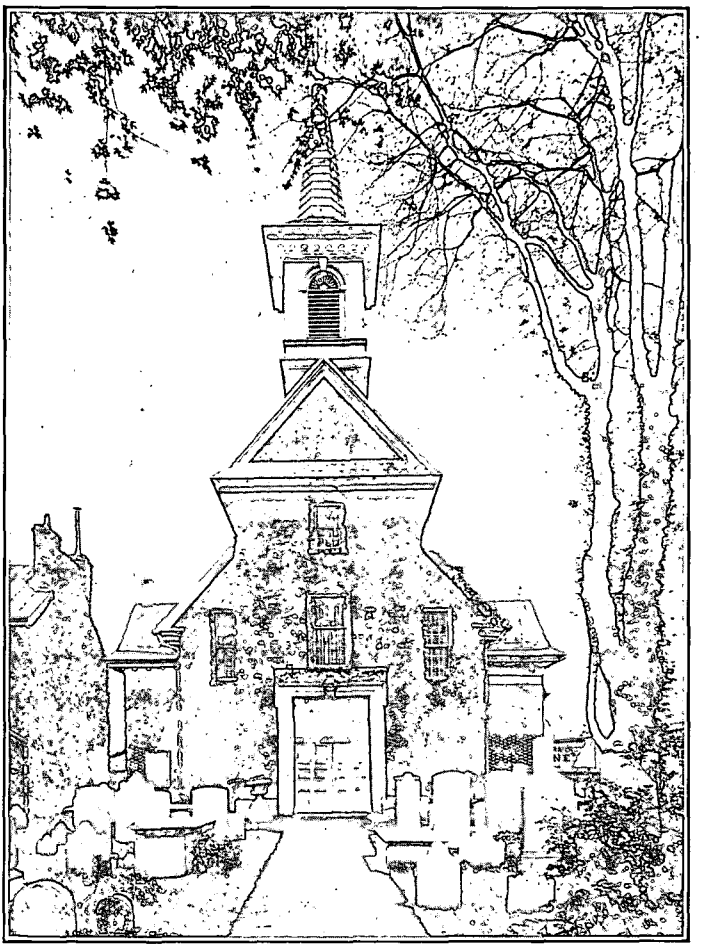
PHILADELPHIA IN FICTION

The steady gravitation to New York of those who write books has so accustomed us to look upon that city as the book-making centre that it is seldom realised that the country owes to Philadelphia some of its most interesting and successful literary entertainers. When Frank R. Stockton died, it surprised even Philadelphia readers to learn that he had been born in their city. Louisa M. Alcott, except to her biographers, was a New England woman; she was born in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. Perhaps the most popular of American story-tellers to-day, surely the most widely known, Richard Harding Davis, by birth, family relations and training belongs to Philadelphia, and he wrote the story which first won him recognition while working on one of its newspapers. Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novels have earned for him a reputation hardly less definite than that which attests to his skill as a neurologist, is more closely identified with his city; but his case is somewhat exceptional. Owen Wister, whose short stories of the plains prepared the way for *The Virginian*, comes of an old Philadelphia family, and has always resided here. Yet his work probably has left the impression that he is a Western man. Nevertheless, a considerable number of magazine writers and novelists are now, or have been at some time, Philadelphians. Rebecca Harding Davis, Ellen Olney Kirk, John Luther Long, Thomas Janvier, Charles Heber Clark (Max Adler), John Habberton, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Robert Neilson Stephens—these are names of the present which suggest themselves readily.



"Mary Fairthorne rode out Swanson Street and passed the old Gloria Dei Church, the oldest church in America."—*"Circumstance." S. Weir Mitchell.*

One of the very earliest of American novels, *Wieland, or the Transformation* (1798), was by Charles Brockton Browne, a Philadelphian. George Lippard, during the second quarter of the past century, laid the scene of the most popular of his ten novels in Philadelphia. During the palmy days of *Graham's Magazine* and *Sartain's Magazine* Philadelphia was the literary centre of the country, and drew to itself the persons, as well as the contributions, of Poe and his contemporaries of rank.

But that was sixty years ago. The other

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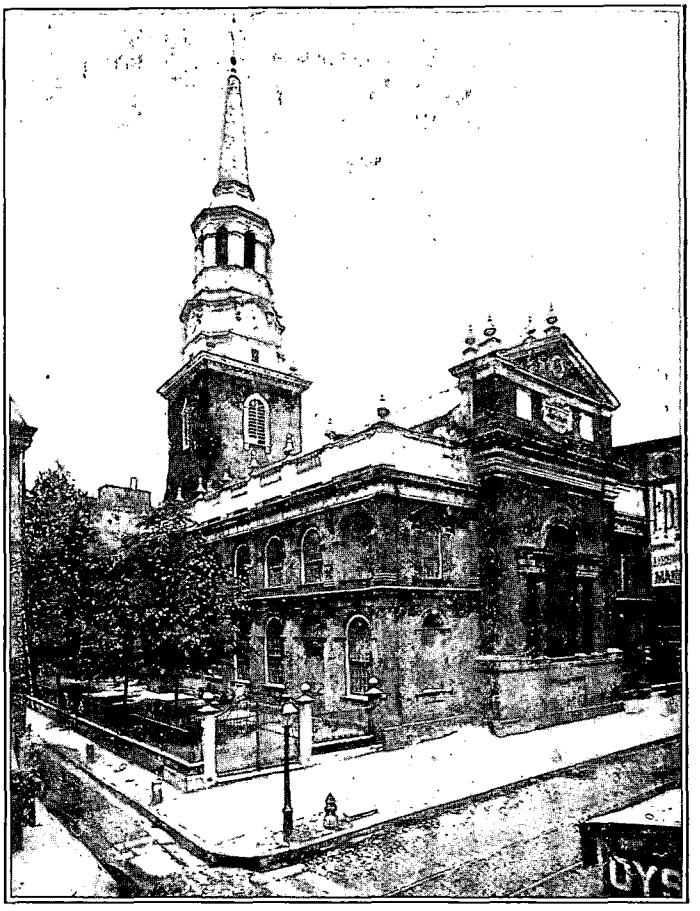
day a friend to whom the title of this article was mentioned replied: "Philadelphia in fiction is fiction." While such is far from being the case, it is true that, considering the age of the city, its size, wealth, individuality and distinguished part in American history, there are few Philadelphia novels. It is the more fortunate, then, that of those who have put Philadelphia into their stories few have failed to give interesting and accurate reflections of men, manners and things.

The Revolutionary period has proved most inviting. Almost one-half of a score of stories with Philadelphia in them have dealt with the Revolutionary or Colonial period, and during the past twenty years there has been a distinct increase in the number of such books. In this evidence of interest in Philadelphia history and in the growing spirit of fellowship among the present writers of Philadelphia origin, it may be noted, is good reason for anticipating a revival of the literary spirit there. The Quakers, once so influential, and who set the stamp of extreme conservatism on Philadelphia life, are fast disappearing. As a result, the individuality of Philadelphia is, perhaps, less sharply defined than it was, but the new spirit is stimulating and encourages a study of local history.

The Philadelphia water-front and that portion which lies between the Northern Liberties and the old Swedish Church for a distance of half a dozen blocks west of the river, for obvious reasons connected with their age, have figured most largely in fiction. Here were the "warehouses, taverns and ship chandlers" spoken of in Doctor Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne;* and a little beyond, "the spacious residences facing the river," in the doorways of which stood "the fair dames for which Philadelphia was justly famous," as Dr. Brady tells us in his revolutionary novel, *For Love of Country.* Not far from the river stands the venerable Christ Church, of aristocratic congregation, of which we see so much in *Hugh Wynne.* A few blocks west rises the tapering spire above the State House (Independence Hall), which figures in most novels of the time. Close by is Carpenter's Hall,



"Its stately front and exquisite steeple rising within view of the fashionable quarter of the town."—*"Kate Aylesford." C. T. Peterson.*

"Mrs. Hunter walked up Second Street and turned up Arch Street to the graveyard of Christ Church."—*"Circumstance." S. Weir Mitchell.*

The bells of Christ Church "ringing from the steeple near by, seeming to second the invitation of Doctor White."—*"For Love of Country." Cyrus Townsend Brady.*

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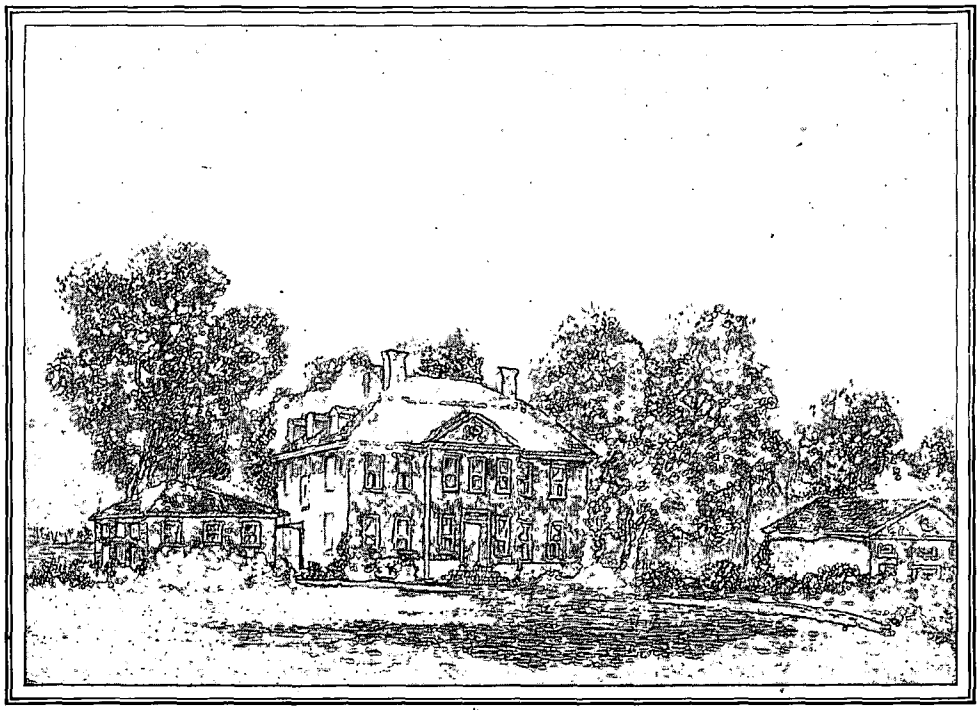

WHARTON MANSION.

From a rare etching in the possession of the Wharton family. Loaned by Miss Ann Wharton.

"The house was of stone, two-story and double-fronted; and with the customary covered porch with two short side benches before the main door."—*"Pemberton."* *C. J. Peterson.*

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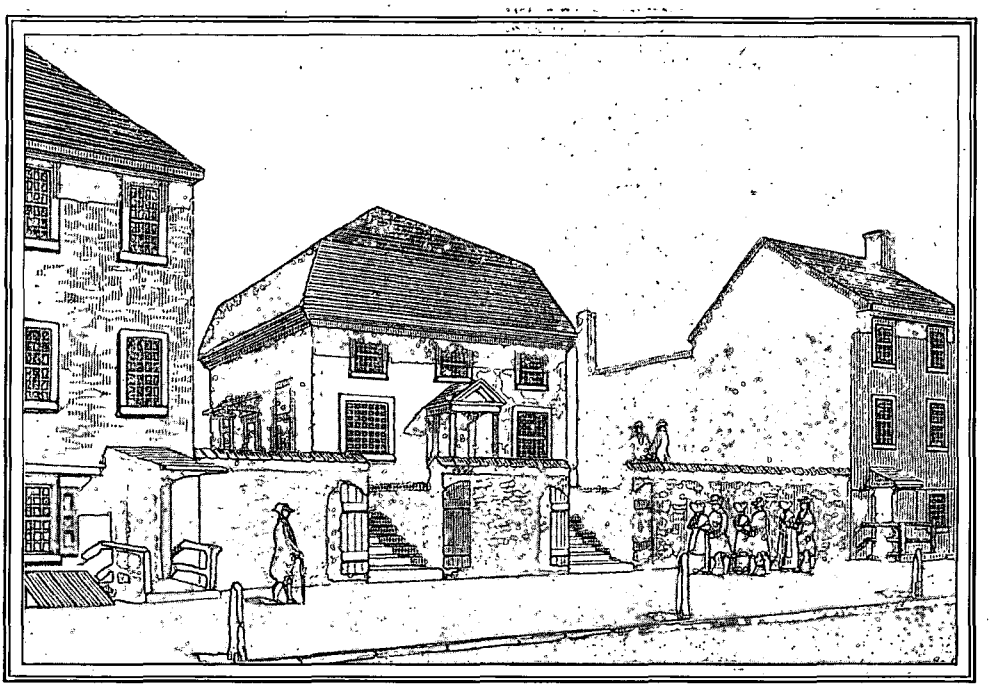
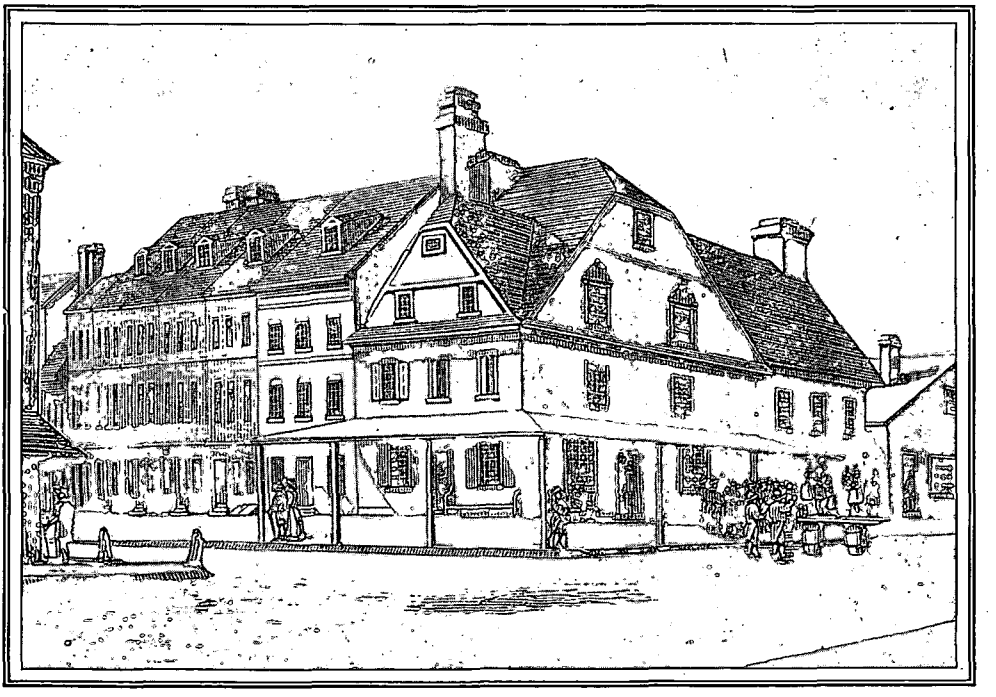


THE OLD PRISON.

From an old print appearing in *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.*



THE LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE.

From an old print appearing in *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.*

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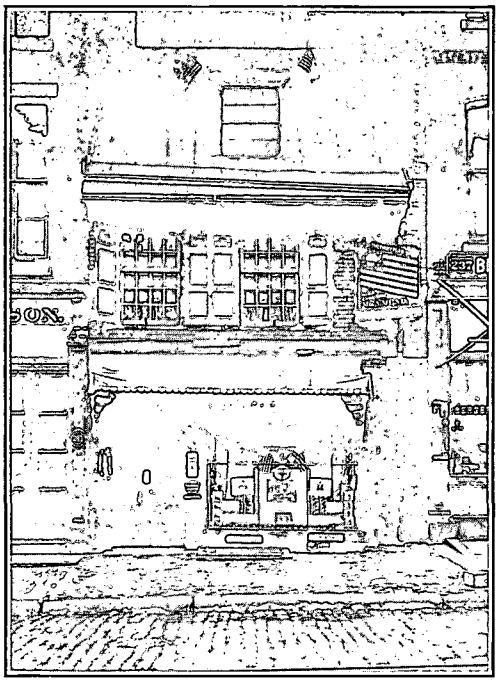
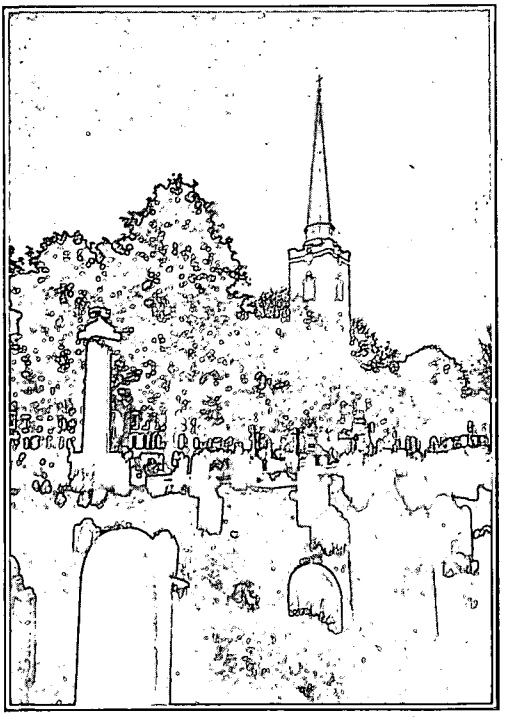


"A narrow two-and-a-half story affair, the face of its lower floor almost entirely taken up by a show-window and an entrance door." Inside, "the rafters unhidden and wainscoting high and many panelled. . . . The historical back parlour—a low-ceiled room, almost square."—*"Betsy Ross."* *C. C. Hotchkiss.*

where the first Continental Congress sat. The site of the London Coffee House, a favourite tavern of Revolutionary days, and the ground where stood the odious British prison are in the vicinity. It is all historic land.

There have been few pictures of Philadelphia as a whole. Rebecca Harding Davis speaks of it as "the great flat Quaker city, locked in by rivers, going off into a sleep as it always does on the first hint of night," a reference to tickle the risibilities of those who find in Philadelphia's quiet an inexhaustible fund of jest. In *Hearts Courageous* the city is drawn a little before midsummer of 1776, and "the squat warehouses . . . the black and glazed brick of the trim two-story dwelling, surrounding it the forested hills pricked out with country seats," are mentioned.

Perhaps the most famous of these country seats was Walnut Grove. It stood opposite the Old Fort, and it was there that the famous Mischianna, described so vividly in *Pemberton* (Peterson) took place, "the great fandango," as McLane, the continental ranger, called it, in honour of Sir William Howe. Hugh Wynne (*Hugh Wynne*—Mitchell), spying about the enemy's lines as they encircled Philadelphia during the British occupation of the city, came "close to Walnut Grove, the old country seat of . . . Joseph Wharton, whom, on account of his haughty ways, the world's people wickedly called the 'Quaker Duke,'" and found the fête in full activity. The house, he says, was precisely like Mount Pleasant, later General Arnold's home, on the Schuylkill. "In the centre of a large lawn stood a double mansion of stone and a little to each side was seen an outhouse for servants and kitchen use. . . . A great variety of evergreen trees and shrubs gave the house . . . a shaded look."



"The St. Peter's people Sunday after Sunday go to the service of the sanctuary between files of decorous tombstones on which are carved their fathers' and their grandfathers' and their great-grandfathers' names, all of whom, and the remote generations back of them, have died in the odour of Philadelphia respectability; and all of whom, therefore, have come and are in the process of returning to a distinctly superior sort of clay."—*"In the St. Peter's Set."* *Thomas A. Janvier.*

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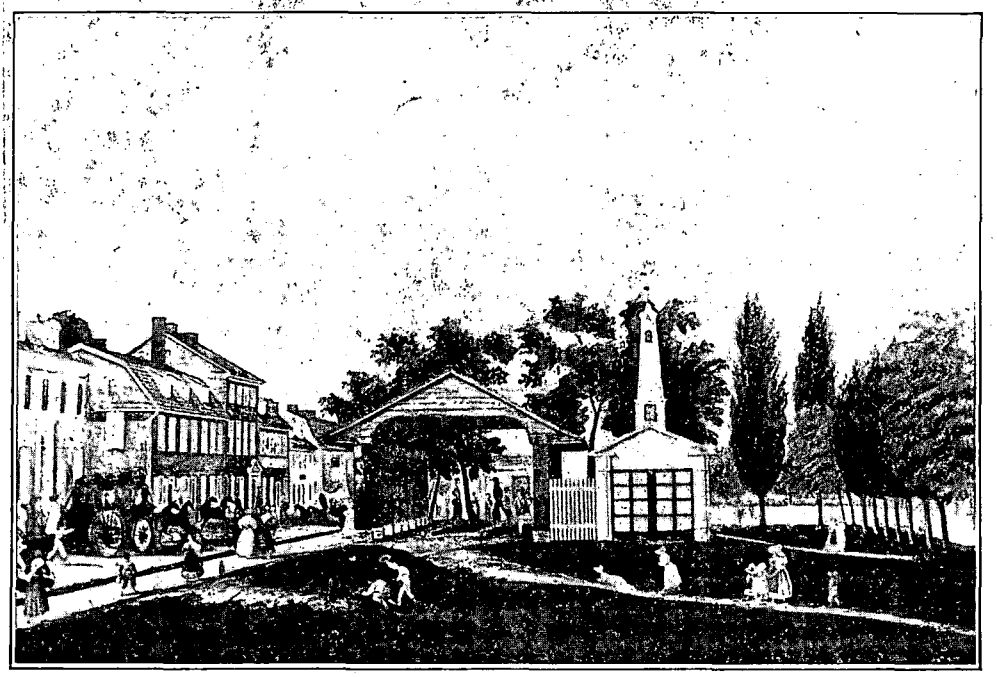
There is little left in this part of the city to-day to realise such descriptions. Miss Markham's "large, old-fashioned Georgian house" (*Circumstance*—Mitchell) could probably still be found on Pine Street. In it "formerly lived that rector of St. Peter's Church who thought it his duty to point out to Washington the need to betray his country." St. Peter's itself is not far away, and "The St. Peter's people" (*In the St. Peter's Set*—Janvier), "Sunday after Sunday, go to the service of the sanctuary between files of decorous tombstones on which are carved their fathers' and their grandfathers' and their great-grandfathers' names, all of whom, and the remote generations back of them, have died in the odour of Philadelphia respectability; and all of whom, therefore, have come (even as Philadelphia bricks come from) and are in the process of returning to a distinctly superior sort of clay."

The ill-famed prison used by the British while in possession of Philadelphia was not many blocks to the west of this, and it was down Sixth Street to Walnut to this prison that Hugh Wynne was marched a prisoner. The gaol was then "unfinished, a part being temporarily roofed over with boards. At the back was a large yard with high walls. Some, but not all, of the windows in the upper story had transverse slats to keep those within from seeing out. On the Sixth Street side the windows overlooked the Potters' Field, which we now call Washington Square." This Potters' Field was "a large plot of public ground" (*The Quaker Soldier*—Jones), "a deposit of rubbish, one corner set apart and fenced off for paupers' graves."

Looking east from the prison one saw the State House, around which in the time of *Pemberton* (C. J. Peterson) ran a "high stone wall—the yard . . . full of cedar bushes." Janice (*Janice Meredith*—Ford) took "daily walks along the



"The body of the British Army extended across Germantown, where the market-place was on the almost continuous line from the Schuylkill to the Old York Road." —*"The Quaker Soldier."*

"Across the centre of the village, where the road was widened for the erection of a market-house."—*"Pemberton."* *C. J. Peterson.*

"The wide market-place was a mob of furious men, blind with fog and smoke, stabbing, clubbing, striking, as chance served."—*"Hugh Wynne."* *S. Weir Mitchell.*

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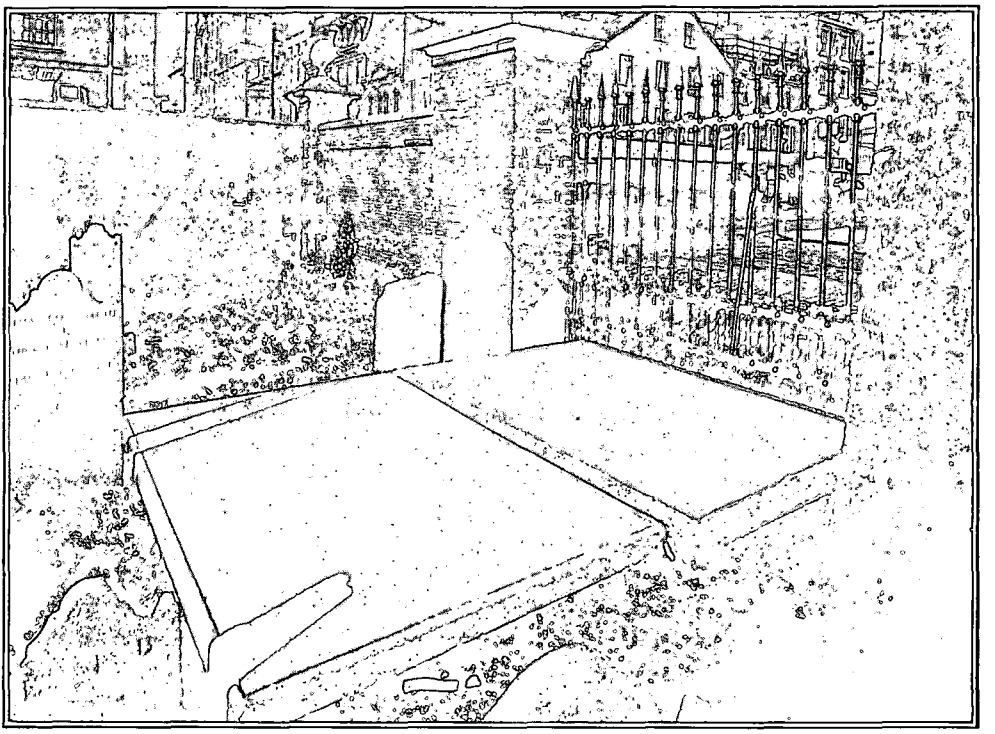
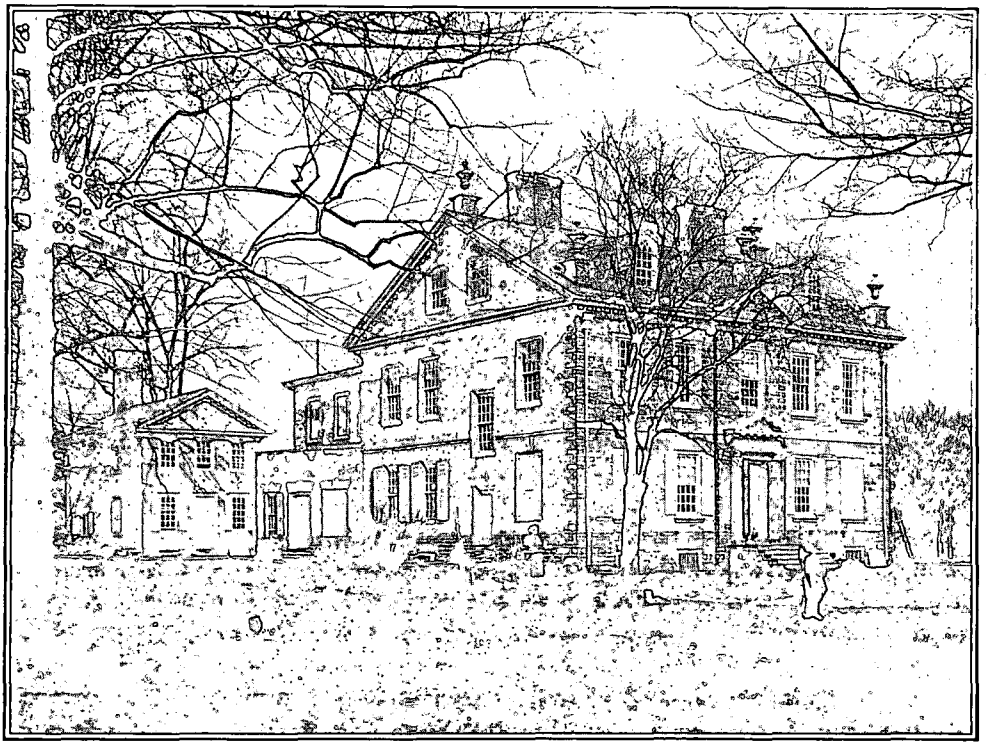


In the burying-ground, at Fifth and Arch Streets "lie Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, Peyton Randolph, Benjamin Rush, and many a gallant soldier and sailor in the war for freedom."—*"Hugh Wynne."* *S. Weir Mitchell.*



". . . that marplot house, which frustrated all our hopes."—*"Janice Meredith."* *Paul Leicester Ford.*

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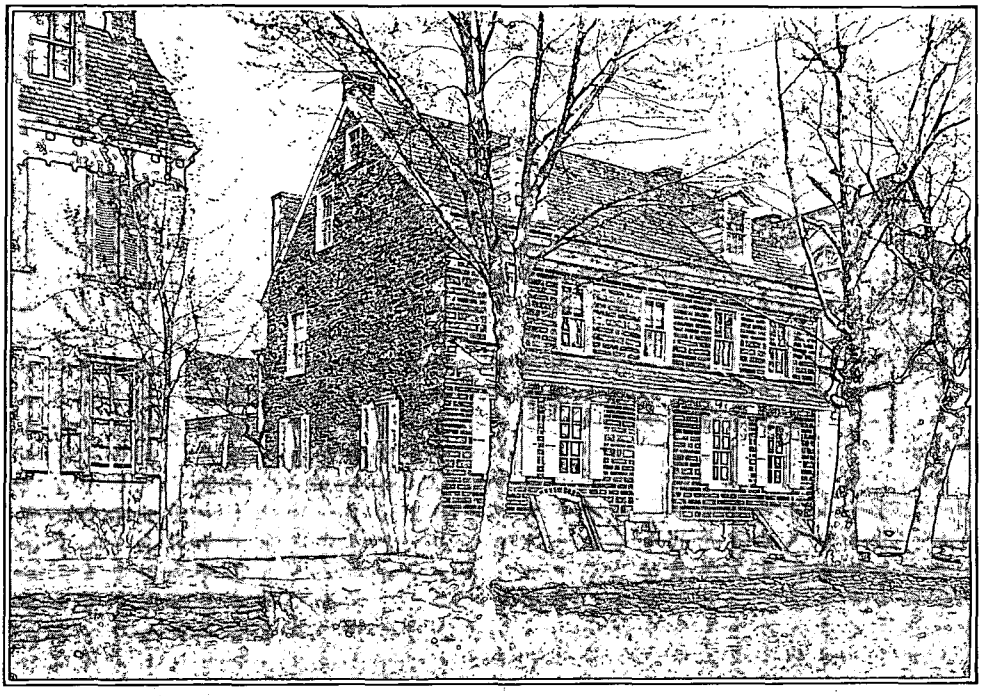
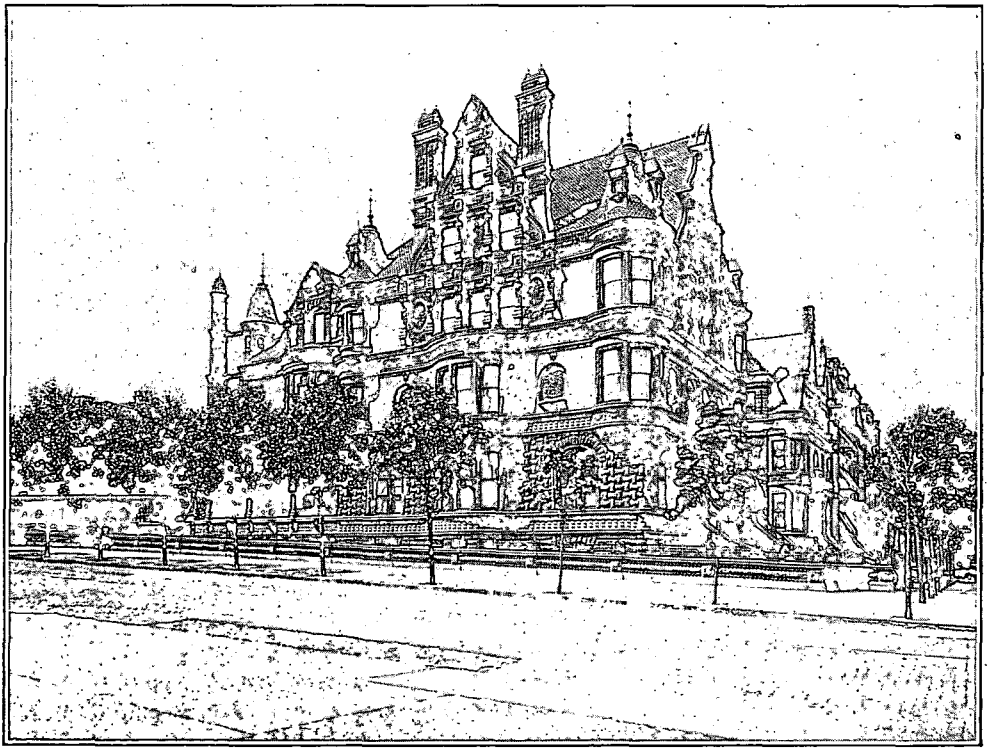


The Keyser house, where Lynnford was taken wounded after the battle of Germantown.—*"The Quaker Soldier."*



"The beautiful gardens on either side of a broad street . . . with many grand-looking houses standing in the midst of them."—*"A Carpet Knight." Harriet McClellan.*

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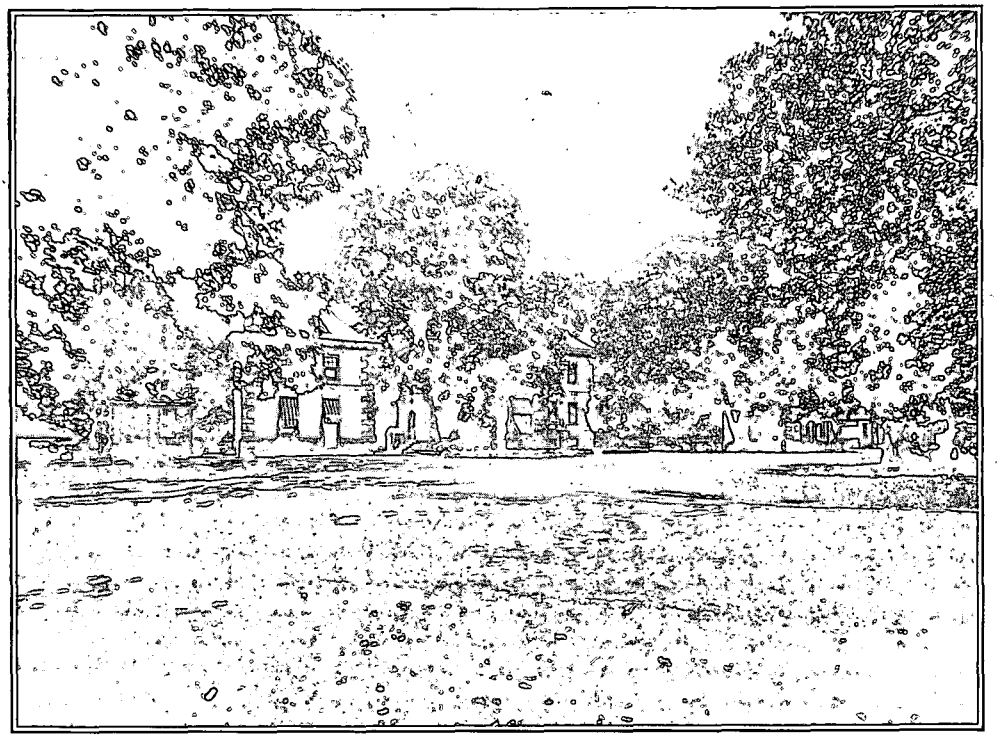
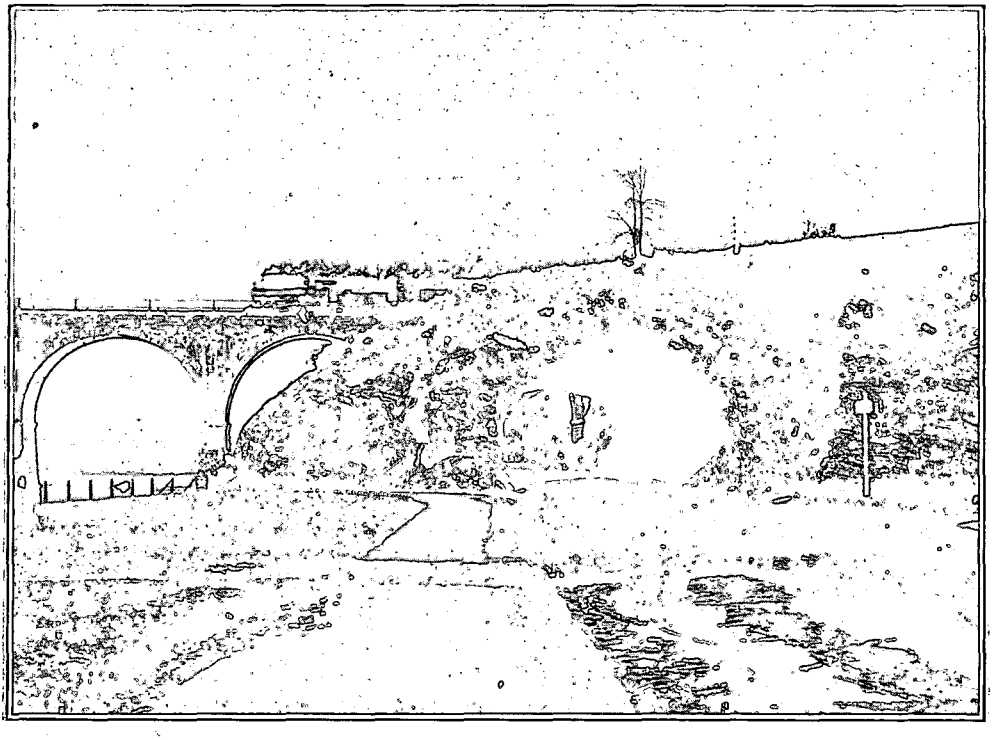


"Mount Pleasant, above the shaded waters of the quiet Schuylkill, in the centre of a large lawn, a double mansion of stone."—*"Hugh Wynne."* *S. Weir Mitchell.*



"A hard, smooth road on which bowled along a crowd of dashing vehicles past trees and pretty boat-houses, to where their way was cut for them out of a solid mass of rock which formed a rugged archway overhead."—*"A Carpet Knight."* *Harriet McClellan.*

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river front or in the State House gardens, where one of the bands . . . played every afternoon;" and there walked Mrs. Hunter (*Circumstance*—Mitchell), "talking with her worthless brother—under the bare trees." There also it was Hugh's good fortune (*Hugh Wynne*) to hear "Captain John Hopkins read . . . the noble words of the Declaration." To see the little crowd assembled there Miss Morris (*Hugh Wynne*) "climbed on a barrow and looked over her garden wall at Fifth Street and Chestnut."

In "a large brick house on Chestnut Street above Third, the grounds pleasantly laid out, extending on the west and in the rear to Dock Creek, which was large enough for boating and skating," lived Mrs. Pemberton with her only son (*Pemberton*—Peterson). And of one of the many fine houses and places which was within sight, Dr. Mitchell gives a faithful picture. He says, "back from the low bluff of Dock Creek, near to Walnut Street . . . the garden stretched and before the door were two great hemlock spruces. . . . The garden stretched westward as far as Third Street, and was full of fine fruit trees. . . . The house was a black and grey brick, and double . . . with two windows on each side of a wide Doric doorway, having something portly about it. . . . In the white shutters were cut crescent openings, which looked at night like half-shut eyes when there were lights within the rooms." At the corner of this great garden, years later, was the office of the *Saturday Evening Post,* reached (*John Godfrey's Fortunes*—Bayard Taylor) by "two dark, steep flights of steps," up which John Godfrey climbed, ambitious, timorous and flushing, with his first contribution. In *Hugh Wynne's* time Third Street above Chestnut held the stables of the Widow Nichols's "At the Sign of the Indian Queen," and there he delighted to walk to see the racehorses. Another favourite walk of his was between the warehouses, taverns and ship chandlers on the river front, and so across the bridge of Dock Creek. Near to the mouth of this creek, Hugh says, "a great dock was built . . . and a warehouse."

Near to the River Delaware on High Street was a more widely known inn—the Indian King Tavern. There Joe Bagby, the village ne'er-do-weel (*Janice Meredith*), escorted Mrs. Meredith and Janice when he came with them to Philadelphia. If he had gone two blocks further down he would have come upon a still better known inn, though perhaps less suited to Mrs. Meredith's needs.

Two blocks from here Hugh had gone to school at Master David Dove's "in Vidall's Alley, nigh to Chestnut, above Second," and near to where Mrs. Graydon, a widow, "kept boarders in the great Slate Roof house." Later Hugh attended "the academy which Doctor Franklin had founded in 1750 in the hall on Fourth Street, built for Whitefield's preaching," and in which "the main school-room occupied its whole westward length." Behind the Academy's western playground was the graveyard of Christ Church, "its stately front and exquisite steeple rising" (*Kate Aylesford*) "within view of the fashionable quarter of the town." Hugh Wynne and Darthea were married in this church by the Rev. William White, long after to be bishop, and the church, Hugh tells us, was "full of my old friends, Aunt Gainor in the front pew in a magnificent costume." Aunt Gainor "had early returned to the creed of her ancestors and sat on Sundays in a square pew at Christ's Church to listen to the Rev. Robert Jennings." The bells of Christ's Church were famous. Doctor Brady, in *For Love of Country,* speaks of them "ringing from the steeple near by, seeming to second the invitation of Doctor White calling on the people to pray for those who had perished on the English ship in her engagement with Paul Jones's sloop." When Charles Fownes, the bond-servant (*Janice Meredith*), reached Philadelphia on the brig *Boscawen,* "across the water sounded the bells of Christ Church." Mrs. Hunter (*Circumstance*), on her way to John Fairthorne's house, "walked up Second Street and . . . turned up Arch Street to the graveyard of Christ Church."

Not far away, in the burying-ground at Fifth and Arch Streets, lie (*Hugh Wynne*) "Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, Peyton Randolph, Benjamin Rush and many a gallant soldier and sailor in the war for freedom."

Below the Flag house, on Front Street

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near Arch, was the Bank Hill Meeting House, in the time of *Pemberton*, "a one-story brick building set a few feet above the level of the roadway. The gables and shutters . . . had that immaculate, yet austere, cleanliness of paint peculiar to houses in general and Quaker meeting houses in particular, though the plain Doric doorway, with its white pillar on either side, gave an air of architectural effort to the otherwise severe building. . . . The growing city seemed to have respected the lonely dignity of the meeting house and had spread away from it, leaving it in an opening."

Over Centre Square the huge bulk of City Hall now shoulders its way among other towering buildings on three sides. On the tower are the illuminated faces of the great clock. Gallegher (*Gallegher*—Richard Harding Davis), working his way cityward from the place of exciting experiences miles to the north, saw "dimly hanging above his head the round disk of light that seemed like a great moon, and which he finally guessed to be the clock face for which he had been on the lookout." Gallegher was bent strictly on business that memorable night. It was late, too. So it is probable that he saw little of the "beautiful gardens on either side of a broad street [Broad Street], with many grand-looking houses standing in the midst of them" (*A Carpet Knight*—Harriet McClellan). When Gallegher turned down Chestnut Street and was speeding for the office of his newspaper, it is certain he gave not a glance southward to where, two blocks away, loomed "the huge, dingy building [The Academy of Music] where the convention met" (*Doctor Warrick's Daughters*—Rebecca Harding Davis).

Walnut Street, and especially in the neighbourhood of Rittenhouse Square, was, and is, the parade of fashion. But the only reference to its appearance which is found is in *John Andros*, Mrs. Davis's story of the Pennsylvania coal field. Braddock, arriving in Philadelphia from the South, noted that the "bare trees of Rittenhouse Square lengthened in the shadows into interminable isles with black, high, firm-lined arches."

The City's Southern Part.

The extreme southern part of the city, where the flat ground narrows to a point in the embrace of the two rivers, is now, except for the splendid highway of Broad Street, given over largely to a foreign population and to manufacturing. It figures sparingly in fiction. It was a favourite riding ground at one time. Mary Fairthorne (*Circumstance*) rode through "the willows of the low-lying neck land;" and again, with Dr. Archer, through the country below the city "on the road which led to Greenwich Point, with League Island and Red Bank in view." Returning with Dr. Archer from one of those outings which had come to mean so much to her, she "rode up Swanson Street and passed the old Gloria Dei Church, the oldest church in America." The same venerable edifice into which (*Ai*—Charles S. Daniel) the Hamilton girls stepped by the Swanson Street entrance to be quietly married. Janice and Andre (*Janice Meredith*) "took short rides to the south of the city, where the Delaware and Schuylkill safe-guarded a restricted territory." Off this neck of land where (*The Quaker Soldier*) "the River Schuylkill empties through a low, marshy country into the Delaware," Hugh (*Hugh Wynne*), with Mr. Wilson, "loved well to sail . . . over to Kaighn's Point to fish, or down to Gloucester to bob for crabs." Also, Hugh, with Jack Warder, would run "down the river at early morning after ducks, and through the wide channel between League Island and the Neck; or else away to Red Bank, or to the Jersey coast."

West Philadelphia and Along the Schuylkill.

The western part of the city, now one of the most thickly settled of resident sections, and which has spread itself far beyond the sluggish Schuylkill, is seen in fiction only in the dress of waving trees and undergrowth and meadow grass with which it was clad when, a hundred years ago, a few great mansions raised their white and brick walls on the ridges and in the vales which now, for mile after mile, are asphalted or stone-flagged pavements and rows of houses.

Hugh Wynne used to go over in the chaise with his mother "to the Governor's Woods," which extended from Broad

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Street to the Schuylkill, and from Callowhill to South Street.

Sleighing parties in winter or riding parties in summer, in *Hugh Wynne,* went over the road further north near the river and met "at Cliveden or Springetsbury, or at a farmhouse where John Penn dwelt while engaged in building the great house of Lansdowne, looking down over the trees to the quiet Schuylkill." But these were very different roads from that winding highway; as smooth and hard and as carefully kept as any in the world, which now runs beside the river, and "on which" (*A Carpet Knight*) "bowled along . . . a crowd of . . . dashing vehicles, past trees and pretty boathouses, to where their way was cut for them out of a solid mass of rocks which formed a rugged archway overhead." Looking down upon this road is the home to which General Arnold, in the beginning of April, having married the beautiful Margaret Shippen, took her. "Mount Pleasant" (*Hugh Wynne*), "above the shaded waters of the quiet Schuylkill, a double mansion of stone." John Fairthorne's country home, Edgewood (*Circumstance*), was a "colonial home, with vine-clad outbuildings, much like those of the house to which Arnold took his bride."

It was across the river below here at High Street that Montresor and Aunt Gainor and Hugh Wynne went of a Saturday afternoon by the lower ferry and rode "up Gray's Lane, and so to Mr. Hamilton's country seat," the Woodlands, which stood on a hill amid many beautiful trees and foreign shrubs and flowers. Below it ran the quiet Schuylkill, and beyond, above the Governor's Woods, could be seen far away Doctor Kearsley's fine spire of Christ's Church." Through these same woods stole Hugh one night "when all the town was asleep, and saw no one until he had passed "the Bettering-house and the Grenadiers."

Germantown and the White Marsh Valley.

About six miles from the present commercial centre of the city begins Germantown, once a double string of comfortable houses set back from the winding, hilly road, with its maples and buttonwoods, which runs to Chestnut Hill and White Marsh. Along this highway and in the pleasant, shady lanes which wound from it a hundred years ago and less were many country houses of the rich. To-day it is a suburban residence section, and there are fewer country houses, strictly speaking. But there are scores of these on the hills which look down on the broad meadows and misty distances of the Schuylkill valley and the rolling land toward the Delaware.

In *Janice Meredith* we have a sketch of the Britsh army "camped outside the city at Germantown;" and, in the same novel, Mowbray, after his defeat of the commissary's intrigue, mounted his horse and "galloped madly down Market Street, and then up Second Street to where it forked into two country roads," and so on to Germantown, to the Roebuck Inn. On the Germantown Road was the market-place (now Market Square). The body of the British army at the time of the battle extended across here on the almost continuous line of School-house and Church Lanes, "from the Schuylkill to the Old York Road" (*The Quaker Soldier*); or, as we learn from *Pemberton,* "Across the centre of the village where the road was widened for the erection of a market house . . . stretched like some huge bird of prey." Hugh Wynne, with his command, pushing on through the fog, "saw a confused mass of redcoats, some running, some following tumultuously their colonel, Musgrave, into the solid stone house of Cliveden . . .; the wide market-place was a mob of furious men, blind with fog and smoke, stabbing, clubbing, striking as chance served."

The Chew house, or Cliveden, built in 1760, was one of the great mansions of its time. Janice Meredith, enjoying the gaiety of British occupation, was a constant visitor there. To it often went Grayson and Boudinot, and Mr. Ford speaks of it as "that marplot house . . . which frustrated all our hopes." It stood (*The Quaker Soldier*) "on a gentle eminence east of the road [Germantown Road]—a large, château-looking house, the grounds about it open." In *Pemberton,* Helen, with her sister, viewing the Germantown fields, refers to it as "the beautiful country place."

Not far from Cliveden stands the Keyser house, where Lynnford (*The Quaker*

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Soldier) was taken wounded after the battle. It was built in 1738, and its walls were torn with flying bullets.

Into a more modern part of Germantown—that which lies immediately south of the Germantown Road and west of School Lane—we accompany Mrs. Harver (*The Passing of Thomas*—Janvier) on her melancholy mission, bent on disposing decently of the body of the lamented "eighteen-pounder," and drive to "a house which stood a little back from the street," probably one of the trim residences with a garden in front which ornament Chelten Avenue.

Contrasting with these modern dwellings is "the house . . . of stone, two story and double-fronted; and with the customary covered porch, with two short side benches before the main door." This is Morris's cousin Livezey's place (*Pemberton*), near to the Wissahickon. It is more than likely, indeed, that this is the landmark known to-day as the Livezey house, which stands near the shaded arches of Allen's Lane. Just above is "the huge, oblong rock or boulder, overlooking the Devil's Pool" (*Pemberton*), known for miles around. Lippard has pictured many scenes in the woods of the Wissahickon, but with such a lavish imagination as to make most of his description scarcely worth reproduction. In *The Quaker Soldier* the Hessian camp which Charles Hazlewood entered on the morning after he told his story to Catherine Selwyn was located "on the high ground toward School-house Lane," where the "deep gorge of the Wissahickon was at his feet, rough with tall, old trees, and here and there a huge rock jutting out to view, the stream itself appearing below the bridge. The beautiful valley of the Schuylkill stretching far away westward in a grand circular sweep . . . and, enclosing off, the amphitheatre of the hills." Hugh Wynne, breasting the upper hills of Germantown, saw beneath him "the great forest land spread out, with its scattered farms, with the far-seen range of hills beyond the river, where lay the Valley Forge and White Marsh, all under the hazy blue of a cool August day." Isabella and Helen (*Pemberton*) "through a gap looked down on the valley of the Wissahickon. . . . A bluish haze . . . spread like a softening veil over the whole landscape.

This view of the Schuylkill Valley has drawn many thousands of visitors, and long has been famous locally. Aunt Gainor (*Hugh Wynne*) had "a deep bow window to westward" at which she liked to be at set of sun "to look over what seemed to be a boundless forest; for the many scattered farms were hid away in their woodland shelters." Largely because of this view many fine mansions have been raised on the ridges of Chestnut Hill and Mt. Airy. Hemlock Farm (*A Law Unto Herself*—Rebecca Harding Davis), "built of grey stone . . . stood back from the road, surrounded by a few sombre pines . . . and the low October sun reddened the stubble field and thrust lances of light through the darkening boles." But the finest of all these old places has gone, consumed by the insatiable appetite of real estate speculators—the Carpenter estate, on which stood the home of the romantic and ambitious, but wearied, Mrs. Reese (*Sons and Daughters*—Ellen Olney Kirk), "an Italian palazzo, a great structure in buff stone and stucco with an imposing, many-windowed façade, stately pillars and profuse ornamentations, the great court set about with . . . tropical-leaved plants. . . . Statues glimmered, beckoning, through the turns and windings. . . . At the left of the house the clock tower." Perhaps it is the same building we come upon in *The Revolt of a Daughter* (Ellen Olney Kirk): "The main structure of stone . . . with two wide galleries, one above the other . . . square . . . flanked by a wing. In front . . . a long, level lawn, dominated by a group of tulip trees and oaks. The drive . . . a straight avenue, bordered by maples, leading to the very busy thoroughfare on the west."

From this estate one has a fine outlook over the valley of the Wissahickon, but Chestnut Hill cuts off the view beyond where, to the westward, at Valley Forge "the rivers [Valley Creek and the Schuylkill] bending toward each other formed," as Mr. Peterson writes in *Pemberton*, "a kind of promontory of high, abrupt and wooded hills . . . behind and on the flanks a rich agricultural country . . . a picture of hill and plain, wood and clear fields mingled with a bright gleam of water." Hugh Wynne, riding over to Washington's encampment, tells

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us that "to westward the land fell a little, and then rose to the higher slope of Mt. Hope. To the north the land again dropped and rose beyond to the deep gulch of the Valley Creek. Everywhere were regular rows of long huts, and on the first decline of every hill-slope, entrenchment ditches, redoubts, artillery." "Washington" (*The Quaker Partisan*) "was occupying a low-browed room in old Isaac Potts's, the Quaker preacher's, house as his headquarters, with a hole cut under the window-seat with a fire-proof safe in which to keep his private papers."

THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES.

It is a far cry from these woods and winding streams and stretches of meadow and farm land to the brick walls and narrow streets of the upper part of the city along the Delaware front, where vast cotton and woollen factories and shipyards have made of the old Northern Liberties a humming, bustling, rather ugly neighbourhood. Of this particular locality I have been able to find only one picture in fiction. It is drawn by Dr. Mitchell in *Circumstance*. Mrs. Hunter, with the poison for John Fairthorne in her hand, debating whether she should use it, walks swiftly and is lost where the "yea-and-nay plainness of Penn's checkerboard city is changed in the 'wildering confusion of streets crossing at all angles."

It was still north of this, in the extreme corner of the city, that Mr. Davis's Gallegher journeyed when he came from the "old roadside hostlery known . . . as the headquarters for pot-hunters from the Philadelphia gun market, and a battle-ground for many a cock fight." Gallegher held to the south and west. His road "ran between fields and past a few frame houses set far from the road in kitchen gardens," probably the old Bristol Pike at first and then Broad Street at its northern end, where "here and there the gaudy lights of a drug store, the forerunners of suburban civilisation, shone from the end of a new block of houses."

Churchill Williams.

ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "THE TWO VANREVELS."*

It is difficult to realise as one is reading *The Two Vanrevels* that it is a story of a Western town, a town, too, of the early times when Polk was President and the Mexican War was not yet fought. You think of the West of those days as a land where the men mostly wore their trousers in their boots, and the fingers of the women were more familiar with the washboard than with the harp; yet the people who move in these pages form a society that is gentle and polished, practising all the pretty amenities and elegances of life. However, one must remember that the part of Indiana where lay the town of Mr. Tarkington's story, though geographically of the West, was practically of another sphere altogether. Even then it was long past the pioneer stage; it was enriched by the trade that had flowed from other lands up the tributaries of the Mississippi; and its people, descendants of the original French settlers, with a mingling of later comers from the old State of Virginia, clung to many of their ancestral traditions and ways. Merrymaking people, full of music and laughter; the girls convent-bred, demure of manner, but with feet made for dancing; kindly, courtly, generous people, with dashes of Southern sentiment and with the Southern hot-headedness. You can imagine how delightfully, with what sympathy and humour and apt turns of description, Mr. Tarkington has made the old town live again in his book.

It is not all a tale of happiness, however—fortunately, for tales of nothing but happiness are apt to be lamentably weak. Those were the days when men took politics seriously and vehemently—"when the eagle screamed in mixed figures; when party strife was savagely personal; when intolerance was called 'the pure fire of patriotism';" when private enmities, bitter and unyielding,

*The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.

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sprang from differences on public matters. Such an enmity Mr. Carewe, magnate of Rouen and father of Miss Betty Carewe, cherishes for young Tom Vanrevel, the lawyer, and out of his murderous hatred for Tom—and the complication of Tom's love for Miss Betty—the story grows. The theme is old, of course; all themes are; but in his special treatment of it Mr. Tarkington has managed to evolve something really new and ingenious. In a sense it is a comedy of errors, so dextrously and cleverly worked out that one is tempted to try to describe it, only one realises that to do so would be to spoil a good thing with clumsy handling. But it is a strange comedy, with a thread of sadness running through it; with a tragedy, though not a bitter one, at the end.

After all, though, the real charm of the story is in its characters. How well one gets to know them all! Mr. Carewe, with his high nose and his swollen pride and his evil temper; Miss Betty, just home from the convent, with her dark eyes, and her true heart, and her girlish wit and beauty; Mrs. Tanberry, her chaperon, that "extravagantly stout lady in green muslin illustrated with huge red flowers," with skirts so voluminous that "some cathedral dome seemed to have been misplaced and the lady dropped into it," but so buoyant with it all; old Nelson, the faithful negro servitor; you know them every one. As for Tom Vanrevel, he is a gentleman. Now there are few authors who can paint a gentleman without painting a bore, but Mr. Tarkington is one of the few. Chivalry without foppery or weakness, and courage without bluster, and goodness without priggishness, they are all in Tom, and they make him a lover worthy of Miss Betty. Then there is Crailey Gray, the town's lovable ne'er-do-well, Tom's friend and nominal law partner, whom Tom has carried along for years; better men than Crailey would be less mourned than he is when, at the last, he is struck by the bullet from Carewe's gun that is meant for Tom.

Now and then in *The Two Vanrevels* you come upon parts that remind you that it was written by the author of *The Gentleman from Indiana.* There is a certain likeness between the heroines of the two books; and the humour of this latest story, too, is of the same delightful quality as that which marked the earlier one just mentioned. Again, it has a certain flavour of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* But in the main it is unlike either; it is itself. Mr. Tarkington has that peculiar artistic sensitiveness which leads him, whether consciously or unconsciously, to meet each new subject with a new and subtle and fitting change of mood. Once Crailey Gray, thinking of Miss Betty Carewe, says to himself that she is "a woman like wine; there is a bouquet." And so it is with this book; it has its own distinctive "bouquet."

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

II.

Mr. Kipling's "Just-So Stories."*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a most extraordinary and bewildering genius. Some of us have recently had reason to protest against certain phases of his later development, and we protested because they were pert and cockney and cruel, and full of that precocious old age which is the worst thing in this difficult cosmos, a thing which combines the brutality of youth with the disillusionment of antiquity, which is old age without its charity and youth without its hope. This rapidly aging, rapidly cheapening force of modernity is everywhere and in all things, a veritable spiritual evil: it looks out of the starved faces of a million gutter-boys, and its name is Ortheris. And just as we are in the afterglow of a certain indignation against this stale, bitter modernity which had begun to appear in Mr. Kipling's work, we come upon this superb thing, the *Just-So Stories;* a great chronicle of primal fables, which might have been told by Adam to Cain before murder (that artistic and decadent pastime) was known in the world.

For the character of the *Just-So Stories* is really unique. They are not fairy tales; they are legends. A fairy tale is a tale told in a morbid age to the only remaining sane person, a child. A legend is a fairy tale told to men when men were sane. We grant a child a fairy tale just as some savage king might grant a missionary permission to wear clothes, not

*Just-So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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understanding what we give, not knowing that it would be infinitely valuable if we kept it to ourselves, but simply because we are too kind to refuse. The true man will not buy fairy tales because he is kind; he will buy them because he is selfish. If Uncle John, who has just bought the *Just-So Stories* for his niece, were truly human (which, of course, Uncle John is not), it is doubtful whether the niece would ever see the book. One of the most lurid and awful marks of human degeneration that the mind can conceive is the fact that it is considered kind to play with children.

But the peculiar splendour, as I say, of these new Kipling stories is the fact that they do not read like fairy tales told to children by the modern fireside, so much as like fairy tales told to men in the morning of the world. They see animals, for instance, as primeval men saw them; not as types and numbers in an elaborate biological scheme of knowledge, but as walking portents, things marked by extravagant and peculiar features. An elephant is a monstrosity with his tail between his eyes; a rhinoceros is a monstrosity with his horn balanced on his nose; a camel, a zebra, a tortoise are fragments of a fantastic dream, to see which is not seeing a scientific species, but like seeing a man with three legs or a bird with three wings, or men as trees walking. The whole opens a very deep question, the question of the relations between the old wonder and the new wonder, between knowledge and science. The hump of a camel is very likely not so much his characteristic from a scientific point of view as the third bone in the joint of his hind leg, but to the eyes of the child and the poet it remains his feature. And it is more important in this sense that it is more direct and certain: there is a relation between the human soul and the hump of a camel, which there is not between the human soul and the bone in his hind leg. The hump still remains and the bone vanishes, if all these physical phenomena are nothing but a grotesque shadow-show, constructed by a paternal deity to amuse an universe of children.

This is the admirable achievement of Kipling, that he has written new legends. We hear in these days of continual worship of old legends, but not of the making of new; which would be the real worship of legends. Just in the same way we hear of the worship of old ceremonies, but never of the making of new ones. If men decided that Mr. Gladstone's hat was to be carried three times around the House of Commons, they would have offered the best tribute to the Eleusinian mysteries. That is the tribute which "How the Whale Got His Throat" offers to the story of Sigurd and Hercules.

G. K. Chesterton.

III.

George Horton's "The Long Straight Road."*

With his habitual deftness, Anatole France laid his finger upon the most vulnerable point in the creed of Realism—the Realism that paints the commonplace lives of average, middle-class people—when he said: "Yes, it is all very true and very sad, but what of it? It teaches us nothing which we did not know before." A writer must needs have an uncommon degree of courage to choose deliberately such a theme as that of Mr. Horton's *Long Straight Road*—the sober prose of humdrum married life—since only a touch of uncommon skill and flashes of rare intuition can keep it from becoming sordid and dull. The pleasure afforded by Mr. Horton's volume—a pleasure for which his earlier works afforded scanty preparation—proves that he possesses these qualities to an unforeseen degree. The explanation of his title is found in the quotation from Stevenson upon the title-page to the effect that to him who marries the pleasure of lingering by the wayside and wandering in green pastures is henceforth denied; "the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." Yet the book is not written in a pessimistic spirit; rather, it impresses one as a faithful transcript from life, as Mr. Horton sees it—as any one with his eyes open may see around him any day in the week.

The background of the story is the city of Chicago; the plot involves the destinies of three married couples, destinies

*The Long Straight Road. By George Horton. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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that are interwoven in the intricate fashion that is one of the commonplaces of real life and yet often seems just a trifle improbable between the covers of a book. There is Crissy, the rising lawyer, ambitious, strenuous, scrupulously honest, too much absorbed in his political aspirations to see that his devoted little wife is silently eating her heart out for an occasional word of love and tenderness. There is Crissy's friend, dull, plodding, kind-hearted Harry Chapin, a clerk in a real estate office. Before his marriage, Harry's earnings were sufficient to clothe him in the latest style and permit of the occasional extravagance of a dinner at Ma'am Galli's Italian restaurant, with its accompaniments of spaghetti and real chianti flasks full of California claret. But since he married Nellie, a pretty cloak model in a department store, his surplus earnings all go for French lessons and new bonnets and the latest literary fads—all but his daily carfare and his thirty-cent lunch and his one cigar. His road is long, indeed, and sadly hopeless, the daily treadmill of the unhappily married man on a small salary. Lastly, there are the Roths, the German family that occupy the apartment immediately above the Chapins. Their means are even more limited than Harry's, but mutual love and confidence make the daily burden light, and form the bright spot that relieves an otherwise rather sombre story. The Roths will be remembered among the pleasant acquaintances of recent fiction.

Just how these different characters react upon each other's lives; how Crissy's political rival attempts to use Nellie Chapin as a bait with which to ruin his reputation; how Mrs. Crissy is driven almost to desperation with needless jealousy; how Harry Chapin, more and more neglected, is glad to escape from his lonely and childless home to the peace and comfort of the Roth household; and how, finally, by a series of merest accidents he misses his one chance for freedom—all this is best left to be told in Mr. Horton's own excellent way. His intinate little touches of everyday life, his pictures of men and women, his glimpses of the busy, shifting scenes of a big city are all quite as good in their way as anything that we have had from other writers who have identified themselves with Chicago, such as Will Payne or Robert Herrick. And in one respect, at least, Mr. Horton scores a special triumph, and that is in his portraiture of children. In fiction, the children are all too often banished to the nursery or the street. In real life, the closing door does not shut them wholly out; their fresh young voices, in all the thoughtlessness of childhood, still make themselves heard from above stairs or float in through the windows. And so it is in Mr. Horton's book. He makes one hear the patter of small feet on the stairs, the insistent chatter of merry tongues struggling with the intricacies of an illogical language; he is a skilful interpreter of the brightness which the presence of children sheds in happy homes, and the instinctive comfort which they know so well how to give in homes of sorrow. Above all, he emphasises the loneliness of an empty room, the pathos of a childless marriage. He deserves to be encouraged for having struck a note in fiction which, if not exactly a new note, is one that has not for a long time been struck with quite such a clear ring of truth.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV.

Mr. Jerome's "Paul Kelver."*

Some great men are never found out. From that fate Mr. Jerome has escaped. Over his buried merit it will not be necessary to raise the tardy bust. Is he not saluted by the *Times* and other gallopers of fame as the successor of Dickens? How did they penetrate his disguise? I fear he was careless. Dickens wrote *David Copperfield,* and *David Copperfield* is an autobiography. Mr. Jerome wrote *Paul Kelver,* and *Paul Kelver* is an autobiography. A clear clue! There are others, too numerous to specify. (See the puppets' passion.) One, however, is frank to the verge of rashness. "I am not Doady," says Dan, "who always seems to me to have been somewhat of a —he reminds me of you, Paul, a little." Purblind is the critic who cannot take that hint and better it. The thing is a syllogism. Paul is Doady, and Doady is Dickens. Mr. Jerome is Paul, therefore Mr. Jerome is Dickens the Second,

*Paul Kelver. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Q.E.D. The only question is, Which? Some will say, Dickens; others will say, Mr. Jerome; I say nothing.

One thing bewilders me. Is Mr. Jerome a humourist or is he not? I desire a plain answer to that plain question. It seems that he has cast humour behind him, and that this is a "serious novel." If so, how can it be Dickensian? For Dickens was a humourist. A friend suggests that *Paul Kelver* is a parody of *David Copperfield.* There may be something in that. Mr. Jerome is "beside" Dickens all the time, and *Paul Kelver* might be described as "issuing, derived and proceeding from" *David Copperfield.* It is true that Paul is not born with a caul, but that is the only missing trait. He is haunted by Dickensian ghosts. Even "the old House" in the Prologue talks Dickens. The "man in grey" is mildly Micawberish. There are ferociously honest men and insipidly angelic women. There are Mrs. Peedles, Minipin, Jarman, the O'Kelly, the Signora, Rosina Sellars, Uncle Gutton, Aunt Gutton, a watery-eyed young man, a fat young lady, a thin young lady, actors and actresses, painters, law-writers, playwriters, doctors, editors, commission agents, barmaids and members of other trades and professions mentioned in the London Directory. Then there are slabs of sentiment and hunks of love. As Paul says, "it is a curious sort of love." "The Making of Love" is a wonderful chapter. Paul stands "over against" Barbara, his arm "resting upon the dial's stone column" in a Marcus Stone garden. "The sun was sinking, casting long shadows on the velvety grass, illuminating with a golden light her upturned face." Paul begins his oration thus: "I would you were some great queen of olden days." All he wants is to "touch now and then at rare intervals with my lips your hand, kiss in secret the glove you had let fall, the shoe you had flung off." Or, in the alternative, he would she were a "priestess in some temple of forgotten gods, where I might steal at daybreak and at dusk to gaze upon your beauty; kneel with clasped hands, watching your sandalled feet coming and going about the altar steps; lie with pressed lips upon the stones your trailing robes had touched." But the base and brutal Barbara rejects the devout lover. "I shall be a countess, Paul, the Countess Huéscar," with elopements and infidelities "now and then at rare intervals." On the whole, this chapter supports Paul's apothegm, "once a humourist, always a humourist." Hal's dying confession removes all reasonable doubt. "I dared not kiss her for fear of waking her; but a stray lock of her hair —you remember how long it was?—fell over the pillow, nearly reaching to the floor. I pressed my lips against it, where it trailed over the bedstead, till they bled. I have it still upon my lips, the mingling of the cold iron and the warm, soft, silken hair."

Now there are three ways of interpreting Jeromean art, (1) to take it seriously, (2) to take it as unconscious humour, or (3) to take it as conscious humour. On the whole, I prefer the third. *Paul Kelver* is a clever parody of Dickens, and a clever burlesque of popular fiction. The passages I have quoted are the quintessence of satirical caricature. They satirise not only the popular novelist, but the readers of the popular novelist. So innocent are the critics that they have mistaken the caricature for the thing caricatured. So infantile is the public that it has devoured four editions of the caricature without having discovered that Mr. Jerome is making fun of them and of their idols!

James Douglas.

V.

Miss Seawell's "Francezka."*

Miss Seawell has accomplished numerous very pleasing stories of the order termed "short," and has attempted a few that are long. Her latest essay in this second form of romance goes by the name of *Francezka,* which is at the same time that of the heroine of the novel. How the young lady, who was born in the Iberian Peninsula of Spanish and Scottish parents, came by an appellation which might be Polish or Hungarian could, no doubt, be explained by the authoress.

The book begins with ominous threats: "I maintain my master, Maurice, Count of Saxe . . . to be . . . and I can prove it. There are fractious men every-

*Francezka. By Molly Elliott Seawell, Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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where who dispute the plainest facts. . . . I bring against them one invincible argument—my sword. Once was when a' bragging rascal of a pseudo-nobleman from the marches of Brandenburg dared to call this greatness into question. I gave him his choice of taking a hundred kicks in the stomach or having his ears cut off. He chose the latter, and I sliced one of them off." Thus speaks Captain Babache, the teller of the tale *Francezka.* On the following page Babache recounts as how, accused of theft, he was led to execution, and on the next in what manner his salvation happened. Then, on a Friday night, Babache so furiously wounds Francezka's lover, Gaston Cheverney, in a duel that the physician will not guarantee the life of the captain's opponent to last two rounds of the clock. Nevertheless, on the Sunday evening, when a gay company is assembled in the Comte de Saxe's saloon, in walks friend Gaston with powdered hair, red heels, three-cornered hat, a fine embroidered silk coat, and "as smiling, as debonair, as man could be." Surely there is menace in all this of that style of novel which "does not contain a dull page," which is "thrilling from cover to cover," which is "a breathless succession of pulse-quickening adventures," which is "all action and glow and excitement." But, thank Heaven! Miss Seawell presently relents, and does not, after all, drown the reader in a red bath of gore.

Francezka exhibits knowledge of the glorious "Grand Siècle," presided over by the "Grand Roi." Such notable personages as Voltaire, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Noailles, the Duke of Berwick, Marshal Belle-Isle are brought upon the scene and made to produce vivid, if transitory, impressions. The sentences spoken by Monsieur de Voltaire are well sprinkled with salt and pepper—as they should be. And in the depiction of Maurice de Saxe the authoress has wrought a living figure of courtliness, of gallant bearing, of manly beauty, a magnetic character of social amiability, distinguished mental powers, keen enterprise in love and war, generous devotion in friendship. Quotations from Ronsard and Racine are aptly introduced; allusions occur to the sermons of Bossuet, the dramas of Voltaire and Molière; anecdotes are related concerning Lulli and Madame Villars. A minuet is danced to the accompaniment of twenty-four violins at the Comte de Saxe's castle of Chambord, in whose forests a great "battue" is held. Madame du Châtelet, with "her eternal algebra and Newton's *Principia,*" quarrels with Voltaire and throws the *Principia* at his head. In short, Miss Seawell has a lively understanding of the history and spirit of eighteenth-century France—although she does gloss over the licentiousness of Louis XIV.'s court and Saxe's flagrant amour with Anna Ivanovna, Duchess of Courland.

But as apples are not sufficient for making apple pie, so *Francezka,* despite these enumerated merits, is far from being a good work of fiction. It is a slow chronicle, rather than a moving tale. You cannot put your finger on central episodes or deciding moments inevitably born of preceding events and fatally nurturing other great consequences. The chief catastrophe fails to stir up emotion, because, instead of being a surprise, its exact nature has been guessed many pages too soon. The *dramatis personæ* are frequently found in places where their presence is less natural than the authoress would have us believe; so, for instance, certain encounters at Mitau, Königsberg, Radewitz and Coblenz. The action is divided between so many localities that none is readily remembered. Neither the hero, Gaston Cheverny, nor the heroine inspires deep interest. Many repetitions exist in ordinary phrase and in epithet, "devil," "infernal," "fool" and "oat" recurring with unconquerable persistence. Likewise the quiet fireside cat is harnessed into various metaphors. *Francezka* is the handiwork of one whose repute seemed to assure something better. Her present book contains much that is amusing and instructive, but nothing highly admirable or very excellent. It is, therefore, a novel devoid of force.

Lionel Strachey.

VI.

Marion Crawford's "Cecilia."*

Given a dozen years, and Mr. Crawford can produce a summary of results which holds as much unexpectedness as the most epicurean of publics can desire from

*Cecilia. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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one pen. It is a far reach from his latest novel, *Cecilia,* back to *Mr. Isaacs* and *Dr. Claudius,* or *A Roman Singer,* and the retrospective look reveals an imagination of such affluence that it can but arouse wonder and respect.

Cecilia very slightly recalls *The Witch of Prague,* in that the latter occurred in the midst of a complete set of books like a whimsical mood of the artist who was determined to say certain things which had no bearing upon the plot of any of his novels, yet which persisted in being said in spite of art's conventions. It was the mood which, while it lasts, is the real thing—that inevitable method of artistic inspiration, the principle of which is that "the thing we long for, that we are for one transcendent moment," and although *Cecilia* presents a far more pleasing and tranquil result, it is evident that the artist has let himself play long enough to rear a house of dreams.

The story deals with a few characters in the higher society of modern Rome, which placing throws into relief the psychic and spiritual basis of the book. Cecilia Palladio, daughter of the Countess Fortiguerra, is a modernised type of Greek perfection, mentally, morally and physically, but whose face holds the force and strength wanting in the best Greek statues. Her eighteen years of wholesomeness and unusual intellectual development would not be easily selected as the subject of spiritual "possession," nor as the embodied spirit of a long-dead Roman Vestal. Yet Cecilia possesses the power of dreaming, and these so-called "dreams" produce the highly dramatic circumstances which cause her to lead a complicated existence, forming the plot of the story.

Her fiancé is Guido d'Este, half-brother to a king and nephew to the "extremely authentic Princess Anatolie." This Princess, with her colleague, Monsieur Leroy, gives the shadier underweaving of the plot. The inevitable third person—second only to Cecilia in importance—is Guido's friend Lamberti, who also dreams, but without his own volition, and not quite after the manner of Peter Ibbetson. The psychic relation between Cecilia and Lamberti, and their powerful and irresistible affinity, produces the story's main value, and a prolonged suspense, in the production of which, perhaps, Mr. Crawford has no peer, unless it be Henry Seaton Merriman; in the novels of Mr. Crawford, however, it is never overdone, whereas, allowing Mr. Merriman's splendid faculty for plot revelation, he sometimes accentuates suspense until it nears the theatrical rather than the dramatic.

Lamberti knows that he has

> never felt for any woman what he felt for the fair young girl whose unreal presence . . . in those long visions loved him in return . . . and there was one moment when their lips had met as if body and heart and soul were all meeting at once.

Cecilia, meanwhile, is absorbed in a combat between a dream existence, wherein she is a sacred Vestal, and the waking reality of a great passion, from which there is no escape. In her dream

> . . . There was the beautiful marble court with its deep portico . . . gleaming in the morning sun; she could hear the water softly laughing its way through the square, marble-edged basins level with the ground; she could smell the spring violets that grew in the neatly trimmed borders. . . . She knew herself, young, golden-haired, all in white, a little pale from the night's vigil before the eternal fire, just entering the court as she came from the temple, and standing quite still for a moment facing the morning sun . . . a true and perfect Vestal.

But the dream changed:

> She was expecting some one, glancing anxiously about to see whether any one were there. . . . Then it came in the shadow behind her, the face of a man moving nearer—a rugged Roman head with deep-set, bold blue eyes. . . . She did not move till the man was close to her, looking over her shoulder, whispering in her ear. She tried to call out . . . for the kiss which was coming would be death to both.

This is their dream meeting, but when the story is nearing its climax the actual, material meeting of Lamberti and Cecilia takes place beside a marble pillar in the Vestal's house.

> The veil touched his cheek, and it was the Vestal's veil. He had felt it in dreams between his face and hers. Then the world broke into visible light, and he heard her whisper in his ear:
>
> "That was my secret. You know it now."

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To disclose to the light of the present a mystery of the past cannot fail to produce fascination for a reader of any imaginativeness. It is like watching the excavation of wall, statue or stone, which were handled, breathed upon and brushed by the actual lives of a long-dead people, and Cecilia Palladio's inherent knowledge of the life and House of the Vestals is deeply interesting. The antiquity of its atmosphere in the midst of modern society has something of the abrupt contrast—only more artistic and less jarring—that is felt in Mrs. Burnett's *Lady of Quality,* when amid the roses, sunlight and flippancy of afternoon tea the body of the dead man lies concealed under a sofa.

Cecilia is an easier piece of story-telling than some of Mr. Crawford's novels. It has fewer characters and the characterisation is less forceful, less analytical, because the subject, being altogether psychological, is presented with more of delicate suggestiveness than of assertion. Reincarnation is only intimated as a reason for Cecilia's condition, and the story of her marvellous experience appears to be based more upon the theory of the progression of memory, or unconscious ratiocination, which, Mr. Crawford avers, is no myth. He says of this explanation: "It has the advantage of being simpler than that afforded by the theory of atavism, and more orthodox than that offered by the believers in the transmigration of souls." At any rate, the plot of *Cecilia* is very original and artistic.

"And now," as the old school says toward the close of its discourse, were this novel the beginning of an author's career we might predict an illimitable horizon for the experimental mind which wrote it, and because we are Mr. Crawford's profound admirer, and his imagination has verily proven itself to outrange prediction, we cannot help using red ink on a few points which may be wilful lapses. We do not know.

There is something of incongruity between Guido's essential gentlemanliness and "the odour of cologne water always about him," and here and there, especially where Guido and Lamberti are concerned, is a little over-nearness to nature rather than that concentrated effect of nature which alone is art. Lamberti's extreme anxiety lest Guido should commit suicide in his disappointment and physical weakness would be natural—out of a book; but it is evident to a critical reader that suicide is the last thing compatible with his temperament, as is proven by his easy acceptance of the situation. There are glimpses of possibilities not fulfilled, such as the detailed account of Monsieur Leroy's mesmeric influence upon the Princess, which does not affect the plot any more than a suggestion would. Again, Cecilia's oft-repeated and anguished spiritual throes over tearing herself from the imaginary Vestal-self and her horror at the approach of material love are, of course, inevitable, but the ease with which she resigns herself is somewhat abrupt, and there is not quite the summarising of dramatic effect which goes to make a story perfectly concrete.

Lastly and eminently, it is to be questioned whether a girl of eighteen, whose mental nourishment has consisted mainly of Nietzsche, St. Augustine, La Placette, Noodt and Kant's Categorical Imperative, would be in a normal condition. Mr. Crawford quotes Nietzsche but lightly, and Cecilia appears to be a disciple mainly of his *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* but she does not seem to have become impregnated by the very core of his philosophies, which, as Nietzsche says in his Old and New Tables (which Mr. Crawford does not quote), is to "become hard," for she is an impressionable specimen of young womanhood. If a girl of eighteen were indeed a disciple of Nietzsche, she would, no doubt, ignore, as did Cecilia, his colossal egotisms and find herself ultimately mazed in just such a web of mental intricacy, from which only reality and action could extricate her before she discovered the truth of the saying of Nietzsche, the prophet, "*Spirit,* as well as virtue, has strayed in its flights and made mistakes."

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

VII.

Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl."

For several decades the most notable achievements of German literature have been along the lines of the drama. After a period of sterility a few good novels have appeared, particularly among the

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work of the younger women writers, but no one of them of sufficient strength to gain for it a fame beyond the borders of the home country. But the past season, which brought forth no really great drama, saw among its new novels one which has attained a measure of success beyond that ever gained before by a novel in Germany. *Jörn Uhl*, the work of Gustav Frenssen, pastor of a peasant church in a little farming village of Oldenburg, and a literary novice, is one of those rare books which because of its intense national individuality is destined to bear the message of the race that produced it far beyond the limits of nationality. It is one instance—and although such instances are not quite so rare as pessimists would think them, they are not as frequent as they should be—of a really great book which has attained an immediate and enduring popular success. Literary enthusiasts term it the very greatest novel ever written in Germany, and the general public bought it to the extent of over seventy thousand copies in a season, something unprecedented in the annals of the German book trade.

Jörn, properly Jürgen, Uhl was the youngest son of Claus Uhl, the rich, powerful, uncrowned king among the peasants of Ditmarsch, along the water front and back into the rich low-lying marshy lands of Schleswig-Holstein. As with many a great nation and powerful royal dynasty, high living and overabundance of God's blessings brought the Uhls and their like to the fall at last, and the neglected, motherless Jörn, a stranger among his big brothers, and left, with a baby sister, to the care of the maid Wieten Penn, saw the downfall, in disgrace, sin and sorrow, of all his family. Hard work steeled his muscles, as harsh treatment hardened his spirit, until upon his young shoulders alone rested the burden of saving the homestead and the wide stretching acres of the Uhl from the hammer. The pride of a long race of free-born peasant proprietors and bitterness toward those who robbed him of his heritage until that heritage was shorn of its glory work together to harden in Jörn Uhl a mind which is naturally kindly, humorous, and endowed with that longing for intellectual nourishment which never leaves a man when once it has fastened upon him. The nights after days of merciless toil in the fields Jörn Uhl spends at his telescope watching the stars, and that saves him from the madness that comes with the knowledge that all the effort is in vain. A year in the battlefields and lazarettes of 1870—a superb bit of word-painting of the horrors of war stripped of the glory thrown about it by newspaper reports and popular histories—and a brief snatch of love happiness until the girl-wife dies in childbed, break the monotony of Jörn's life, until a fire destroys the homestead, drives him from the Uhl and loosens the yoke from his shoulders. Rearing his proud head more proudly than ever, Jörn Uhl at forty takes up the burden of life anew, freed from the ties of family tradition, and sitting humbly among the youths on the school bank, drinks his fill at last of the spring of knowledge, although only allowing himself to take up with the practical side of learning which would give him a place of usefulness among his people. As a working civil engineer, Jörn returns to the marshes, marries the love of his childhood days and settles down as a man

upon whose knowledge and upon whose word one could place dependence. The boy who had once said at the school door, "Never mind, uncle; whether at the top or the bottom, I must learn something," this boy had begun life twice, begun from the very bottom. Life is long enough to make of one's self what one will, if one but have confidence and a strong will. But it leaves a scar.

Jörn Uhl will always have something ragged in his character.

Although his wife loves and understands him, she cannot smooth these broken edges left in his nature from earlier sorrowful times.

Jörn shrinks from gaiety, but opens his heart to all sorrow and suffering, and says of himself that, although his lifeway led "between cares and coffins, he is yet a happy man. He is happy because that he was humble and had trust."

No bare description of the story could give the charm of this book, where the tale halts and stumbles over bits of hoary folk-lore, wisdom of the people near to Nature's heart, old sagas and traditions and many an irrelevant, but wholly delightful, bit of characterisation. Some books have personality because of the

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story; others, again, have an individuality in which the story, strong as it is, is but the smallest part, and *Jörn Uhl* is such a book.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII.

MISS SILBERRAD'S "THE SUCCESS OF MARK WYNGATE."*

The sombre complexion of such books as Miss Silberrad's must be a matter of climate. Only an English novel could be so interpenetrated by a certain raw chill, or boast such an astonishing prevalence of grey days. Similarly this new heroine—the book is written about Judith Loring rather than Mark Wyngate—is peculiarly a product of rural England and a low barometer. Indeed, in her barbaric simplicity, her profound seriousness, her absence of coquetry, Judith may be regarded as a second cousin of Shalisha Pilgrim, the doughty landscape gardener of Mrs. Dudeney's *Spindle and Plough.*

Technically, the story is a tragedy, since it ends in Judith's death. A tragedy, however, without hysterics; and if it be further noted that here is a novel without love-making, a hero without the capacity for love, a heroine without coquetry, you have a barrier of discouraging anomalies for the sentimental reader to face. But the story is not pitched in a sentimental key, nor is it in its essence tragic, though recounting a woman's absolute immolation of herself for the sake of a man who does not love her. Judith's greatest desire is Mark Wyngate's success, and in this she triumphs. Mark is well on the way to obtaining the prizes he covets when Judith loses her life in preserving from fire the dyeworks that are the means to this end.

The key to the story is given in a short conversation between Judith and Mark when they are still boy and girl:

"I tell you it will always be so. You will always get what you set your heart upon, though it will always be hatefully hard to get—you will always succeed."

"At a price," he added.

"Do you think any price too great?" she asked.

"Do you?"

"No."

But though she did not know it, she meant only in application to him. Success, except for him, never occurred to her.

At what price Mark Wyngate's success was bought his own temperament prevents him from knowing, even though he is on one occasion plainly told.

"What made her give up her situation, her friends, her amusements, her very reputation?" the man who loves Judith finally asks the man whom Judith loves. "She has given her name and her life and her brains to you, and you have given her nothing—*nothing!*"

In simple narrative form, without attempt at psychological dissection, is told the story of the close impersonal friendship of these two and their years of intense, unsparing scientific labour. As her story develops, Judith, who is a creature of unusual mental, physical and emotional strength, becomes intimately real as a woman. She can forge iron bars, her recreation is pure mathematics, she loves with a controlled strength analogous to that which makes it possible for her to weld iron—but chiefly she convinces.

In this power of conviction lies the peculiar power of the book. Rarely does one come upon such directness, such impressive freedom from self-consciousness. One is relieved not to discover passages of deliberate and conscious "intensity" nor artificially contrived scenes and situations. The material is firmly knit together and the narrative progresses unwaveringly. For the most part the author's method excludes detail, though she is capable of bits of description vibrant with poetic feeling. Nor is the book destitute of humour, though of rather a grim sort.

At one stage of Judith's career she teaches in London and lives in what is nicknamed "Bachelors' Buildings," because tenanted by young women. But Miss Silberrad casts no glamour over "girl bachelor" life in London, and displays no leniency toward the yearning for an independent life supposed to be characteristic of self-supporting young womanhood. Judith's enforced companions

*The Success of Mark Wyngate. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company;

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at this time are crude young vulgarians; and one almost suspects the author of pointing a moral when one notes how much less objectionable these young women are after they are once considerately married off.

Perhaps it is Miss Silberrad's otherwise commendable lack of self-consciousness that leads her into a surprising disregard of the ordinary rules of English. So good a book as this ought not to be marred by inadmissible colloquialisms, a profusion of split infinitives and sentences of slovenly construction.

Olivia Howard Dunbar.

IX.

Anthony Hope's "The Intrusions of Peggy."*

A critical friend of ours, whose judgment of books is generally sound, urged us to read *The Intrusions of Peggy,* because, so he said, Anthony Hope had at last succeeded in making his women characters interesting. Now it is certainly true that in all the books preceding this, Mr. Hope's women have not been drawn with more than a superficial psychology. Flavia, in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* was, of course, objectively interesting, but only because of her share in the fortunes of Rudolph—the nonchalant and irresistible Rudolph, who always has the centre of the stage. In *Quisante* the author sat himself deliberately down to the task of working out a very complicated problem in feminine psychology; yet it was too obvious a task, and it is the curious Quisante himself, that hybrid adventurer—brilliant, vulgar and pathetic—whom we follow eagerly throughout the book of which the heroine soon fades from our recollection. Even in the *Dolly Dialogues,* Carter is the real creation, while Dolly and the rest are but a foil and an excuse for his epigrammatic *feu de joie.*

But we took up *The Intrusions of Peggy* in the expectation of finding at last an Anthony Hope woman who was something more than a well-gowned walking lady. After a fashion we may say that she is there; yet once again the best thing in the novel is a man. Perhaps we ought to say right here that the book is a most fascinating one. It is full of life and full of complexities which no one can leave until he has read on to their solution. Every character is good, and the incidents are as unexpected and as difficult to anticipate as those in any of his other stories. But the real *coup de maître* is found in the accomplishment of what one would fancy to be impossible. Mr. Hope has introduced a miser—and has made him not only interesting, but actually lovable. The miser is not old, he is good company, but he is a genuine miser all the same—hoarding his money in an iron safe, stinting himself in food, dressing shabbily, letting his best friends, and even the woman whom he loves, come to the brink of ruin rather than part with a single bank-note. Nevertheless, those who know the truth are still loyal to him, and the reader also sympathises with their loyalty. To accomplish such a feat as this is a real stroke of genius, and it goes to show how much a master is Mr. Hope of the psychology of men.

The two women with whom the book is most concerned are attractive, but untrue to life. Trix Trevalla, the true heroine, is plausible in spots, but impossible at last. Here is one who falls in with a man whom she has never loved and never can love. He understands the outward bearing of a gentleman is both vulgar and a brute; he has done her a world of harm, and has mocked and insulted her besides; he has lost caste by shady practices, and he has nothing in particular to offer her. Yet at the last, when she has come to loathe the very sight of him, Trix Trevalla seriously thinks of marrying him because she has only £10,000 left in the world! That, by the way, was probably more than *he* had, and altogether the utter falsity of the whole situation, so far as she is concerned, makes one lose interest in her subsequent proceedings.

Then there is Peggy Ryle, the girl whose intrusions are so successful as to make everything come out all right in the end. Peggy is a thoroughly good sort, and her verve and frank Bohemianism are delightful. But she is almost equally unreal when you come to study her, because she is altogether too inno-

*The Intrusions of Peggy. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

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cent for her surroundings. In life, the combination of her poverty, her beauty, her remarkable red hair, her bachelor apartment and her unlimited supply of male admirers would, at any rate, have taken off the bloom from her unsuspecting *camaraderie*. But in the book she is always a mere child—a very dashing, daring, unconventional child—but with no worldly wisdom whatsoever; for London is Arcadia to Mr. Hope. And so the most naturally drawn and memorable woman in the book is neither Trix nor Peggy, but Connie Fricker, the daughter of a money king of dubious character and antecedents. The story of how she manages her husband hunt, and how she lands her man at last is worthy of Trollope at his best.

Mr. Hope never wrote a dull book in his life; and for sheer cleverness and the sort of animation which carries you along without ever flagging, we give *The Intrusions of Peggy* a place next to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It has interested us more than any other novel that we have read this year.

Rafford Pyke.

X.—XI.

I.—Alexander Glovatski's "The Pharaoh and the Priest."*
II.—Felix Dahn's "A Captive of the Roman Eagles."†

The Pharaoh and the Priest is a book notable from several points of view. In the first place, it is the introduction of its author to the English-speaking public, Alexander Glovatski, the most prolific and, with the exception of Sienkiewicz, the most prominent of Polish novelists.

Certainly they do not incline to the novelette habit, these Poles. The old-fashioned three-volume novel is more in their line, and the present volume fills its seven hundred rather closely printed pages with its story of ancient Egypt during the closing years of the twentieth dynasty, the Ramesid, which brought the country to the summit of its power and influence, and under which began and progressed far the baneful march of national decay.

As the title foreshadows, the book may be described as a tale of conflict between Church and State—of that subtly woven web of intrigue by which the priestly caste seek to bind the young Pharaoh to their will, as his father had been bound before him, and of the fierce resentment and vain revolt of the high-spirited youth. This is the burden of the narrative. As an accurate rescript of Egyptian history, I fear it can hardly be praised. Perhaps the mist that thickens here and grows thin there, but which ever hangs over the annals of those far-away times, may have seemed to the author a justification for liberties and for the free moulding of probable facts to meet the exigencies of his fiction. One hesitates to accept such a defence. That the last of the Ramesid line was succeeded by the priest Her-hor is unquestioned, but the overwhelming probability is that this change of dynasty took place after a peaceful reign of nearly thirty years by a weak and insignificant ruler, rather than through a violent revolution occurring shortly after the accession of a strong and well-meaning, if inexperienced, prince.

On the other hand, with the exception of this violation of the historical verities and its attendant distortion of the character of Rameses XIII., the picture of the manners and customs of ancient Egypt is the most elaborate and truthful ever shown in fiction. Ebers's novels merely graze the surface of old Nile life beside the rich detail of this romance. All the races that dwelt in and clustered about that marvellous valley pass before us, Egyptians and Phœnicians, Greeks and Hebrews, Assyrians and Libyans, each with their characters and dress and manners set forth with the spirit of the true archæologist. A stupendous course of painstaking and exhaustive study must surely have led up to such a work, and therein does its value lie. The feeling, too, of the story is Egyptian to a wonderful degree. A mere student may tell us many true things about scenes and customs, but to infuse the spirit of the setting, to preserve what we call the local colour, an author must not only know ancient Egypt; he must become, for the

*The Pharaoh and the Priest. Translated from the Polish of Alexander Glovatski, by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

†A Captive of the Roman Eagles. Translated from the German of Felix Dahn by Mary J. Safford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.50.

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time being, an ancient Egyptian. Naturally the farther back the historical romanticist goes for his plot, the more difficult is this avatar, and therefore I say that what Glovatski has accomplished is a thing notable. In the face of such a task it may seem like hypercriticism to say that he fails at times. Still, it is most suspicious to find ancient Egyptians "seizing their heads with both hands" in moments of agitation, precisely as do Sienkiewicz's mediæval Polish heroes. Possibly certain pas ges that we might criticise in this connection owe their faults to a translation certainly far from ideal. Such expressions as "His hands hopped a couple of times," "balling his fists" and "a wig as large as a headdress" are doubtless taken literally from the Polish, and may perhaps add colour to a Polish story, but they are neither felicitous nor rational English, and have no place in the translation of a tale of Egyptian life. Reading them, one is disposed to attribute also to the translator many such questionable modernities as "His Holiness" (used in speaking of the Pharaoh), and "the late Mefres," together with such clumsy narrative sentences as "Anger boiled up in the Prince, it is unknown why, but he calmed himself," and such crude descriptive ones as "She was a tall person of rather full habit" (Queen Nitokris).

There is a more serious criticism, however, than these; the most serious that can be made on a book as a romance. Despite the spirited, and at times even poetic or dramatic, picturing of scenes and incidents, there is that inevitable drag to the narrative which description of every kind necessarily implies. Aggressive erudition may add to the value of a text-book, but it certainly hurts the interests in a novel, and there is just about so much of such material that can be introduced naturally or artistically. Beyond this point it is simply lugged in, and the story is deliberately suspended for the purpose. This is the charge that must be made against *The Pharaoh and the Priest.* It is a remarkable work, well worth reading, but likely to be more read for the information its pages contain than for its grasp upon our sympathies and interest.

Quite different in treatment and general attitude is Felix Dahn's *Bissula,* translated by Mary J. Safford under the title of *A Captive of the Roman Eagles.* In this tale of the Roman campaign against the Alemanni on the shores of what is now Lake Constance the story is indeed everything, and its author, realising the complications that arise from taking for the heroes and heroines of romance those individuals upon whom history turns, has, unlike Glovatski, left himself free to fashion his plot without violating the verities. No literary canon seems more justified than the one which prescribes that the imaginary plot in such stories must be built about imaginary people, while the men and women who have lived to fame appear merely to furnish setting, colour and verisimilitude.

When I say that in this book the story is everything I do not mean that its author fails in the accuracy of his antiquarian lore, but that what there is of it is distinctly subordinate to a very stirring narrative. The fighting is especially good. It is only the local colour that halts somewhat, and furnishes new evidence of the fact that it is difficult for the German of to-day, above all men, to cease effectively to be a German of to-day for the purpose of his fiction. Such a lack may offend the reader who looks for the historical romance to transport him in spirit to the time and place of its choice. To the less learned and less critical it will hardly be apparent.

As a fitting summary, *A Captive of the Roman Eagles* surpasses as a tale the Pole's romance by so much as it seems almost frivolous and trivial compared with his scholarly and erudite picture of the dead past, its deeds, its thoughts and its dreams.

Duffield Osborne.

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

We have been told that there are at Hughenden, the former home of the Earl of Beaconsfield, a mass of manuscripts that have never been touched since the death of the manor's master. It was the wish of Queen Victoria that these papers should remain unread during her lifetime. Now that she no longer lives there seems reason for expecting the publication within a very few years of documents and letters that shall bring into plainer relief the figure of Benjamin Disraeli; papers that shall cast new light upon the many acts of national and international significance wherein he played always a prominent, often the central, part. Meanwhile, with the impartiality which it is easy for us, as Americans, to show—an impartiality which seems not always present in even the best-intentioned English critics of Disraeli—it is pleasure and interest in plenty to renew and make more thorough our acquaintance with this remarkable, this unique, figure of the Victorian Age. The attitude of Englishmen toward Disraeli is, of course, dependent upon many economical opinions and questions of national policy which only indirectly touch the rest of mankind. The affection of the Queen, the gratitude of the nobility that he rehabilitated, and the enthusiasm of many millions of Englishmen who now recognise that Disraeli, more than any other statesman of the nineteenth century, strove against Russian aggrandisement, and wrought always with the vision of Imperial England before his eyes, are sufficient reasons for the masses of flowers which decorate Disraeli's statue on Primrose Day. But the recollection of Victoria's friendship will fade away; with each successive generation the memory of Disraeli's services to the Tory party will grow fainter in the minds of later dukes and lords, and the imperialistic policy now so strongly in the ascendant may suffer the reaction that attends an unforeseen disaster. The time is not yet come to decide finally on the wisdom of the measures which Disraeli advocated in regard to Eastern affairs, but it is not too early for us to gain from his political actions light that shall help to make clear his character, and, free from "the cloud of passion," nor yet with vision obscured by "the mist of time," to discern those qualities according to whose possession or lack a man is judged wanting or not wanting in the balances wherein the world weighs greatness.

Two facts, of which one alone has been sufficiently dwelt upon by biographers of Disraeli, stand forth, it seems, preëminently in all he did and in all he wrote: He was a Jew more than he was an Englishman, and he was Disraeli more than he was a Jew. "The truth is, progress and reaction are but words to mystify the millions," he said in his biography of Lord George Bentinck. "They mean nothing, they are nothing; they are phrases, and not facts. All is race. In the structure, the decay and the development of the various families of man, the vicissitudes of history find their main solution." The race which Disraeli was never tired of praising was the Hebrew race; the saving element in all that seemed of worth in human institutions he looked upon either as a result or as a direct expression of the Semitic principle, and to Sinai, the mountain of the Jewish Moses, and to Calvary, the mountain of Christ, "the Jewish prince," he traced all noble inspiration. In *Tancred,* in *Sybil,* in his political biography, and in fact everywhere where opportunity afforded, Disraeli gave vent to his racial enthusiasm, not contenting himself with words, but doing much, more even than Macaulay, to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews and to make possible their admission into Parliament. Yet the Jews are prouder of Spinoza, who was ejected from the synagogue; fonder of Heine, who called Judaism a misfortune, not a religion, than they are of that member of their race whom kings delighted to honour, but who, though master of England, never reached so high a rank or so high a title as in his eyes adhered inseparably, by right of history, to the name of Jew. Nor is the reason far to seek: Of Spinoza they think with pride because of the unquestionable nobility of his character and mind; of Heine with love, because he was so human; while of Disraeli they know but little, ignorant, like the rest of the world, of his deepest thoughts and theories, satisfied, as are their neighbours, with a superficial judgment based alone on the superficialities

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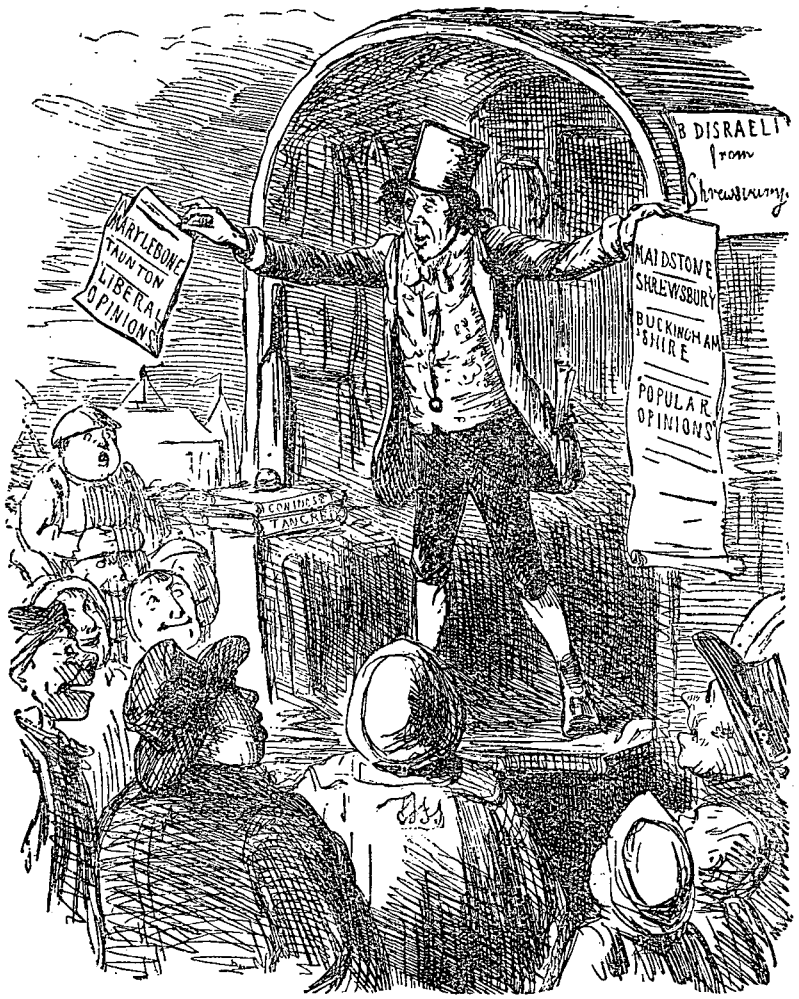
of Disraeli's character. They know of his early extravagance in dress, of his love of pomp, of his delight in mixing with lords and ladies. They recall that it was he who gave the "tinsel" title of Empress of India to the Queen; and some, with a little more knowledge of his life, associate with his early conversion to Toryism a wavering honesty of purpose, and, granting the brilliancy of his talents, to complete ignorance of his character, may be attributed to the feeling that Disraeli was in the finest sense not representative of his race.

Without going too far into the dangerous field of generalisation, one may venture to point out what was characteristically un-English in Disraeli, and what was distinctly Disraelian rather than Jewish. He was ostentatious in youth, mysterious



THE POLITICAL CHEAP-JACK.

"Now then, my bucks, let me have the pleasure of making you a few presents—an assortment of valuable pledges, warranted never to break," etc., etc.

are inclined to fear that the qualities of the *nouveau riche* and those of the political adventurer which he was charged with possessing may be looked upon as traits to be associated with his Jewish birth. Their ingratitude, when not due in later life, always calm, sarcastic, impregnable before criticism, fluent in speech, and with that power of adaptability which has in all countries done so much for his kinsmen, but which in his case has led to the belief that he fash-

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ioned his principles according to the exigencies of his career rather than moulded his life on the lines of fixed convictions. He had the manners and the ways of an outsider, a curious guest looking upon England as upon a chess board for his amusement and his advancement in fame, and upon the Queen, the knights and the bishops as so many pieces in his hands. And if, as one becomes convinced on closer study, he steadfastly adhered throughout his political career to what he chose to consider the cardinal principles of Toryism—the maintenance of the Church, aristocracy and university, the development of the empire and the elevation of the masses—his attitude even here seems to have been prompted, not by any feeling of pride in English national institutions, but rather by a sentiment of conservatism which he himself looked upon as distinctly Jewish. However, the most interesting racial trait in Disraeli was neither his love for satins and gold—a superficial orientalism, very possibly affected for the sake of attracting attention; nor the theoretic conservatism to some extent at least adopted as the easiest avenue to power; but rather that faculty of piercing beneath the layers of conventionality and artifice, of watching keenly the subtle workings of human motives and seeing as well as the pathos the humour of it all. This sense of humour was his, expressing itself not only in epigrams and caustic remarks, words burning themselves into the secret places of his rivals' feelings, but most clearly manifest in his calm judgment upon all life. It is because they have suffered so much that, as a race, the Jews are so deeply endowed with this quality; for humour and pathos are two colours intimately associated in the picture of life which the mind paints, or, rather, like one color, seen now in sunlight, now in shadow. How close is their connection all the bards have taught. He who only laughs at Don Quixote is a shallow fool; he who does not feel the deep meaning of Burns does not know life. Voltaire knew the secret, and Byron, though they did not use their knowledge loftily; and the bond between pathos and humour is found, though variously brought out, in the wide wisdom of Socrates, in the undaunted idealism of Cervantes, in the cultured optimism of Goethe, and in the deep despair of Poe. When the shadows lie thick, as in, let us say, *The Mask of the Red Death,* we see the insanity lurking beneath the truth. If life were only a leering skull, then, indeed, wherefore and whither? But the power that begot the grotesque wonder of Poe's parody is, though perverted, the same sense of humour which makes us smile at the silly social ambitions of our neighbours, praising ourselves quite contentedly the while for being satisfied with what seems to us more essential. The faculty of deep perception, not bitter, not malicious, this Disraeli possessed, and with it inevitably the sense of humour. Disraeli shows in his novels that he saw clearly into the shallows of all that life of aristocratic luxury into which he wished to win his way. There is a contradiction here which cannot be wholly explained by an allusion to his desire for political advancement, but points as truly to Disraeli's vanity notwithstanding his keen insight. Yet how wholly un-English the position of the handsome youth of twenty-seven or eight whose admiring companions were among the most luxurious nobility of the land; whose devotees were among the most gracious women, young and old; whose portrait, drawn by the Count d'Orsay, the Beau Brummel of his day, was talked about by all London—how wholly un-English Disraeli's rigid abstention from all the dissipated pleasures of his companions. In *The Young Duke* there is a gambling scene, terrible in the vivid intensity with which is shown forth the degradation of play when men have lost their self-control and are no other than animals a-quiver with excitement; yet Disraeli himself kept away from gambling. Nor is there, I believe, any record of his ever having been intoxicated, in spite of his fondness for good wine; while the strong light of publicity in which he stood for almost half a century never revealed any scandal, any intrigue with women. The purity of his entire life on this side is due, in part at least, to a chivalrous appreciation, often expressed in his writings, of the unfair attitude taken by the world in condemning women and pardoning men for acts of equal guilt. Unquestionably also, Disraeli's temperance in everything was the result of his recognition that only so was

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he likely to attain the goal he sought. His power to be among the dissipated and yet not of them, to dwell with luxury and yet not be weakened by it, to be, in the midst of a world of insidious influences, surrounded by a wall of self, is Jewish rather than English. To some extent it is the history of Disraeli's race.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

Mr. Disraeli was thought to be trimming toward Free Trade in anticipation of the General Election. 1852.

In his higher morality, however, if such a term is permissible, Disraeli was not representative of that people of whom he desired to be the modern star of glory. It is absurd to claim for the Jews all the praise which he lavished upon them. The modern world should not look with gratitude upon Jerusalem alone, and even if Christianity were Judaism for the multitude (which it certainly is not) the prophets and Christ are not the only influences that persist to-day and elevate the human soul. The Parthenon as well as the Temple must be seen with reverential eyes. The Greeks have infused into modern nations a sense of beauty, the Teutons an element of strength, a love for liberty based largely on respect for women, while our debt to the Romans, of which our institutions are an ever-existing reminder, cannot be considered as alone due anteriorly to the Jews. But what may with justice be said of them is this: they have been the torch-

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bearers of morality, and have stood forth, whether as Moses on Sinai or Isaiah in Jerusalem, Christ in the wilderness or each nameless martyr whom neither the Roman fire nor the Spanish rack could weaken, ever reverencing righteousness. Disraeli had no enthusiasm for right as right. In his early letters to his sister Sarah, the beloved "Sa" for whom his affection was deep and genuine, and to whom, if to any one, he would, it may be thought, have shown all the emotions of his heart as well as all the thoughts of his mind, there is strangely seldom any reference to a devotion to high principles. Not youth alone is the time for ideals, but if they exist not in youth it is little likely that they will appear in later life; and if love does not call forth their expression nothing will. The motif of all the letters to his sister are: "I will succeed." They laughed at him when first he spoke in Parliament, and the uproar was so great that he was forced to sit down. "The time will come when you will hear me," he said as he took his seat. *Forti nihil difficile* was Disraeli's motto; to the strong nothing is difficult. Determination, courage, will; but nowhere is there any evidence throughout a career on the whole kind and just of an appreciation of justice as an irresistible command of the soul. In his attitude as a statesman, indefatigable in the maintenance of a policy which he believed would redound to the benefit of the constituencies which he served and the land in which he lived, and yet never actuated by the highest impulses of unselfish ideals, he was representative alone of Disraeli, lacking that earnest righteousness which is the chief title to honour that Jewish character at its highest may claim.

There is, however, a great difference between a man who does not proclaim the highest principles of loftiest characters and the unprincipled adventurer who has no standard of conduct whatsoever. We are inclined very often to be guided by the veriest superficialities of action. The fact that Disraeli began his political career as a Radical, and then, after two defeats at the polls, went over to the Tory camp, becoming in 1837 member for Maidstone, has been enough to condemn him in the eyes of many. But a little impartial inquiry reveals the fact that a Radical was in those days one who would state his principles and hold fast to them without making party promises or agreements that should lessen his independence. Thus, Radicalism could ally itself —as it actually did—to either Toryism or Whiggism. Disraeli's desire to enter the Tory camp was certainly due in part to the fact that he could there advance more rapidly than in the opposing faction, with its comparatively large list of brilliant men. No less true is it, however, that his sympathies inclined strongly to the principles which he thought were historically associated with the Tory party, and into which, though then fallen into decadence, he hoped to infuse new life. So, too, when we consider his attitude toward Free Trade, with his attendant views and actions regarding the Corn Laws, do we find that his advocacy of Protection was the natural course of a man who aimed at the leadership of the land-owners, and whose desire for the leadership was based on the conviction often expressed, early and late, that the agricultural class was of much more importance to the nation's welfare than the industrial class. If he went too far on one side of the question, urged on by a wish to appear ultra-national, "more English than the English," he at least escaped the contagion of misguided enthusiasm. Like Daniel Webster voting for the tariff of 1828, Disraeli recognised that practical considerations must guide the statesman in his course. Free Trade might be for Cobden a matter of absolute right and wrong; for Disraeli it was "a question of expediency." His contest with Peel, who, it seems true, worked for the repeal of the Corn Laws in a spirit of sincerity, was due, therefore, not alone to personal enmity and the desire, soon realised, of stepping into Peel's place as leader of the Conservatives, but to the belief that the entire removal of the duty was very unwise. And even if the conversion of Peel, rather than the measures brought forward by the Minister, was made the chief object of Disraeli's attacks in Parliament, how far is he to be condemned for using his great powers of sarcasm in effecting the downfall of his enemy? His actions at this phase of his career become tinged with a colouring of charlatanism only when viewed in the light of later events. The man who could

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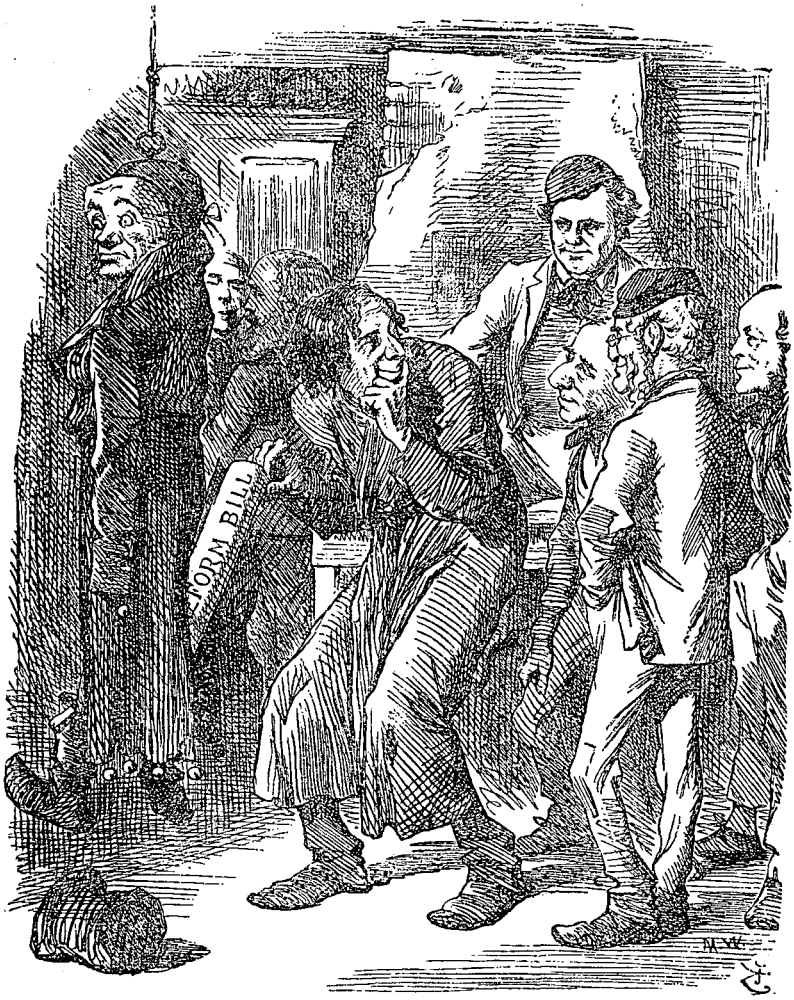
taunt Peel for his desertion of the Conservatives with the remark that "there is no doubt a difference in the right honourable gentleman's demeanour as leader of the Opposition and as Minister of the Crown. But that's the old story; you

evidenced the most marvellous generalship that the records of Victorian parliamentary tactics can disclose. The bill when passed embodied his old principles of the right of the householders to the franchise, and, with the middle classes



FAGIN'S POLITICAL SCHOOL.

Mr. Disraeli had asserted that no party could lay claim to a monopoly of liberal principles—hence the government were quite at liberty to deal with the Reform question. 1867.

must not contrast too strongly the hours of courtship with the years of possession" presents a questionable figure as the chief opponent in 1866 of the Reform Bill, because of which the Russell-Gladstone Ministry fell, and the chief sponsor and advocate in 1867 of a Reform Bill even more radical. Disraeli's action then

entitled to half of the electors, assured the power of the people under Tory guidance—a lifelong hope of Disraeli's. Yet the analogy between his course in regard to Reform Bills and Peel's in regard to the Corn Laws proves conclusively that Disraeli would not hesitate to attack with extreme sarcasm the very mode of pro-

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cedure which, under the stress of circumstances, he himself would be willing to adopt. Parliamentary reform had long been the cry of the Liberals, and though Disraeli carried it brilliantly to a successful issue only after ingeniously making the bill conform greatly to his own long-held views, one feels a certain distaste mixing with the admiration for the wonderful tactician. "A superlative Hebrew conjurer, spellbinding all the great lords, great parties, great interests of England to his hand," Carlyle wrote in commenting on Disraeli's rôle in the Reform comedy. But the spirit of fairness bids us remember that censure, if censure there be, must rest rather on the "great lords, great parties, great interests" than on the man who, after thirty years of conspicuous public life (a period of time difficult for a "conjurer" to remain undetected and unpunished), advocated his Bill of Reform in over one hundred and thirty speeches. No, Carlyle was unfair, besides being wholly wrong in his estimate of the dangers of the bill. Disraeli's insincerity, if it is to be proved by his actions then, must be found in his willingness to make his followers shift their traditionary position in order to further the success of his individual ideas and personal plans. He himself gave up no fundamental principle or belief.

I have chosen out of the many incidents of Disraeli's political life these three—the adoption of Toryism, the attack on Peel and the carrying out of the Reform Bill—because they have been the object of perhaps the bitterest criticism on the part of his enemies. All three actions resulted beneficially for Disraeli; the first was the beginning of his successful career, the second resulted in his leadership of the Conservatives, the third in his appointment as Prime Minister on the retirement of Lord Derby in 1868. In all these actions, although there was a swift readiness to make use of every weapon and every ruse of parliamentary warfare, there was no essential contradiction in personal policy. Disraeli never hesitated to use men for his personal purposes, and he would often hide his own sentiments, but he never cheated, and it is probably true that he never bribed. His own convictions were not the old convictions of the party of which he was the leader; he preferred to mould their actions to his beliefs. He was the great individualist of English politics, brave, resourceful, and withal tricky enough. In 1858, Motley heard him deliver at Slough "to the farmers and graziers and gentlemen there assembled one of the cleverest, wittiest, most mendacious, most audacious, most besotted speeches that were ever made," while a few days later he wrote of Disraeli's manner in Parliament as "calm and on this occasion statesmanlike, and very different from the boisterous and declamatory style adopted by him the other day in his speech at Slough." Motley's words, if they are just, show in Disraeli the quality of adaptability. And yet we prefer to take them with a grain of salt, for Motley could write, dwelling on the Reform Bill, of "the popular verdict which Dizzy has so craftily and audaciously exploited for his own benefit," without any further thought than of the boldness and success of the trick. He seems not to recognise the inner consistency of Disraeli's policy, however changeful the manœuvres by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer won success. Moreover, Motley and Lowell and other thoughtful Americans who seemed to share in what may be called the Gladstone-Bright feeling regarding Disraeli are not to be considered as impartial judges, by fact of the inevitable prejudice which a pro-aristocratic exponent of imperialism must have aroused, even though unconsciously, in minds filled with the democratic ideals of a republic. Few living men can judge their antitypes fairly. Death is the master-draughtsman who draws the lines of perspective, erasing at the same time the falsifying elements of personal feeling. One fact, however, stands forth clearly in the Reform Bill procedure, as in all others of Disraeli's actions; he worked always with a view to his own advancement. While this lessens the beauty of his character as a man, it does not of necessity deny the possibility of his greatness as a statesman.

This is not a political essay—it is merely a character study—and into the question of Disraeli's public services there will be no detailed inquiry. On the side of practical home affairs he did much for the sanitary condition of London, for the diminution of the hours of child labour, and, above all, for the reformation

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of the suffrage. His bestowal of the title of Empress of India on the Queen is a disputable benefit; but he certainly contributed toward strengthening the hold of England on the government of India. His most important act as a Jew was his successful advocacy of the right of the Jew to enter Parliament. His most brilliant act as an Englishman was the restoration of England's prestige among European nations by means of the vigorous policy which culminated in the Congress of Berlin, from which he returned to England "bringing peace with honour." To these various achievements should be added the purchase by him of the Suez Canal shares, an act that has hardly been appreciated by most people. It has been the means of barring Russian supremacy in the water approaches to India, a safeguard, the absence of which might have

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

Joy, joy forever! My task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!
Lalla Rookh.

Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister on the rejection of the Liberal Administration. 1874.

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led to world-astounding results. The purchase of these shares for England gives proof of that quality which Disraeli so abundantly possessed, and the lack of which seemed to him the one great deficiency in Peel's character, the lack of imagination. "Wanting imagination," he said in speaking of his dead rival, "he wanted prescience." A great statesman, as Disraeli recognised, must look beyond the present; must be able to conceive the future in his mind. He himself foresaw the importance of the development of England's imperial policy and the danger of Russian aggrandisement. The very scope of his imagination, however, led to the neglect of important matters nearer home, and his final fall as Prime Minister was due to the romantic way in which he tried to make history as one constructs a fairy tale. Perhaps the most interesting conclusion reached through study of Disraeli's life comes with the recognition of the weakness that was inherent in his strength, the strength in his weakness. He arrived at the height of his ambition and became Prime Minister because of that will power which never flagged before obstacles; but his will was a selfish will, and that is why he failed to reach truest greatness as a man. He far outranked most of his contemporaries in the breadth of his statesmanship, and yet he failed when the reins were in his hands because, while dreaming of empire, he allowed England to drift into a dangerous policy of jingoism which could lead only to destruction or to reaction. In Africa came the defeat of Majuba Hill; in England, a little earlier, the restoration of the Liberal party to power. Disraeli's imagination had in the end worked his ruin.

While Disraeli's political life shows in addition to the qualities already suggested a bravery that was as manlike in defeat as it was in victory, an intellectual courage that found its complement in his physical valour, there are certain impressions that his attitude toward Chartism, let us say, or the Irish question, or the Turkish atrocities convey, which in the light of his private life assume less harsh outlines. He sympathised with the Chartists and yet he opposed Chartism; he was generous and non-partisan in his attitude toward Ireland, and yet when he was in power, occupied with other matters, he did little to relieve the tension between the two peoples; he was fully convinced that barbarous actions had been committed by the Turks, yet he never swerved from his policy of protection toward them. In a word, he did not allow his actions to be affected by sentiments of compassion or indignant anger. Shall it be said, therefore, that he was cold, cruel, inhuman? There has seldom been a more devoted husband, a more generous friend. His romance with Mrs. Brydges Willyams, the daughter of the house of Mendez da Costa, reads like a chapter out of the life of some prince of chivalry, a charming idyl that found its fitting ending when Disraeli was buried at Hughenden, where, next to the Countess Beaconsfield, lay the old lady who had so loved and admired him.

Generous, brave, courteous, kind, and with a deep sense of gratitude and an utter absence of meanness or malignance, Disraeli was yet incapable of any moral wrath strong enough to disturb his habitual calmness. This seems true, and it is censure in plenty, yet even here it is but just to recall that the sentiment of sympathy for the poor and oppressed which has been one of the saving influences of the nineteenth century received in England a great impetus from the early writings of Disraeli. There is a passage from *Sybil* which I wish to quote. It occurs after the meeting of Egremont with Walter Gerard and Stephen Morley:

"Well, society may be in its infancy," said Egremont, slightly smiling, "but say what you like, our Queen reigns over the greatest nation that ever existed."

"Which nation?" asked the younger stranger, "for she reigns over two."

The stranger paused. Egremont was silent, but looked inquiringly.

"Yes," returned the younger stranger, after a moment's interval. "Two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in a different zone or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by different breeding, and fed by different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

"You speak of——," said Egremont, hesitatingly.

"The rich and the poor."

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This thought is as old as civilisation, and, indeed, Disraeli's very phrase "the two nations" is but an enlargement of the words of Plato, written centuries before the Christian era: "For, indeed, any city, however small," Socrates is made to say in the *Republic*, "is in fact divided into two, one the city of the poor, the other of the rich." London was such a city in the early part of the nineteenth century far more than it is to-day, because the ignorance of the upper concerning the lower class was almost complete. It is no longer so. When we give praise to Dickens, to Mrs. Browning and to other of Disraeli's contemporaries whose writing, awaking interest and developing sympathy, led to prison reforms, to a higher respect for the dignity of toil, to reforms regarding the hours of labour, and generally to attempts at mitigating the misery of the poor, it is only just to include the author of *Sybil*, and to recall the widespread discussions that his vivid pictures of factory and agricultural life aroused among the influential audiences of more than fifty thousand readers into whose hands his books immediately passed.

CRITICS

(*Who have not exactly "failed in literature and art."*)

Mr. G-d-s-t-ne—"Hm! Flippant!" Mr. D-s-r-li—"Ha! Prosy."

The comparative neglect into which

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Disraeli as a statesman has fallen immediately explains the little attention that has been paid to his writings. For aside from the social significance which has been in part suggested—the interest of *Sybil* as one of the first widely-read novels dealing with social problems; of *Coningsby,* its political predecessor, the first important political novel in English literature; and its religious successor, beliefs, and *Venetia* by the critic desiring to fathom the depths of Disraeli's political nature. In the romance which Disraeli's imagination wove around the lives of Shelley and Byron there are to be found more frequently expressed than in his other novels a sympathy for what to many persons seems the irrational ideality of the poetic temperament, a fineness of feeling which begets leniency in

FIGURES FROM A TRIUMPH.

Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury were appointed Plenipotentiaries to represent England at the Congress of Berlin. 1878.

Tancred; the three making a trilogy of *Tendenz Romanen*—apart from this significance, Disraeli's novels are of value chiefly—I had almost said only—in that they throw added light upon his character and the workings of his mind. They all disclose the qualities which his family, his social life and his public life make evident. *Vivian Grey* may be read by those who wish to see Disraeli as a young man, *Coningsby* by the student of his political theories, *Tancred* by the observer of his racial feelings and Judaistic the reader for Disraeli's misinterpretation of Shelley's real nature. The quality of satire is best brought out in *Popanilla,* a political skit, omitting all the bitterness which Swift had almost made Englishmen believe to be the essence of such a work. The style of none of these writings is great, and only in places is it fine; a description here, a bit of dialogue there. A belief, it would seem, that quantity of adjectives is in itself an important element in word painting shows Disraeli not to have been

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a true artist; he was not only indiscriminating and too exuberant in his choice of words, but he fell into the inexcusable error of very frequent use of commonplace expressions. His heroes, for instance, "woo and win," while in his own comment on their actions and on their thoughts and feelings there is almost always employed what might be called the exclamation and question mark style of writing. Worst of all, Disraeli crassly subordinated his art to his personal theories, and without any sense of proportion, converted his novels in many places into tracts. His works, consequently, are inartistic, and can hope to endure only so long as an interest lasts in the man himself. In all English literature there is no other example of thus great a body of work, thus numerous a series of one-time extensively read novels, so intimately associated with the personality of a public man, and so largely dependent for their continued existence upon the interest in their dead author.

It is typical of Disraeli that, though successful from a contemporary point of view as a novelist, he was not satisfied with this alone. His political essays, his public letters and his biographical work are generally, if not known, at least known of, and call for no comment in a writer of fiction who was at the same time a prominent statesman. When, however, one learns that he did not hesitate to enter the most arduous field of composition, the realm of epic poetry, and also the highest region of all, the domain of dramatic poetry, there comes not alone a sentiment of anger mixed with amusement at the man's audacity, but also a deepening in the early impression of the unquenchable ambition of him for whom nothing in literature, as nothing in life, seemed too lofty until it had been proved so. Until it had been proved so, I say, for after three cantos of his *Revolutionary Epic* had been written, printed and condemned Disraeli became convinced, with an easy acceptance of public opinion that stamped him unpoetic, of the folly of any further attempt along epic lines. So, too, no second tragedy followed *Count Alarcos,* a drama whose positive merits are outweighed by its more positive faults. These two isolated examples are witnesses whose evidence has never been sufficiently brought forward in the court of criticism, of practical common sense strangely interwoven with poetical ambitions, a kind of parallel or complement to the adaptability which has cast over his public actions the shadow of selfish departure from high standards of conduct. Here, as so often, the evidence can be employed either for or against. Was he insincere as a poet, a colossal charlatan, not hesitating to invade even the sanctuaries? The answer seems to me: No. He revered poetry; he would gladly have been a sacred priest at its altar; he attempted, he failed, and Disraeli-like, calmly and without deep regret, he was willing to "hurl his lyre into the nether regions."

A few passages from *Count Alarcos,* because it is so little known and because it is so significant in its personal application to Disraeli, may well bear quoting:

"Hast thou still foes?" the Countess asks her husband, and Alarcos replies:

"I trust so; I should not be what I am,
Still less what I will be, if hate did not
Pursue me as my shadow."

Then, a little further on in the play, when she again alludes to the danger that seems to surround him, Disraeli's feelings speak through these words of Alarcos:

"That's delight when it may lead
To mighty ends. Ah, Florimonde, thou art too pure;
Unsoiled in the rough and miry paths
Of this same trampling world; unskilled in heats
Of fierce and emulous spirits. There's a rapture
In the strife of faction that a woman's soul
Can never reach. Men smiled on me to-day
Would gladly dig my grave; and yet I smiled
And gave them coin as ready as their own
And not less base."

The words of Alarcos, the strange character, assassin half, half chivalrous knight, make plain that Disraeli understood the value of the personal element in the statesman's influence over his followers and knew, as his connection with the Young England party proved, that the secrets of leadership are two: first, the power of inspiration; second, the faculty of choosing and using men.

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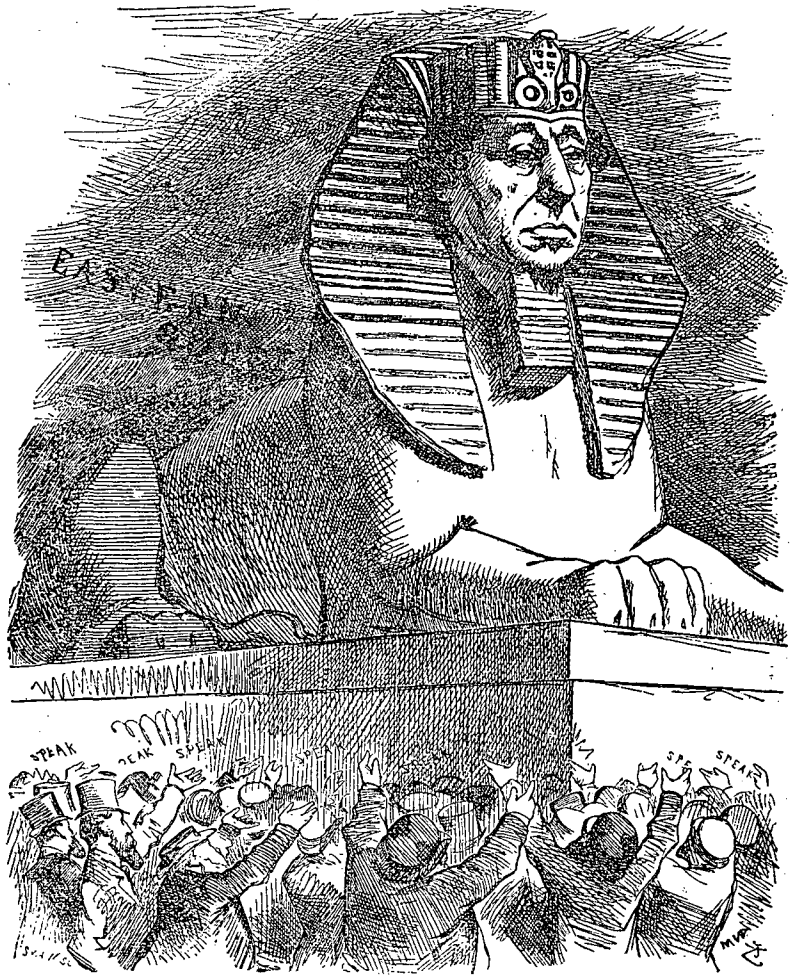
"Methinks 'twere well to touch the humblest
heart of those that serve us."

While in a different strain the words of Alarcos, when he speaks of the hours

"When high Ambition and enraptured Love,

we ought to substitute the adjective "devoted" in the place of "enraptured."

The play itself ends with the suicide of Alarcos, whom imperial desires for the future and personal passions from the past have lead to the murder of the wife whose existence bars his upward path.



THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

Servia and Montenegro having declared war against Turkey, and thus reopened the Eastern Question, the country was anxious to know the government's policy, but Mr. Disraeli declined to yield information. 1876.

Twin Genii of my daring destiny,
Bore on my sweeping life with their full wing,
Like an angelic host,"

may recur to us, and with them the consciousness that in Disraeli's life these two genii never deserted him, though perhaps

The fanciful critic may, if he so desire, find a prophetic allegorical significance in the conclusion to the tragedy. Why not make of Alarcos the count, Beaconsfield the earl, and see in the wife that was slain the symbol of the truer happiness and the higher greatness that were

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sacrificed to Disraeli's selfish ambition? We leave this very interesting field to any one who may care to enter it, ourselves content merely to lay stress on the words which Alarcos speaks when, after all his crime has been to no avail, he raises against himself the dagger that is to cut the threads of Fate:

"O life, I will not curse thee!
Let bald and shaven crowns denounce thee vain;
To me thou wert no shade! Power and pomp and beauty,
Cities and courts, the palace and the fane,
The chase, the revel and the battlefield,
Men's fiery glance and women's thrilling smile,
I loved ye all."

Disraeli also loved them all, but not as Alarcos did; not with the entire absorption of the passionate man, but rather as an engrossing pageant whose movements he desired to direct, whose central attraction he was determined to become. Perhaps for that reason Disraeli has so often been called an actor, and to a certain extent it explains his success. Not long ago, in an address in New York, Coquelin maintained that the great actor is not he who is so carried away by the part he plays as to lose sight of his own identity; as to become entirely Lear, Hamlet or Macbeth; but he is the great actor who, while assuming all the attributes of the character which he is portraying, still remains conscious of his art, even in those places where his portrayal of emotions is so vivid as to arouse in his audience the tenderest notes of response on the deepest chords of human feeling. No charge of insincerity is brought against Coquelin, because we immediately recognise that acting is not real life, and that, indeed, by its very nature, the laws of its art are likely to be just the opposite of the rules that should guide actual conduct. Yet statesmanship regarded as an art makes possible the introduction of the theory advocated by Coquelin in the art of the player; and in saying that Disraeli always remembered that he was a statesman ambitious to succeed, never allowing any gust of humanitarian feeling to obliterate this consciousness of his own personality, there is nothing said that positively proves insincerity, however selfish such an attitude may seem. Poetic justice there is in plenty in the disregard which after death attends his name because of that very self-seeking force which in life led to the laurels; but earnest eyes will gaze beyond the dark curtain of his shrewd ambitions and find much to praise in the courage, the fidelity, the gratitude and magnanimity which characterised Disraeli, the proud defender of his race, the staunch friend of all his friends, the loyal husband of the Countess Beaconsfield, the benefactor of that Carlyle who reviled him, the student of Burke, the fearless and devoted servant of the Queen.

He is indeed a solitary figure among Englishmen, but not an explicable character, nor one that can remain either wholly admired or wholly despised. His faults and his virtues all must be reviewed in the light of his life as that of a man of genius with the radical weakness and strength of a selfish will. Prejudice of rank bowed down before him, and moved aside to let him pass; the Czar of All the Russias hesitated and obeyed when Disraeli bade him go no farther; Westminster Abbey would proudly have welcomed his dust to its fame-consecrated aisles. The sentiments of a world whose highest judgments are based on moral worth are not so easily affected by the versatility of a man's genius or the power of his wonderful personality. Yet we must admit—nay, we must maintain—that there is always something appealing and inspiring in the life of one who, keeping clear of dishonour,

breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance
And grapples with his evil star.

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

George S. Hellman.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Why do some people fume so over the commonplaces of our stage? The very fact that they are forgot as soon as seen proves we were not unhappy in the seeing. There is something wrong with any man whom the mere dulness of a play can make unamiable. If he did but know, he might get from it a sort of sweet apathy as beautiful as sleep itself. Have dull plays no defence? What is the sin of usualness? To sit in judgment on the things that do not matter and never give the good-natured lower animal inside you any peace—that must be an awful life. No matter how barren the interval, the critic must still find in it enough material to make an opinion, and the play that puts us into a comfortable lethargy sets him to beating his brains. Of our bread-and-butter plays last month surely there are very few that need be brought to judgment, and, like the ninety meals we ate during that period, they are not now to be thought of unkindly. On the other hand, we do bear a grudge against the month's record in dramatic criticism, for it destroys our faith in experience as a teacher. It is astonishing that men of mature years, veterans of a thousand first nights, can write with such an artificial emphasis, gushing over what is only half good, railing at what is only half bad. It may come from the newspaper theory that to overstate is the only way to draw attention, or it may be that they actually feel these things, having their emotions all on the surface, like varicose veins. But to the simple playgoer there seems to be a melodrama of criticism quite as unnatural as the melodrama of the stage itself.

Unless a man were digging deep for hidden beauties, he would have found nothing very remarkable in the little curtain-raiser *Carrots,* as presented here last month with Miss Ethel Barrymore in the title rôle. But it so happened that it was sneered at by some as having no merit at all, and exalted by others as a very touchstone of spirituality, moving the beholder in proportion to the fineness of his nature. It is mainly the pathetic monologue of a neglected or ill-used boy, whose half-reluctant explanation to his father reveals the many small tyrannies of his stepmother, his own unhappiness, and incidentally the whole self-suppressed, sordid life of the family. In the original French and to a French audience the boy's talk may have seemed artless. Naturalness was the author's aim, and the conveying of impressions by suggestion and without forcing the emphasis. Perhaps he attained all this and we were too coarse to see it, but to us the pathos seemed like that of Little Nell and Paul Dombey and Daudet's Jack, the glaring pathos that makes one a little ashamed. It is strange that one will squirm so under certain appeals to the emotions, while another will fairly revel in the most lachrymose publicity. Stage delicacy is a loud and shrieking thing, and measured by a stage standard, Carrots may be supremely delicate, but to some he seems merely a sentimental stage boy, or at most a barely possible French boy. One may honour the author's effort at simplicity, but to make so much of his very slight success only shows how little is exacted.

People are forever looking for an artistic criterion, and there are those who are never happy till they have found something which it is a sure sign of high spiritual rank to rave about. If, then, you do not rise to a fixed degree of enthusiasm, it is because you are "of a grossness," as Henry James would say. *Carrots, Iris, The Joy of Living,* no matter what, they classify you by the noise you make about it. It is not fair to make such mountains of the little risings on our modern stage. Compel no playgoer

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to raptures; leave him in peace with his stolidity; blame not the soul that even Pinero merely pleases. One may even rise as high as Sudermann without dizziness. For the tiptop of our modern drama is not so very lofty after all.

Of course, if *Carrots* be contrasted with *The Country Mouse,* which follows it on the programme, or with a number of other plays now running, there is an excuse for a subdued kind of relative enthusiasm. At least, it attempts something, while they are merely matters of routine. All that we mean to say is that a man must have a soft and waxy nature if *Carrots* marks his melting point.

The Joy of Living is another play that profits greatly by comparison. Those who called it the highest peak of the intellectual drama in modern times were probably measuring Sudermann in units of Clyde Fitch, but they might safely have said it was the largest toad in the month's dramatic puddle (excluding, of course, the D'Annunzio plays, which belong to the next month's chronicle). It was certainly the most "literary," the most "psychological," the best presented, and, above all, the most debated. There is nothing negative about either Sudermann or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the two together routed old moralists out of their lairs, set art-for-art's-sake tail a-wagging, and stirred up a host of good and bad superlatives. The ancient story of the unfaithful wife and her excuses, the trusting husband who is undeceived, the disloyal friend, despair, atonement, suicide, is told again, but in a modern, analytical way. The wife's sin sprang from her higher nature. It seems her soul was fit for better company. The other man was on her spiritual plane, while her husband, though amiable and worthy, was intellectually several pegs below her. Should she not taste the joy of living? Better to have soared and suffered than never to have soared at all. So Beata soared away from the marriage tie at the behest of the joy of living. But only for a little while, and the three short years of sin were followed by twelve of atonement. She made her husband happy, and Richard, her former lover, became his closest friend. She induced her husband to resign his seat in Parliament in order that Richard's brilliant gifts might have a fair field. Michael, the husband, loyal and unsuspicious, and believing with her in Richard's genius, threw himself into the canvass heart and soul. Richard was elected, but in a campaign pamphlet allusion was made to a scandal involving Michael's honour, and upon questioning his wife and Richard he learned the truth. All three being of noble birth, it was clear that in these circumstances somebody must die; but a duel would bring public disgrace upon two families. Richard therefore resolved on suicide. Bombardinian was hit and Hononchrotonthologos must die. One may not see the logic of it quite; but it is undoubtedly the rule of aristocracy or stagecraft. In their last interview Beata reads his intention in his face and makes up her mind to kill herself that he may live. Her sudden death will seem more plausible, for she has heart disease. At a luncheon given by her husband to the chiefs of the party, ostensibly in honour of Richard's success, but really to quiet suspicion, she makes an ironical speech in praise of the joy of living and takes poison. After her death the two men read a letter she has left saying that Richard now must live. He agrees to live, and the play is ended.

Shall we fly to our hearthstones and with purple cheeks burst into alliterative wrath and call it a "fetid phantasy"? Must we be fierce as fogies and tear the language all to smithereens trying to find things bad enough to say of "tainted talent" and of "putrid plays" and all the "slithering slime" of "poisoned pruriency"? Or dare we at this late day be less robustious? To condemn the play, as many have done, on the strength of the theme alone would commit one to a ruthless policy. The world has gone too far; too many novels and poems and plays are framed on it; the classics are still too fresh in our minds; books are too accessible, even to the young, for any such spinster censorship. The main defect of the play is its limitation of interest. The "problem" that has lately usurped the stage—the only problem, they would have us think, that of husband and wife and a *tertium quid,* whether male or female—is becoming wearisome even to those who are firmly convinced that monogamy will last of itself though they strike no blow for it. Clever as Sudermann is, he has failed to suggest in his naked souls the least variety. He

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catches a single emotion from life and isolates it. Beata lives and dies with it. You would never guess it was part of her higher life if he did not tell you so. Nor is there anything in Richard to explain why she is drawn to him. It is taken for granted that they are spiritual mates, and a great deal results from it. Somehow or other we are to assume that the angels contrived it, and if human institutions stand in the way they must be swept aside by a noble sin. Their souls are endowed with heavenly humps of the same pattern. It is intellectually bare, purely emotional, the mechanics of unlawful love, and though it is most skilfully devised, you watch it only as a game and think what a tight and narrow little place the present stage is. Why should we be so mercilessly confined? A man is larger than his largest passion; a woman is better than her love, and souls that run like tram-cars on their rails make for the madhouse in the outside world. But the poor starvelings of the stage must shiver always in their moral barebones, and because their maker could not give them flesh we say, How searching his "psychology"! Those who have a birthright to their art always suggest complexity. From them you guess a world of many things, however simple their means may seem. They never keep you staring stupidly at any single pinwheel of passion.

But this play stands high in its class. Within its limits it is true, and its meagre story is well told and moves on logically. The dialogue, though animated, is not brilliant, and is impeded now and then by the young elephant of German sentiment. It had the advantage of a thoroughly trained and capable company, and of Mrs. Campbell at her best. To Mrs. Campbell it is due that every particle of sympathy Beata deserved went out to her. For any sympathy that may have been withheld, Sudermann is alone responsible. It was not a varied or a subtle part, for all the praise of its psychology, but it demanded depth of feeling and self-restraint, and it was played with that quiet intensity which gives her power even over those whom her personality does not attract.

A third deviation from the general run of things was the revival of the mediæval morality, *Everyman,* and its deserved and unexpected success proved the public less frivolous than had been supposed. It may be that the scornful comments of the London press on our own inability to appreciate a thing of that sort put us on our mettle. At all events, we went in large numbers and sat through it reverently, and emerged with an edified air. We were, perhaps, needlessly solemn about it. For a mediæval audience it would have been more cheerfully and lightly played, with more insistence on the tale and less on the allegory. The homely force of the words was often lost through the efforts of the players to intone them.

The other plays of the month were the usual thing, never rising above the average except by the main force of undeservedly good acting. Martin Harvey as Sidney Carton in *The Only Way* gave dignity to a flimsy play, and held his audience fast in spite of occasional lapses from good taste. In the quieter parts he was sincere and manly, and for long stretches at a time he forgot his mannerisms, but now and then they all returned on him at once and he became noisy, indistinct and self-conscious. It may be that these were the places where the mind of the playwright utterly gave out. We are apt to blame an actor for his ungraceful flops, when the waters of thought are too shallow for him to swim in.

The American Invasion diverged a little from the usual course in basing its plot on something beside the sexual triangle. The hero, instead of loving another man's wife, was trying to introduce in British India a new engineering device for swamp drainage. But lest we should feel lonesome without the "heart interest," the play promptly fell back into the grooves of feminine intrigue. Mr. Dodson made as much as possible of the American inventor, a familiar stage type, nasal-toned, slow of speech, a little ridiculous, but innately a wonderful sort of person, and triumphant in the end.

From Carrots, whom she made too clinging and effeminate, Miss Barrymore became the apparently ingenuous heroine of *The Country Mouse,* a shrewd country maiden who steers her way to a marriage with a duke in a sophisticated circle of amatory lords and jealous married women—a part that suited her better, since it was one in which good looks counted for more than half and mannerisms did

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not greatly matter. It was farce of the mechanical order, in which curtains and skylights and trap-doors made up the great part of the plot. A more genuine and heartier farce was Mr. Weedon Grossmith's *Night of the Party*, written on the same lines as *The Belles of the Kitchen*, but in a less burlesque vein. In spite of the exaggeration and the general hurly-burly of a farce, the dialogue was the real yellowplush, and the more amusing for not being made impossible.

In *His Excellency the Governor*, Captain Marshall has made only the slightest of farces, but it is at least many stages in advance of such work as went into his *Many a Slip*, where, without effecting any improvement, he restored an old play long since deservedly dead. Some of the situations are amusing and the dialogue has point, though matters that are thought to have humorous possibilities are a little too much spun out. It gives Miss Millward a better chance than she has had hitherto. It is a broad part, and she smiles through it effectively. What she would do with a part in which everything is not on the surface remains to be seen.

Where are the dramas of blood? Only a short time ago the carnage of the stage was so dreadful that political philosophers were beside themselves, believing it nothing less than gladiatorial and a consequence of too much imperialism, and a probable cause of more. Hardly a play that did not leave us with adventurous and combative feelings that we found it hard to subdue. It may have been very vicious art, but it did leave its mood upon you, and it is saying a good deal of any play if, even for a short time after leaving the theatre, a modest and retiring person wishes to address people in a voice of thunder and slay a dozen or two. Last month it had dwindled to a single play; and practically the only killing in fair fight by the sword was done by Miss Crossman, who slew one or more of the assassins who attacked the Prince of Orange, and by so doing won the Prince's favour, which later on enabled her to save her lover from an ignominious death. *The Sword of the King* was a play in which it would be quite proper for the heroine to rout an entire army if she wished. It was clear from the start that the probabilities had no business to be there. The good old familiar impossibilities were once more having their day.

F. M. Colby.

HERE AND THERE

I.

The Elections.

The result of last month's elections has fully justified the forecast that we published in October. The American people, believing implicitly in President Roosevelt's sincerity, patriotism and courage, have overwhelmingly expressed their confidence in him and have given him a mandate to go on with his programme of checking the insolence and lawlessness of the Trusts. The victory is his victory, and not his party's victory; and unless some very extraordinary events should occur in the intervening period, he is absolutely certain to be elected to the Presidency in 1904. So eager were the voters to give him their approval that they ignored all other issues. In Pennsylvania they even prolonged the discreditable rule of Quay and his gang, lest in overturning it at this time their action should be misconstrued, and twisted into a verdict upon national issues.

Of course, the manner in which the coal strike was brought to an end imparted a wonderful momentum to the drift of feeling in favour of the President. Almost as welcome as the termination of the strike itself was the manner of it. Had the operators at the conference in Washington made the compromise which they finally did make, the country would have been pleased; but it has now been much more than pleased—it has been filled with exultation—over the actual issue of events. For, as things turned out, the jaunty, supercilious, patronising, insolent representatives of an illegal Trust were not permitted by fate to appear in any but their true colours. They

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did not even save their "face." The gods seem to have made them mad on purpose to destroy them the more completely. For Mr. Baer and his associates and the man Willcox did not finally accede to the President's proposal of arbitration. They were kicked into it. They did not yield because of their humanity, their sense of civic duty, or their generosity. They simply crawled because they were afraid.

Out of this whole crisis the President and the people emerge as equal victors. Without the kindled anger of the nation, the President would have been powerless. Without the patriotic and disinterested intervention of the President, the people could peacefully have accomplished nothing. But as it was, the President acted as a lens to focus the burning indignation of the people upon the operators, and the concentrated fire of it scorched them and seared them until they writhed—and grovelled. Probably no one knows what it must have cost the President to repress his personal feelings under the scarcely concealed insolence of the operators. As an individual, he is not accustomed to brook such treatment from any man alive; yet as President, the dignity of his high office, and, above all, the great object which he had in view, kept him serene and patient to the end. And surely, his reward was well worth while; for the final humiliation of the operators, followed by the splendid tribute which the nation gave him, must have inspired in him a pleasure infinitely greater than could have been his even had he knocked the arrogant Mr. Baer into a mummy and kicked the man Willcox down the stairs.

II.

Smart Society.

Some time ago Mr. (or Colonel) Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* published what he would probably style an "excoriating invective" upon the life and manners of the idle rich at Newport. A good deal of what he said was true enough, and a good deal more of it was merely exaggerated rant; but, anyhow, it was a journalistic success and his words were widely copied and read. What interested us most, however, was the marvellous illustration which was afforded of the lack of humour which characterises the average Southerner. To illustrate, let us reproduce the closing paragraph of Mr. Watterson's pronouncement:

> The writer of these lines has always stood for the decent, the stable and the orderly in Government and life. He has grown gray fighting to defend the altars of public credit and private honour. He would no more cast a stone into the stagnant pool of a corrupt social fabric just to see the scum rise to the surface than he would do any other perilous and unclean thing. He was drawn into this present contention not of his own choice. Yet, if he had to make his case before his Maker, he would humbly represent that the time has come when some voice loud enough to be heard should be raised against an increasing evil, having its centre in the thing called by a most equivocal courtesy the Four Hundred, and hope to be forgiven in the event that his voice provoked a single echo in response.

Fancy! This gentleman no doubt believes most fervently that when the awful Day of Judgment comes at the end of several billion centuries hence, when the whole universe is plunged into the terrors of eternal dissolution and when innumerable worlds are shivered into dust or blasted by the fires of consuming wrath—then amid the appalling horrors of illimitable desolation the Omnipotent will be intimately concerned with what opinions Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville, Kentucky, expressed in his newspaper in the year 1902! Really, you know, *c'est un peu trop fort.*

As for the idle rich, we say: Let them alone, or at any rate, treat them sympathetically. They are doing the best they can, and we have always hoped that in the end they would succeed in establishing upon a permanent basis a class whose influence should make for grace of life, and act as a leaven upon our national crudity. Just at present, of course, these people are only in the imitation stage. They have possessed themselves of the material adjuncts of an aristocracy, but they are still floundering about in the slough of commonplaceness. They have not acquired as yet the first elements of distinction; in fact, they are very often

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ridiculous and vulgar. The real trouble is that our smart society is wholly feminised. It is always the women that you hear about, and of whose dinners, dances, diversions and divorces the yellow journals prate with so much nauseating prolixity. The men don't count. They bear their undistinguished names with meekness, and they provide the money for their women. But they have never done anything that matters, much less have they inherited the aroma of distinction from their ancestors. They still smell of the oil or pork or tobacco out of which they grubbed their dollars; and perhaps their one virtue, after all, lies in their social self-effacement. Yet while this is so, our would-be aristocracy must remain a purely feminine affair, and therefore not in the least to be taken seriously even by an old-time Southern Colonel down in Louisville, Kentucky. *H. T. P.*

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Perhaps it is only fair to explain for the information of former correspondents and for the guidance of future ones that there are three classes of letters which are never answered in the Letter-Box. The first and most numerous class is made up of missives which ask us questions that we have already in previous numbers of the magazine answered very fully. For instance, this month a subscriber wants to know whether one should say "some one else's" or "some one's else;" and whether there is any authority whatsoever for "It is *me*." Now both of these points have been brought up before and have been discussed, so that we do not feel bound to go over the same ground once more. It would be well for all participants in the emotional and intellectual exercises of this department of THE BOOKMAN to go back over the bound volumes of former years, thereby not only getting a good deal of specific information and avoiding the necessity of writing us interrogating letters, but also making the acquaintance of our most distinguished contributors in the past.

The second class of letters which we never answer are those that really seem to ask too much. For instance, during the past two months a number of amiable and doubtless gifted young men in various parts of the country have acquired the habit of asking our advice about subjects which they are going to discuss in the debating clubs to which they belong. Yet even if it were proper for, let us say, an eloquent young man in Topeka, Kansas, to employ our arguments on Labor and Capital, or Sordello, or the Manchurian Question, he ought to remember that we have one or two little matters of our own to look after, and that we cannot also run debating clubs in Kansas without sitting up later every night than is good for our health. Lady librarians, too, who ask us to prepare lists of a few hundred good books with short, critical comments on each book, take, perhaps, a too liberal view of the amount of time at our disposal. We refer these and all other correspondents of their kind to the reply which we made some time ago to the young student of architecture, and beg them to remember that life is very short.

Finally, we can hardly answer in print letters containing inquiries so personal in their nature as to make it certain that the replies would not interest our readers as a whole. If the writers of such letters will give their names and addresses, we shall be happy to answer them by post; but otherwise their curiosity must necessarily remain unsatisfied.

I.

A German bookman sends us a post-

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card from Stuttgart bearing the following request:

I take the liberty to ask you which are the best novels of adventure in the English language?

He doesn't say how many, but we give the following list:

1. Robinson Crusoe (DeFoe).
2. Quentin Durward (Scott).
3. Kidnapped (Stevenson).
4. The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard (Doyle).
5. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (Doyle).
6. Kim (Kipling).

This is a short list, but it is of the very best. Of course, the two books of Doyle are not strictly novels, yet they belong here, all the same. The Australian part of Charles Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* is also extraordinarily thrilling. The weakest book in our list is *Kidnapped*, and we should have selected *The New Arabian Nights*, by the same author, did it not have a farcical ending, which we shall always intensely resent as spoiling a masterpiece.

II.

Here is a long letter all about Robinson Crusoe's breeches:

LONG BEACH, Miss., Oct. 24, 1902.

In your delightful number for October occurs a lapse which I note with much pain, because I have been led to look for only the best, if not perfection, in THE BOOKMAN. Please understand, I note this not in a disposition to "jump on" you, but because I have your good at heart and wish to save you from similar errors in the future.

In Chronicle and Comment you follow that member of the literary craft (I forget his name) who, a year or so ago, thought HE had caught the great, late and lamented author of *Robinson Crusoe* in having "filled his pockets with biscuits from the ship's stores when he was naked."

Now I feel confident you had no wish to detract from the repute of the great DeFoe. Not at all. It is an error of the head, not of the heart.

If you will "refer to the original," you will have no reason to blush. Crusoe had his breeks on.

In my copy—*Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel DeFoe. New York: Albert Cogswell, publisher, No. 24 Bond Street, 1880—page 49, lines 38, 39, I read: ". . . so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water." Lines 12 and 13, page 50, tell of his filling his pockets; but lines 13, 14 and 15 of page 51 read: "As for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings."

It looks very much as though DeFoe corrected his slip, having, as some who have come after him have done, found it the part of prudence to forestall the crouching critic ready to pounce on him. Anyhow, Crusoe had breeches on which had pockets, and these soon had the biscuits. I have addressed this to "The Editors" because you so insist. Presumably only one of you wrote of Crusoe's visit to the ship, etc. I generously give this correction to both or all of you. You may divide, or give it to the proper one.

III.

From a lady in Cairo, New York:

Will you kindly tell us through the Letter-Box whom you consider the greatest living American poet? Also, the greatest living author (American)?

Please excuse us. We should prefer to tell you about the dead ones. You see, we are personally acquainted with a number of the living poets and authors; and if we answered your question, our reply would very probably not satisfy them all.

IV.

A gentleman who writes from Cape Breton asks us about a difficult point in *The Mississippi Bubble*, but as we have not read the book and as we never apply to others in such matters, we are unable to answer the question. Very sorry, though.

V.

Some one in Thayer, Missouri, brings forward the following:

Here is a sentence from Franklin's *Autobiography*: "Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of

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Mr. Reed, my future wife's father, when she, standing at the door," etc. By this arrangement "she" is made to refer to "father."

We think not. By no possible arrangement could "she" refer to "father." It is the old sex question intruding itself even in matters of syntax.

V.

The legal gentleman in Laurinburg, North Carolina, who is anxious to qualify for the Banquet sends us two questions:

(1) What tendency in language is it which converts "phosphorus" into "fox-fire," "I have paid my lawyer his fee" into "I have fed my lawyer," and "asparagus" into "sparrow-grass"?

(2) Why is it that a rabbit, while he sits basking, will wriggle his nose?

The instances given under (1) are instances of *Volksetymologie*—the conscious or unconscious tendency in the uninstructed to convert an unfamiliar word into one that is more familiar in its sound, and to give a sort of meaning to what has apparently no meaning. So the sailors in our navy speak of the Argentine cruiser *Nueve de Julio* as the *Nervous Julia.* The general principle is that of analogy.

As to the rabbit question, it is obviously not put forward in good faith, for we cannot credit a lawyer with so much *naïveté.* The gentleman from Laurinburg has not qualified.

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*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XX.

(*Continued.*)

All this time Laurence Baxendale was keeping away from Poplar Farm, and Nancy was slowly dying for the want of him. Anthony saw what was wrong with his favourite cousin, and for a while held his peace upon the subject; but after a bit silence was unendurable to him, and he felt constrained to speak.

"I say, Nan," he airily remarked one day, "you don't seem in especially good spirits."

"Who could be in good spirits in such weather as this?" asked Nancy, looking at the rain which was drearily running down the window.

"I admit it would be difficult—and then it would be only spirits and water. By the way, why don't our friend Baxendale come back home again? He has been away an unconscionable time."

"It is no use blaming him, Tony: he can no more help it than I can."

"You are the last girl that I should have expected to sacrifice her life to a brute of a man, after the fashion of a suttee, and rot of that kind."

Nancy laughed a sad little laugh, out of which all the merriment had faded: "I couldn't have sacrificed myself on a common altar—not on an altar that hadn't been passed by an inspector and licensed by the local authorities, you know—but Laurence happened to be all that. He is the best, and the most honourable, and the highest-minded man I ever met; therefore I couldn't help loving him nor could I ever leave it off when once I had begun."

"I say, Nan, I wish you'd marry me, and forget all that Baxendale stuff."

Nancy looked up in amazement: "Marry you, Tony? What an idea! Why, I thought you were cut out to be an old bachelor."

"The ancients remarked, Call no man single till he is dead, or words to that effect; and they were intelligent people."

"But, Tony——"

"Oh! you needn't say you don't love me—I know that well enough, bless you! But I don't mind admitting you to my confidence to the extent of confiding in you that I do love you—

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little as your own conscience will tell you that you deserve such an honour: and I think I could cure you of that old Baxendale rot if you'd let me try. Do let me try, Nancy, there's a darling!"

Nancy shook her head: "No, Tony: I once gave myself, heart and soul, to Laurence Baxendale; and, whether he values the gift or not, I cannot take it back again. I am his for time and for eternity, even if he doesn't know it."

"Confound him!" repeated Anthony.

"And there is another reason why I couldn't marry you, Tony, even if I would. Can't you see that I am dying, and shall never marry anybody now?"

"Rubbish!" said Tony roughly.

"It isn't rubbish, dear. I am dying simply because I can't live without Laurence—just as other people die because they can't live without food or air or water. And even in dying, I only care about him. I know it's wicked of me, but the whole point of going to heaven at all seems to me to be that Laurence will be there, and that I shall walk in unending lanes with him through all eternity. That is all I care for. If the angels say to me when I get there, as people say in banks, 'How will you take it, Miss Burton?'—I shall say, 'One Laurence Baxendale, and the rest in lanes.' That's my idea of heaven." And Nancy went out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

"Confound the brute!" said Anthony under his breath once more. (Only this time he did not use the word "confound.")

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY ALICIA.

If a sin performed is worthy blame,
Is sin intended just the same?

Spring had fully dawned when Lady Alicia came back to England and to Poplar Farm. Her son was delighted to see the change which the journey had wrought in her: she looked younger and happier (and consequently handsomer) than she had looked for years.

"I am so glad to see you so well, mother," said Laurence affectionately.

"Yes, dear Laurence, I know I look well; I noticed it myself in the looking-glass, which so often tells us anything but a flattering tale, as dear Somebody—I forget his name—remarked."

"Of course." Laurence's tone was dry.

"And now I have a confession to make to you, dear Laurence, a most serious confession. I am afraid you will be very angry with me—you have a somewhat unreasonable temper, as your poor dear father had—but I feel sure you will pardon me in the end."

Laurence's heart stood still for a moment, and then went on at double-quick speed. So the confession he had prepared his mind to hear was coming at last, and his darling was about to be cleared from the slightest shadow of suspicion. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"Dear Lord Watercress, with whom at Cannes I renewed my former friendship, has again asked me to be his wife, and I have accepted him."

Laurence was dumbfounded. He had never dreamed of his mother's marrying again.

"I think it is so touching and beautiful," continued Lady Alicia, "that I should be given another chance of happiness, after having been so foolish as to refuse him for the sake of your father all those years ago. As dear Shakespeare says, there is a divinity which puts things straight again, however much we may make a mull of them ourselves."

Then Laurence found words: "I hope Lord Watercress will make you very happy, mother," he said gently.

"I am sure he will, dear child; he has twenty thousand a year and two most charming places. He says we must each go our own way, and neither be bothered with the other, as there is money enough for both. So different from your poor dear father, who was always wanting me to be with him, and never could be happy without me! Ah, dear Lord Watercress could have given him a lesson in unselfishness!"

"We'll leave my father out of the conversation altogether, if you don't mind, mother, and devote our attention to—his successor."

"You see, dear Laurence, I am sure it is my duty to marry a rich man if I can; and it is very sweet of you to take it so nicely. You don't seem a bit angry, and I was so afraid you would be."

"No, I am not angry. I've no right to be."

"And I want to tell you something else just to show you what a lot of harm poverty was doing to my character; and how necessary it is for me to be rich if I am to be as good as I should like to be—and as I ought to be, for it is everybody's duty to be good, don't you think?"

"I suppose so; but it's a pretty hard job sometimes!"

"Of course you will keep what I'm going to tell you quite a secret, won't you?"

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"Mother, is it necessary to ask me that?"

"Well, then," said Lady Alicia, in a nervous deprecating manner, totally unlike her usual calm serenity—"would you believe it of me, dear Laurence?—I so hated being poor that I made up my mind to set fire to Baxendale Hall on purpose to get the insurance money! I did indeed! Isn't it awful to think that poverty could bring a gentlewoman and a Moate to such a strait as that?" And her ladyship began to cry.

"Don't cry, mother, dear, but tell me all about it." Laurence was putting a tremendous restraint upon himself.

"That is all: and it is bad enough, goodness knows! I see now how wicked of me it would have been; but at that time I wanted money so dreadfully that I didn't care what sin I committed to get it."

"Then didn't you carry out your intention after all?" asked Laurence, with a strange, tight feeling round his heart.

"No, no," sobbed Lady Alicia; "but that was no credit to me. It was when I was contemplating this wicked step that somebody forestalled me—goodness knows who!—and actually did what I had intended to do. And then—when I heard what people said and thought about the crime—I realised what a lucky woman I have been just to have escaped committing it. You see, I never knew how wrong it was till I heard other people say so."

Laurence fell on his knees at his mother's feet: "Mother, swear to me that you are speaking the truth—that you did not carry out your intention. Remember, even if you did, I would freely forgive you, and keep the secret with my life."

"No, I didn't do it, Laurence: indeed I didn't. Though I don't see that I am really much better than if I had. It was not my fault that I didn't carry out my sinful intention. Oh, it is dreadful to think that I—a Moate—could have sunk so low!"

Laurence stretched out a trembling hand and seized a Bible that was lying on his mother's work table: "Will you kiss this and swear that it wasn't you who set fire to the Hall?"

Lady Alicia kissed the book: "I swear that it was not I," she said solemnly; "though I feel my guilt is the same as if it were."

Laurence rose from his knees with his face as white as a sheet, for he knew that his mother was speaking the truth.

She rose also: "I think I will go to bed now. Of course you will never mention to dear Lord Watercress what I have just told you."

"I swear I will never mention it to anybody as long as I live," replied Laurence, kissing her. "Good night, mother; I hope you will be very happy."

When Lady Alicia had left the room he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "So Nancy is the culprit after all," he groaned; "and I love her as I love my own soul."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LANES AGAIN.

In spite of all the ways you tried
To stifle him with vain endeavour,
Love never for a moment died
But lives forever.

Baxendale no doubt ought to have rejoiced to find that his suspicions were incorrect so far as Lady Alicia was concerned. He felt this very strongly himself, and acknowledged in his heart that his modified satisfaction proved him to be a most undutiful son. Yet he had an excuse—so he had convinced himself—in the fact of the guilty person's being neither his mother nor Nancy; so that the exculpation of the one meant the implication of the other. Wherefore the dutiful son gave way to the devout lover: which was but human nature.

Matters also were going very hardly with Nancy. She was one of those women who are like thoroughbred horses: she would go on until she dropped. But it was borne in upon her that the time of dropping was near at hand. Although she likewise had hitherto studiously avoided the lanes, one afternoon when she was feeling specially low, a curious idea came to her that she would go to the stile where Laurence had first kissed her, and there bid farewell to her brief spell of perfect bliss.

By some subtle action of that force which men in their ignorance call Chance—though it may be the Providence which shapes our ends—Laurence Baxendale became possessed of a similar notion on that same afternoon. He had lately been finding the struggle to forget Nancy a little too much for him. Pride, though making a gallant fight of it, was playing a losing game. It only wanted a little more: at a touch he was—although he knew it not—prepared to yield. So it came to pass that he found himself, almost to his own surprise, wandering down the winding lanes where he and Nancy had passed such happy hours. The sweet memories of those days of bliss came back to him, and with them a passionate desire to see that dear face again—ah! how sad it was when he saw it!—to kiss

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again a look of happiness into those blue eyes, to bring back the old brightness, the old mirth. What mattered those dead and gone ancestors of his, what mattered his own pride of race, compared with Nancy? Had not his mother meditated the very deed for which he condemned the girl? It was for no mercenary motives he knew that she had done the deed: in a moment of thoughtlessness she had done it for love. For love! Yes, her love for him was so great that she had dared even a crime for his sake. He looked into his own heart, and asked himself who was he to pass judgment upon her? He had never committed a crime, it is true: yet did he not confess himself every Sunday a miserable sinner, and with truth? And should he, a sinner like the other Galileans, condemn her for a mad deed done for love?

As he thought on these things he looked up, and behold! there was Nancy herself at the stile. She did not see him: but at the sight of her the last vestige of pride disappeared. He was filled with a passionate love; but with his love there came a new feeling—humility. While not condoning Nancy's fault, he condemned himself for his Pharisaism—for how did he differ from him who thanked God that he was not as this publican? Dare he approach her? Dare he speak to her? How would she receive him? These thoughts crowded thickly upon his brain. He hesitated for a moment, and then walked on.

"My darling," he said softly.

Nancy looked up with a startled cry.

"You, you!" she cried, "why do you come here to torment me? You have destroyed my happiness and spoiled my life: can you not leave me to die in peace?"

Laurence was stricken with remorse at her words; still more at the sight of her face.

"Nancy," he whispered gently, "can you ever forgive me? I have come to tell you that I am sorry. I was mad when I said that we must part. I cannot live without you. Sweetheart, I love you, I love you!"

Nancy still looked at him with dilated eyes. She seemed not to have heard a word he said.

"So you have come to gloat upon the ruin you have wrought; to see what a wreck a woman can become who has been fool enough to love a man! Truly, a kind thought, a manly action!"

"How can you speak so bitterly, my own love? I am here to own my fault and to beg your forgiveness. Can you not understand that I adore you; that I cannot live without you?"

Nancy shook her head sadly.

"You should have thought of that before. It is your own doing. You said that we must see each other no more—you threw me aside without a thought. If you now see that it was all a mistake, you have only yourself to blame."

"I know I have only myself to blame," he said at last humbly; "but you would be merciful and forgiving if you knew the state of misery I have been in for the last six months."

"It has been all your own doing."

"Heaven knows you are doing me an injustice," cried Baxendale passionately; "I have loved you all through: when I have seemed most cold and most heartless I have adored you most."

"You had a strange way of showing it."

"I hoped and thought you would forget me when you were in fresh scenes and saw new faces. No one knows how cut to the heart I was when I saw your face on your return, and recognised how much you had suffered."

"Why did you not tell me so?" asked Nancy.

"Why did I not?" replied her lover; "I cannot tell you; you must not ask me. But believe me, my darling, that I love you more than life itself. I am filled with remorse for all the suffering I have caused you, and if you will only forgive me, I will have but one object for the future—your happiness."

Nancy did not speak, so Laurence went on: "I cannot offer you a luxurious home such as you are accustomed to; but I can at least offer you reasonable comforts. My mother, you may have heard, is about to marry again. For the future I shall not have her to support, nor"—here Laurence winced—"have to pay the premiums on the insurance. I do not wish there to be any mistake—so I will say at once that I cannot—it is not I will not, but I cannot—take the insurance money. But my income, though small, will enable me to maintain you without that."

"You don't suppose I care a straw about your money or your comforts or your luxuries, do you?"

Laurence was quick to perceive a change in her tone.

"Nancy, darling," he whispered, "don't you know where we are? Don't you remember the dear old stile, and the lovely times we used to anticipate. It cannot be all over. You *will* forgive me, won't you? You love me; I know you love me: and we could be so happy together."

As he spoke, his arm stole gently round her

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waist. Nancy did not withdraw herself, though she stiffened slightly.

"Sweetheart," he went on, and his voice shook in its passionate entreaty, "you do not know how much I love you. I adore you. I love your sweet eyes, I love your dear face. Look up, my beloved. Surely the winter is over, and the summer is at hand. You love me, my darling; say that you love me and will forgive me."

And Nancy looked up with swimming eyes. She did not speak, but her look was enough for Laurence. Their lips met in a long kiss, and the estrangement was at an end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PROFESSOR'S VISIT.

Love evermore is fresh and young;
So may it please your Royal Highness
To banish from your mother tongue
Such words as *Finis*.

There was great delight all through Tetleigh and the neighbourhood thereof when the engagement of Mr. Baxendale to Miss Burton was announced. An engagement which one has seen coming on is always so much more flattering to one's self-esteem (and therefore more popular in proportion) than an engagement which suddenly jumps out upon one and takes one completely by surprise. The former shows us how wise and foreseeing all we onlookers have been; while the latter proves (or, rather, tries to prove) that we can see only what is under our own noses and no further through a stone wall than other people: which deduction is, of course, absurd.

Although it might be a fine alliance socially for Nancy, it was by no means a brilliant match from a pecuniary point of view, and to this fact Mr. Burton could not close his paternal eyes; but now that Lady Alicia was provided for, Laurence could just afford to keep a wife, and, moreover, Nancy's mind was made up to marry him or die; and she had shown such unmistakable signs of actually fulfilling the latter alternative if the former were denied her that her father decided in his own mind that as—according to Solomon—a living married daughter was better than a dead single one, or words to that effect, he would not withhold his consent to Nancy's becoming the wife of Laurence Baxendale.

In the sunshine of her restored happiness Nancy soon began to grow strong and well again: while Laurence resolutely put away from him all remembrance of the crime which had once well-nigh wrecked his life, and decided that as he had forgiven so much he would forget.

Lady Alicia was married very quietly to her old lover in London on the twelfth of June; Nancy's wedding was fixed to take place at Tetleigh Church on the tenth of September; and in the interval it happened that Professor Gottfried, a most distinguished scientist with whom the Arbuthnots had made friends on their honeymoon, came to stay at the vicarage for a few days.

The professor was not one of those clever people whose chins are always in the air; he was one of those men of genius who know that nothing is beneath the notice of Man, since nothing is beneath the notice of God: so he was immensely interested in everything that was going on around him, and—having learned much—was always longing to learn more. While he was staying at Tetleigh he heard the story of the burning of Baxendale Hall and the mystery connected with it, and his attention was immediately aroused thereby.

Over and over again he made Michael and Nora describe to him every detail of the incident, with all the evidence that told so strongly against Laurence, until they grew weary of the recital; and then Nora suggested that they should take him up to the ruins of the Hall, so that he might study the question more minutely upon the very scene of the tragedy. So it came to pass one glorious afternoon in August that the Arbuthnots, Professor Gottfried, Laurence, Nancy, and Nancy's two small brothers strolled up to examine all that was left of Baxendale Hall.

They walked slowly through the lanes—those lanes which were as holy ground to at least two of the party, who considered the others guilty of sacrilege in daring to walk there at all—until they reached the park; and then across the velvet grass to the ruins, which stood gaunt and grim and blackened, the one inharmonious touch in the idyllic picture of English summer time. Then Laurence took the professor all over his devastated home, pointing out, as fully as he could, where the fire broke out and how it travelled. The man of science followed him with absorbing interest.

"It is most strange, most strange!" he kept saying; "I cannot at all find it out."

"It never will be found out now, I expect," replied Laurence; adding under his breath, "and hope."

But Professor Gottfried had no such wish. It was his business to solve problems and to

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make discoveries, and he did not like to be beaten.

"It must haf been set on fire from the inside," he continued; "there is no doubt of that. To set a house on fire from the outside, and to begin on the upper story, is a most impossible and not-to-be-believed-in thing. Yet the ground floor by the fire quite untouched has been. But why did you not this floor roof over again before everything was spoiled?"

"Because I couldn't afford to do so," said Laurence simply.

"And there was no one in the house living, you tell me, at the time; even the caretakers had for a short holiday gone away. Was that not so?"

"Yes."

"And they had all the keys into your hands before going given? So did Arbuthnot tell me."

"It's no good, professor; you'd better take my advice and give it up."

But the professor was not to be baulked. He pottered about the ruins for another hour with Laurence at his heels, and then was so hot and tired that he was obliged to join the group sitting under the beech-trees and partake of a tea which Mrs. Candy had carried up from her cottage in a basket.

While Nancy was rattling on in her old, airy, inconsequent fashion, with nobody but Laurence paying much attention to what she said, Professor Gottfried was showing the little boys some grass and flowers through a powerful magnifying-glass which he happened to have in his pocket.

Suddenly Arthur raised the glass and regarded the surrounding landscape through it: "I say, Amby," he cried, "do come here and see how funny all the trees and everything look through this."

Ambrose flew to his brother's side and gazed through the glass with one blue eye, puckering up the other until every muscle on that side of his small face was taut. "It is awfly queer!" he exclaimed; "everything looks so big and wobbly, doesn't it? as if the world was full of water. Let's pretend we're at the bottom of the sea, and the trees are made of seaweed!"

"Let me look," said Nancy, whose finger was not long out of any pie. She could not bear to be outside of things.

After she had gazed her fill—which was a very short one—Laurence took the glass from her (more for the pleasure of touching her fingers, it must be admitted, than from any desire to behold the phenomenon which it presented), and idly raised it to his eyes.

"It makes me feel like a child again," he remarked after a moment; "there used to be a flaw in the nursery window here which magnified things when you looked through it; and —as Ambrose said—made everything wobbly and watery. I, likewise, remember pretending the world was the bottom of the sea in those days when I looked through that particular pane in the old nursery window."

"Eh! What is that? what is that?" cried the professor, with suddenly awakened interest.

"I was only saying that looking through your glass at this view reminded me of looking through my old nursery window; as there was a flaw in one of the panes there that magnified everything," replied Laurence languidly. The professor's almost childish interest in trifles and curiosity regarding the same bored him considerably.

Professor Gottfried started to his feet, and clapped his hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, thereby upsetting his tea and bread-and-butter in one fell crash. "I have it, I have it!" he cried; "the mystery of the fire at last is cleared! The never-to-be-solved problem is solved! The bad job is not to be given up any more, but is a very good job after all!"

"What on earth do you mean, professor?" asked the vicar in amazement, while the others looked on, imagining that too much learning had made the little German mad.

"I mean that to me it has been given the great mystery of this house to solve: I mean that I do know how Baxendale Hall was by accident burned; that is what I do mean!" And the professor fairly skipped with excitement.

Laurence's face turned as white as a sheet: "For Heaven's sake, tell us what you are driving at!" he said between his teeth.

"Listen, pay attention, and I will tell you all," cried the professor; "see, the thing is quite simple. But tell me first: was the nursery to the library at all near?"

"It was next to it," replied Laurence; "and on the same floor."

"And for what was it, after the Hall was shut up, used?"

"As a sort of overflow meeting for the library," Laurence answered; "some books and papers for which there wasn't room in the library were stored there." He kept himself well in hand, but he could not quite hide the trembling of the fingers that twirled his moustache in a vain show of indifference.

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"Then it is all as child's play simple," fairly shouted Professor Gottfried: "When the sun did shine upon the able-to-magnify flaw in the window the flaw did become a fire-glass; and so the great sun himself did thus to the books and papers in the room set fire. See here!" And while they stood breathless with surprise at the professor's discovery, he held his magnifying glass where the hot August sunlight could fall upon it, and quickly burned a large hole in Mrs. Candy's best table cloth.

Nancy was the first to find words: "Then you believe it was the sun that set fire to Baxendale Hall? And, if so, the old prophecy was actually fulfilled; for the sun is thrice as great as king or state, and a thousand times stronger and higher."

"I make no doubt, dear young lady, that it was none other than the great sun himself that did the crime commit. Who else could have the library entered without first opening the door and walking up the stairs? The fire would in the afternoon begin, when the sun at the southwest windows was shining in; and for hours it would smoulder, and then it would into a flame burst, and the strong wind would fan it, and the books and the papers would like so much tinder burn."

Nancy's face was pale with excitement, and her eyes were dim with joyful tears: "Yes, yes; I'm sure you are right. And, oh! I'm so glad that the secret has been found out at last!"

Suddenly the professor's jaw fell: "But stop; I do not see; why did the sun that particular afternoon to Baxendale Hall set fire, when for a hundred years or more he had been on that very window shining every day?"

"I know," cried Nancy, "the great tree at the back of the Hall was blown down by the gale the day before; so that the sun shone for the first time on the nursery window that particular afternoon."

Professor Gottfried positively flung his arms round Nancy in his exuberance: "That is it, that is it, clever, clever girl! That does everything most clearly explain. The tree which had always that window shaded did fall: the sun on the flaw in the glass did shine: the flaw in the window did as the sun-glass act, and did to the books and papers on which the sunlight fell set fire: the books and papers did so quickly burn that the fire to the house did itself extend: the strong wind did fan the flame so fast that they like wildfire did travel, and so in one day and night Baxendale Hall was down burned."

"Then no one entered the Hall that afternoon." It was Laurence that spoke, but the voice was not his own.

"No one, no one: if they had, the fire discovered would have been. When you, as you told me, in the morning of that day were here, the sun had not on the window shone, and the fire had not begun. It was when the sun on the west front of the house was shining that the flaw in the pane of glass to the Hall did set fire: and then no one even into the house again did come."

"And this explains why the fire started from the upper story," continued Laurence in the same unnatural voice.

"It does all things connected with this matter explain," replied the professor; "it does explain how the fire from inside and upstairs did begin; and how it did begin though all the doors were locked, for the sun can without any keys enter."

So it came to pass that the mystery of Baxendale Hall was solved at last by the ingenuity of Professor Gottfried. All the false suspicions and the heart-burnings which they had caused were over forever, and everybody was heartily ashamed of having suspected everybody else. The professor's discovery made a considerable sensation both socially and scientifically; and for a time people were almost as much afraid of magnifying-glasses as they were of gunpowder and dynamite. The insurance company was so thoroughly satisfied with the professor's explanation of the otherwise inexplicable mystery that it again expressed its willingness to pay to Mr. Baxendale the sum to which he was entitled; and this time he had no option—and no desire—but to avail himself of his rights. After much consideration and discussion, he and Nancy decided that they would invest seventy thousand pounds and live upon the income thereof, settling the capital upon the estate; and that they would spend the other thirty thousand in building a new house upon the old foundations—a house not too large for their present means, and yet capable of being added to should further prosperity shine in the future upon the Baxendale family.

One sunny afternoon—about a fortnight before their marriage—Laurence and Nancy were sitting together upon the old stile which had proved such an important stage property in the drama of their lives, and they were going over for the two hundred and fiftieth time the story of the burning of Baxendale. They had just gone over—for the two thousandth and fiftieth time—the story of their love for each other and the peculiar unsmoothness of

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its course; so they turned their attention to the fire as a slight diversion before beginning the two thousand and fifty-first recital of the more interesting narrative.

"You were awfully silly to mind all the nonsense that stupid people talked about your having done it yourself," remarked Nancy in conclusion.

"I daresay I was: I often am awfully silly, you know—it is a way I have. But I did mind it confoundedly, nevertheless."

"Foolish boy! As if anybody who had ever had so much as a bird's-eye view of you could seriously suspect you of doing anything that Sir Richard Lovelace and the Chevalier Bayard hadn't done every day of their lives."

"But they did suspect me, my sweetheart—and those who had enjoyed considerably more than a bird's-eye view of me—and example speaks louder than precept, you know."

"But they didn't really suspect you: they only pretended they did, just for the fun of the thing, because it's always so interesting to suspect people of doing what you know they couldn't possibly have done. Half the fun of being good is that it gives such flavour and point to your few lapses, while the lapses of habitually faulty people entirely lack this charm."

Laurence stroked Nancy's cheek with his forefinger: "What shockingly immoral teaching!"

"Well, it's quite true. Think how glorious it is when mother upsets her tea or father his claret on the tablecloth—yet if I or the boys do such a thing there is no real joy in it at all. And that is why people pretended that they thought you had set fire to the Hall: if you'd been less sans-peur-and-sans-reprochy, there'd have been no point in even suggesting such a thing."

"My darling," said Laurence after a pause, still fondling the cheek which he had made so pale, "did *you* ever think I had done it?"

Nancy's blue eyes grew round with amazement. "*I?*—good gracious, no! I'm not such a goose as all that. Though I was so foolish as to fall in love with you, I have still sense enough left not to suspect you of any redeeming fallibility, and honesty enough not to pretend that I do. Let my folly stand out in its true colours: having discovered a man who is absolutely perfect, I have been idiotic enough to promise to marry him; although he never attempted to conceal any of his virtues, nor assumed faults which he was not so fortunate as actually to possess."

"My dearest, I've something horrible to confess to you: I wonder if you can ever forgive me."

"Of course I can: I'm silly enough for anything where you are concerned. What is it? Fire away."

Laurence stooped down and hid his face in Nancy's lap: "I know I was a brute—a devil: you can't be more disgusted with me than I am with myself, and if you refuse to marry me after you hear what I am going to say, I cannot blame you. My darling, I actually believed all the time that it was you who had set fire to the Hall, more shame to me! Now, can you ever bring yourself to forgive me?"

There was a pause: then Nancy said slowly: "You believed that it was me all the time?"

Laurence groaned: "Yes; curse my blind folly!"

"When did you find out that it wasn't me after all?"

"When old Gottfried found out how it really had been done."

"Not till then?"

"No, not till then."

"And you asked me to marry you, believing that I was the guilty person?"

"I couldn't help it. I loved you so that I meant to marry you whatever you had done. Guilty or not guilty, you were the only woman in the world for me. But I shall never forgive myself for thinking you guilty; and I feel I cannot ask you to forgive me. Oh, my darling, what a brute I have been to you! And although I was so vile as to suspect you, my own innocent angel, you were believing in me all the time! My sweetheart, I am not fit to touch the hem of your garment." And poor Laurence groaned once more in the anguish of his soul.

But Nancy did not groan; she laid her hand on her lover's head while her eyes shone like stars: "My dear, I've nothing to forgive; you have made me prouder than I ever was in my life before. I don't blame you for suspecting me, because I'd once suggested that you should burn the Hall yourself, if you remember, though I only said it in fun. And then I'd got the keys. So there was nothing in that. But what makes me so proud and happy is that your love for me was great enough to overcome all obstacles, even your suspicion that I had done the thing which you abhorred! Oh! my darling, my darling, I know now how much you love me! God grant that I may prove myself worthy of such love!"

And Nancy took the bowed head into her arms, and covered it with passionate kisses.

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A new house stands now on the site of old Baxendale Hall—a picturesque, red-brick house, designed after the fashion of the Elizabethans, but with every Victorian comfort and convenience. And it smiles across the valley at Silverhampton church on the opposite hill, as its three predecessors smiled before it: but now there is no shadow on its smile—no shadow of a curse as yet unfulfilled. And to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, the new house and the old church bring the same message; the message that good is stronger than evil, and therefore is bound to conquer in the end, be the warfare never so long and the battle never so bitter. To all who possess their souls in patience, it is given to see the morning joy which is the sure successor of the night of weeping—to behold the marvellous light which must finally disperse all clouds and darkness, either here and now, where there fall other shadows and where fresh clouds return after the rain, or else in that fairer country, where there is no need of the sun to lighten it, and where the winter is over and past for evermore.

So the story of the Baxendales ends well—as all stories must inevitably end, if we will only wait long enough; but the end is not always yet, and we are in such a hurry. Since good is stronger than evil, and truth than falsehood, and blessing than cursing, no story can possibly end badly: while it is going on badly we know that this is not the end: just as we know that the end of anything is only the beginning of something better—and always must be, as long as "God's in His heaven" and "all's right with the world."

Once more the Baxendales can dwell under their own roof-tree, and till their own lands in peace, unhampered by the conviction that again their home will be destroyed by fire and their house left unto them desolate. That age-long fear is over and past; the old curse has exhausted itself and the ancient prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter: for

First by the King, and then by the State,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousand-fold stronger and higher,
Has Baxendale Hall been made fuel of fire.

THE END.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1902.

October business generally was very good, there being a number of reasons for this, such as the continuance in the early part of the month of school and college trade, the revival of library purchases and a large list of new publications.

Sales of fiction easily led all other classes of literature. *The Virginian* maintained its position as the most popular book of the day, and was closely followed by *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* and these two books, which have been the leaders all through the summer, do not seem likely to be displaced at an early date. *The Two Vanrevels,* by Booth Tarkington, *Confessions of a Wife,* by Mary Adams, and *Donovan Pasha,* by Gilbert Parker, are October publications which immediately took places among the best sellers. *Fuel of Fire,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, *Gabriel Tolliver,* by Joel Chandler Harris, *In the King's Byways,* by Stanley J. Weyman, *The Intrusions of Peggy,* by Anthony Hope, *The Loom of Life,* by Charles Frederic Goss, and *A Song of a Single Note,* by Amelia E. Barr, are but a partial list of the new novels of the month by well-known authors.

Just-So Stories, by Rudyard Kipling, easily leads the juvenile publications of the month, and is even entitled to a place in the list of best selling books, while new books by Andrew Lang, John Kendrick Bangs and Everett T. Tomlinson are included in an addition to titles for the young of such proportions as to suggest that many of this class of books will hardly command sales in the short season allotted to them sufficient to warrant their publication. In fact, the new books of all kinds are so numerous as to make it a question whether the average dealer can even represent them and not become badly overstocked.

From the miscellaneous works of the month may be selected *The Book of Joyous Children,* by James Whitcomb Riley, *A Christmas Greeting,* by Marie Corelli, and *Literature and Life,* by William Dean Howells, as likely to have popular sales, while *A History of the American People,* by Woodrow Wilson, is already an accepted authority. *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,* by George Horace Lorimer, is already meeting with a demand anticipated by its publishers, and *The Social Ladder,* by Charles Dana Gibson, is the new addition to his always popular drawings.

Announcements are such that there is no indication of a falling off, either in numbers or character, of the output for the closing months of the year. *Cecilia, the Last of the Vestals,* by F. Marion Crawford, *The Blue Flower,* by Henry Van Dyke, *The Conquest,* by Eva Emery Dye, and new works by Alice Morse Earle, John Fiske and Mabel Osgood Wright are shortly to be ready.

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The following titles are a list of the best selling books of the month past:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.
The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
Confessions of a Wife. By Mary Adams. $1.50.
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson: $1.50.
Donovan Pasha. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.
Castle Craneycrow. By George Barr McCutcheon. $1.50.
Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.
The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.
Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, November 1, 1902.

Business was excellent right from the opening to the closing days of last month, and this with the present stable condition of trade indicates almost without doubt that the season is going to be one of the best on record. The demand is very even and spreads over all classes of books. As a rule, most of the autumn books are going well, and selling pretty nearly in accordance with reasonable expectations. Moderate-priced holiday and dainty bindings, especially the season's novelties, are going well among the trade generally, and this kind of stock is evidently expected to be in good request during the holidays. On the other hand, the demand for the complete works of author in sets is very moderate, and the various lines of twelvemos, etc., show decreasing sales.

The Two Vanrevels was not only the best selling book received during October, but was moreover the leading book of the month. *The Virginian* was a good second and went well, considering that it has been before the public several months. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* continues to grow in favour, and among others which deserve mention on account of their good selling qualities may be mentioned *Captain Macklin, Donovan Pasha, On Fortune's Road, Temporal Power, The Spenders, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, Castle Craneycrow. The Mississippi Bubble* and *A Speckled Bird.*

The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son is meeting with a good local sale, and *Confessions of a Wife,* the book which was one of the serial successes of the year, is also starting off well.

New juvenile books do not, as a rule, attract much attention until the holidays, but an exceptionally good local demand awaited the publication last month of *Prince Silverwings,* by Mrs. Carter Harrison.

The list of the best-selling books of last month is as follows:

The Two Vanrevels. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.
The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.
On Fortune's Road. By Will Payne. $1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.
Castle Craneycrow. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.
Captain Macklin. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
Donovan Pasha. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. $1.50.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By O. J. Liljenkranz. $1.50.
A Speckled Bird. By Augusta Evans Wilson. $1.50.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OCTOBER 10 TO NOVEMBER 10.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:
Vergil's Æneid. Henry S. Frieze.
Mental Arithmetic. I. C. McNeill.
Cicero de Amicitia. Clifton Price.

Appleton:
Jacks of All Trades. Katharine N. Birdsall.
Erb. W. Pett Ridge.

Baker and Taylor Company:
Life of Ulrich Zwingli. Samuel Simpson.

Barnes and Company:
One's Womenkind. Louis Zangwill.
The Winning of Sarenne. St. Clair Beall.

Brentano:
Annals of Old Manhattan. Julia M. Colton.
The Power of Truth. William George Jordan.

Century Company:
Napoleon Jackson. Ruth McEnery Stuart.
The Call of the Sea and Other Poems. L. Frank Tooker.
Daniel Webster. John Bach McMaster.
Luncheons. Mary Ronald.
Barnaby Lee. John Bennett.
The Biography of a Prairie Girl. Eleanor Gates.
The Bible for Children. Preface by the Rev. Francis Brown, and Introduction by Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D.
The Rivals. R. B. Sheridan.
In Memoriam. Alfred Tennyson.
The Thoughts of Pascal. Benjamin E. Smith.
A Treatise on Title Pages. Theodore Low De Vinne.
The Story of Athens. Howard Crosby Butler, A.M.
Recollections of a Player. J. H Stoddart.

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The Century Classics: Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy. Mr. Yorick (Laurence Sterne).
Essays of Elia. Charles Lamb.
Old English Masters. Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke.

Crowell and Company:
The Poetry of Robert Browning.
Mind Power and Privileges. Albert B. Olston.
Famous Composers. Nathan Haskell Dole. 2 vols.
Famous Artists. Sarah K. Bolton.
Messages of the Masters. Amory H. Bradford.
The Upper Currents. J. R. Miller.
How the Twins Captured a Hessian. James Otis.
Molly. Barbara Yechton.
Daisies and Diggleses. Evelyn Raymond.
The Wonder Ship. Sophie Swett.
Whispering Tongues. Homer Greene.
Miss DePeyster's Boy. Etheldred B. Barry.
A Little Dusky Hero. Harriet T. Comstock.
The I Can School. Eva A. Madden.
The Caxton Club. Amos R. Wells.
Master Frisky. Clarence W. Hawkes.
The Child and the Tree. Bessie Kenyon Ulrich.
Light Ho, Sir. Frank T. Bullen.
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1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. New France and New England. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.65 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Gabriel Tolliver. Harris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
6. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Fuel of Fire. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Come with Me into Babylon. Ward. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Wooing of Wistaria. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Daniel Webster. McMaster. (Century Co.) $2.00 net.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Maid at Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Barbara Ladd. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Geological Story of Oregon. Condon. (Gill Co.) $1.50 net.
4. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Rescue. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.
2. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Maid at Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Vultures. Merriman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Temporal Power. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Longton & Hall.) $1.50.
3. The Vultures. Merriman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $.1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Maid-at-Arms. Chambers. (Harper.) (1.50.)
6. The Children of the Wild. Roberts. (Page & Co.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Indian Boyhood. Eastman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.60 net.
6. Longfellow. Higginson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.10 net.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	252
2. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	230
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	100
3. Donovan Pasha. Parker. (Appleton.) $1.50	100
5. Captain Macklin. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50	80
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	78

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